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By Studs Terkel

An Oral History of World War II

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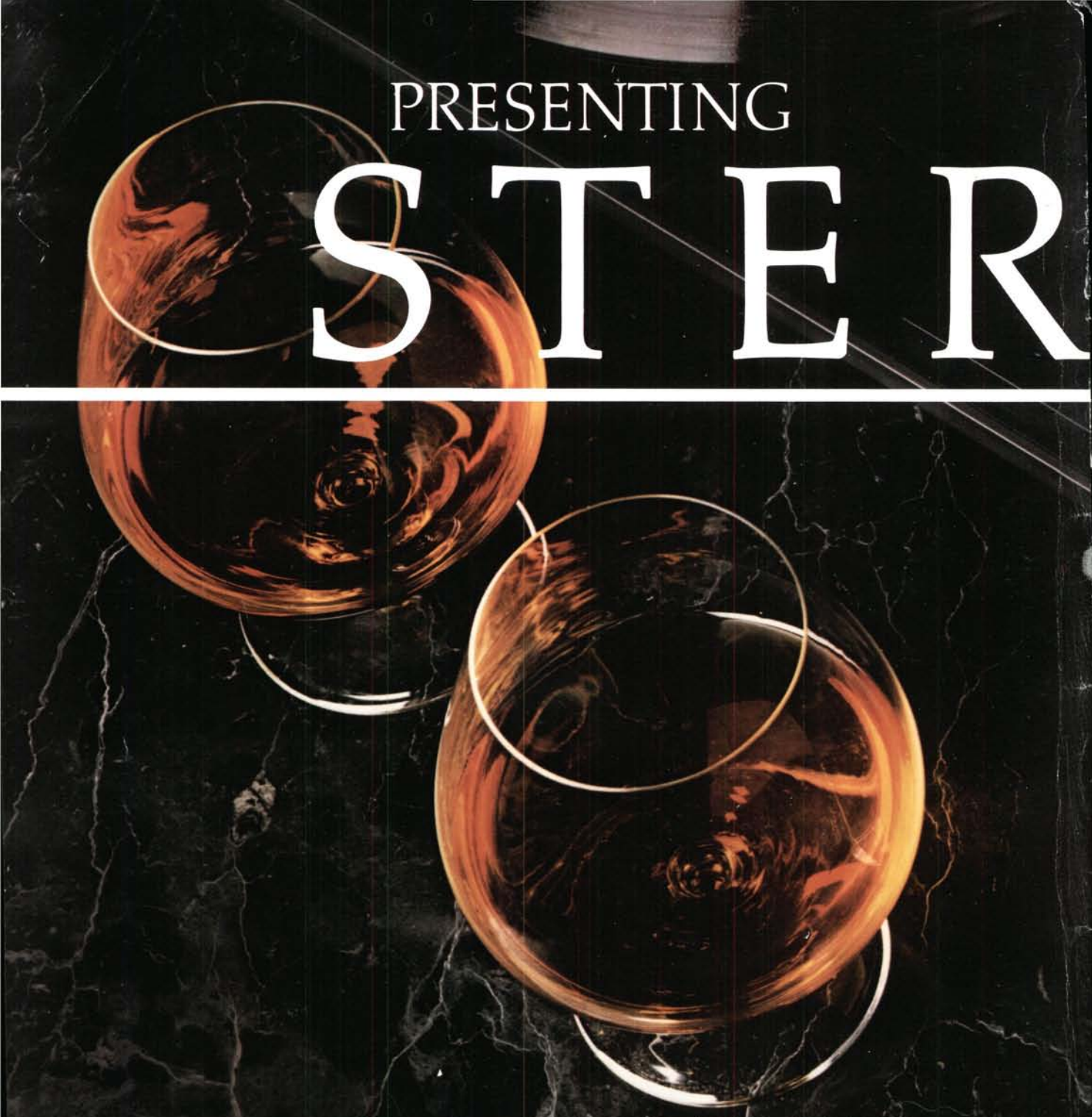

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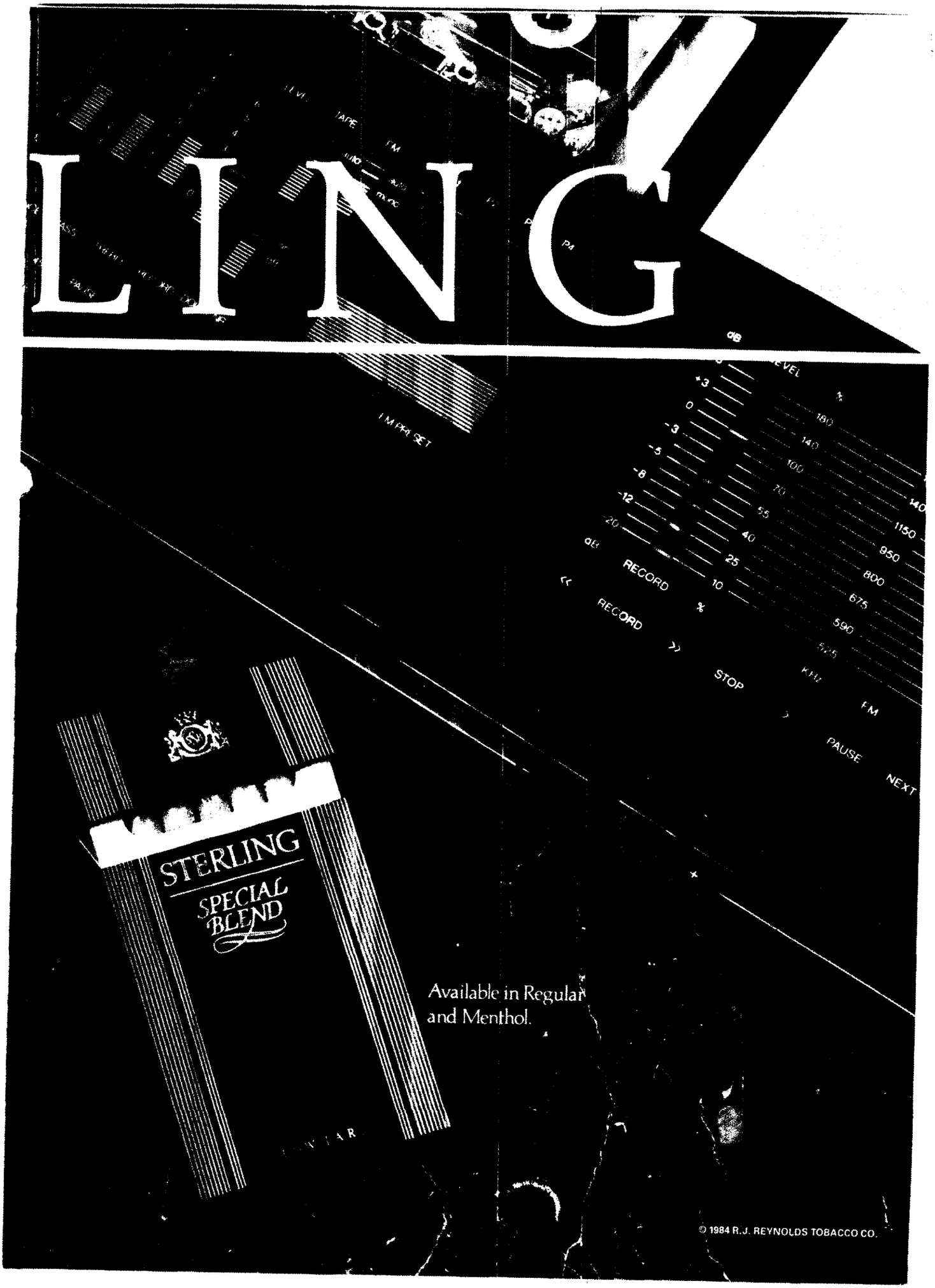

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FOR THE RECORD

I was appalled by Mario Vargas Llosa's article ("Latin America: A Media Stereotype") in the February *Atlantic*. None of his assertions about me are true. I would be the last to recommend a Soviet-influenced solution to the Latin American problem. Actually, I have been saying repeatedly that if Latin America can rely on Western Europe for help, it will no longer need to turn to the Soviet Union. Cuba, too, would have taken a different course, had it not been isolated and at the mercy of Soviet interests.

It is a mystery to me how a prominent writer, who ought to be as acquainted with my political positon as I am with his, could rely on an unverified newspaper account as the basis for his polemic. Let me repeat: Nicaragua needs time and peace in order to preserve and develop its newly won freedom from Somoza's dictatorship. Such development requires that the United States government cease destabilizing this small country and be prepared, together with the governments of Western Europe, to give needed economic and developmental aid. This is the only way that the exercise of influence by the Soviet Union (like that which occurred in Cuba) can be prevented.

I hope that Mario Vargas Llosa will take notice of my views and that he will publicly correct his false assertions.

GÜNTER GRASS
Berlin, Germany

Mario Vargas Llosa replies:

I first read that Günter Grass had exhorted the Latin American countries to follow "the Cuban example" in a Marxist publication from my country, whose relations with the truth are habitually accidental; I didn't give it much credence. But it appeared later in other, apparently more serious newspapers. Even so, as I have first-hand experience with the inexactitudes of journalism, I hastened to indicate in my article that my remarks would concern Grass only "if he was correctly quoted."

I regret that I have given conservative publications in Grass's country grounds for attacking him, and I dissociate myself from those attacks, reaffirming what I have said on various occasions: Grass has my respect, not only for his literary work but also for his defense of democratic socialism, founded upon liberty and at the same time hostile to dictatorships of the right and of the left. Because it seemed to me incongruous with that position to recommend totalitarian models of the Soviet type for Latin America, I wrote "A Media Stereotype." My criticism was directed less at Grass himself than at those intellectuals, politicians, and organs of information of the West, victims of a curious ideological and moral schizophrenia, who justify methods, ideas, and systems in Latin America that they oppose resolutely in their countries.

I am glad that Grass is not one of them, and that he is, rather, with those of us here who insist that the radical reforms that Latin America needs to correct its injustices and its backwardness can be made without sacrificing the right to criticism, respect for minorities, and the sharing of power.

PLENTIFUL NATURAL GAS

David Osborne's article "America's Plentiful Energy Resource" (March *Atlantic*) is erroneous in its characterization of CSIS's energy report *The Critical Link: Energy and National Security in the 1980s* as being less than bullish on natural gas. As director of the report, I can assure you that the report's strong endorsement of accelerated gas decontrol received critical acclaim in the press.

While Mr. Schuler has used the forum of the Dewey F. Bartlett Chair in Energy and Security Studies to promote greater attention to natural-gas issues, the Energy and Strategic Resources Program under my direction, while continuing to speak out for accelerated decontrol, believes that by the late 1980s the natural-gas-reserve production ratio will continue to deteriorate.

CHARLES K. EBINGER
Director, Energy and Strategic Resources
Center for Strategic & International Studies
Washington, D.C.

Since our report *U.S. Natural Gas Availability: Conventional Gas Supply Through the Year 2000* was dealt with somewhat negatively in David Osborne's article, I'd like to respond both to his criticism and to his general thesis about the future outlook for natural gas.

Mr. Osborne asserts that the Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) resource

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estimate "perpetuates the errors" of past low estimates (these errors are to "assume that gas and oil are similar, and [to] base projections for new discoveries on past trends"). He claims that the OTA authors understand "neither the importance of deep gas nor the fledgling nature of gas exploration."

A few excerpts from the OTA report contradict Mr. Osborne's assertions about our "lack of understanding" and cause me to question whether he has read our report:

—"The assumption . . . that the ratio of gas discoveries to oil discoveries will remain stable appears to be very weak. The great majority (85 percent) of gas discoveries today are not associated with oil, and it is the consensus of many geologists that a large portion of the remaining gas resource lies below 15,000 feet in a physical environment hostile to the preservation of oil [pp. 45–46]."

—"In general, OTA is skeptical of historical approaches (using past trends) to resource assessments when they are based on national data and when they are the sole means of estimation. The substantial data problems associated with natural-gas exploration, the broad range of activity covered by any single data series, and the distorting effects of Government controls are important sources of this skepticism [p. 50]."

—"All of these [estimates based on past trends] share the common assumption of all trend extrapolations: the future will be a reflection of the past. However, the 'past' in the case of gas exploration and development has had interludes of radical change in the economic underpinnings and Government regulation of the industry and, to a certain extent, in the technology and geologic understanding driving the development process [p. 33]."

I have other problems with the *Atlantic* article. For example:

1) Mr. Osborne's observation that the active search for gas is less "mature" than the search for oil is a common and certainly legitimate argument for using caution in interpreting and extrapolating past discovery trends for gas. However, I have never before heard anybody in the industry or elsewhere make the claim that such interpretation and extrapolation were useless, or that, "except in a handful of states," the active search for gas commenced only *five years ago!* Aside from the fact that the gas-drilling boom began a few years *before* the 1978 Natural Gas Policy Act, as a result of the Federal Power Commission's 770 and 770(a) decisions on area rates, the "active search for natural gas" began in the 1940s and the 1950s with the expansion of gas markets. And even in the case of explorers who found gas when they would have preferred to find oil, this really didn't matter very much because exploration techniques in those days could distinguish only *hydrocarbon* prospects, not oil or gas prospects. The only effect of the preference for oil was that the discovery of smaller, marginal gas fields was likely to go unreported, skewing the reported discovery history of gas toward larger field sizes.

2) It is certainly true, as Mr. Osborne claims, that the increased gas prices of the middle 1970s foreshadowed a surge in reserve additions. It is early, however, to be drawing extensive positive conclusions about future supplies based on this surge. For one thing, a substantial portion of the surge in reserve increases was due to increases in the category of reserves known as "revisions," which are changes to previously recorded reserves based on new knowledge or changed economic conditions. Another major factor in the surge in reserve additions was an increase in "extensions," which are reserves added by extending the known area of *already discovered* reservoirs. Contrary to Mr. Osborne's claims, the discovery of "vast pockets of gas" actually played only a modest part in the recent surge in reserves. In other words, most of the reserve additions represent the rapid exploitation by producers of a known inventory of discovered fields. The meaning for future gas supply: uncertain, possibly even negative.

3) The general industry consensus, expressed in the National Petroleum Council's 1980 report on unconventional gas sources, is that geopressured gas is unlikely to be produced in significant quantities before the year 2000 and may well *never* be so produced. The industry has not "ignored" geopressured gas, it just doesn't think much of its prospects.

STEVEN PLOTKIN
U.S. Natural Gas Availability Study
Office of Technology Assessment
Washington, D.C.

David Osborne replies:

I wrote of Ebinger and company's work, "A CSIS report briefly mentioned optimism among some gas producers but generally ignored gas as a potential solution to our dependence on foreign oil." I believe this characterization was accurate.

The three passages cited by Mr. Plotkin—which served to critique several extremely conservative estimates of future gas resources based entirely on past trends—raise important points. Unfortunately, the OTA authors failed to take their own admonitions to heart. Later in the report they based their own conclusions on past trends, repeating the error for which they had criticized others. The linchpin of their projections was an analysis of discovery trends from 1945 to 1975—trends established before deep drilling became a significant factor.

In an offhand and extremely misleading analysis of late discoveries in the Deep Anadarko Basin and the Rocky Mountain Overthrust Belt the OTA authors minimized the importance of deep gas. "In conclusion," they wrote, "the gas discovery trends of the past several decades, while not supporting the most pessimistic of the recent gas resource estimates, also do not support the relatively optimistic estimates of the PGC [Potential Gas Committee] and, possibly, USGS [U.S. Geological Survey]."

Mr. Plotkin also takes exception to my argument that the active search for gas—separate from oil—occurred in only a handful of states before 1978. But his own report says: "Through much of its discovery and production history, gas was usually a by-product of the search for and production of oil and in the early years was often considered to be of very low value at best." In a few states where large markets for gas developed, drillers did begin to look for gas independent of oil. But federal price controls on gas piped across state lines made gas a less attractive target than oil in most other states, discouraging sizable drilling programs. Since 1978, in contrast, significant drilling for gas (separate from oil) has spread into many new regions.

Plotkin adds that "the gas drilling boom began a few years before *the 1978 Natural Gas Policy Act," implying that I suggested otherwise. I did argue that the NGPA launched the biggest drilling binge the gas industry has ever seen. But I also noted that "even before decontrol, while the Carter Administration was still spreading its message of doom, drillers were hitting vast pockets of gas. The secret was depth. . . ." As I said, this occurred in only a handful of states. Mr. Plotkin implies that I drew my conclusions about future gas supplies solely on the basis of a recent "surge in reserve additions." As my article made clear, however, my optimism is based on the work of the Potential Gas Committee and the U.S. Geological Survey, on the experience of deep-gas drillers, and on my analysis of the history of gas exploration.*

As for my contention that the industry has "largely ignored" the potential of geopres-

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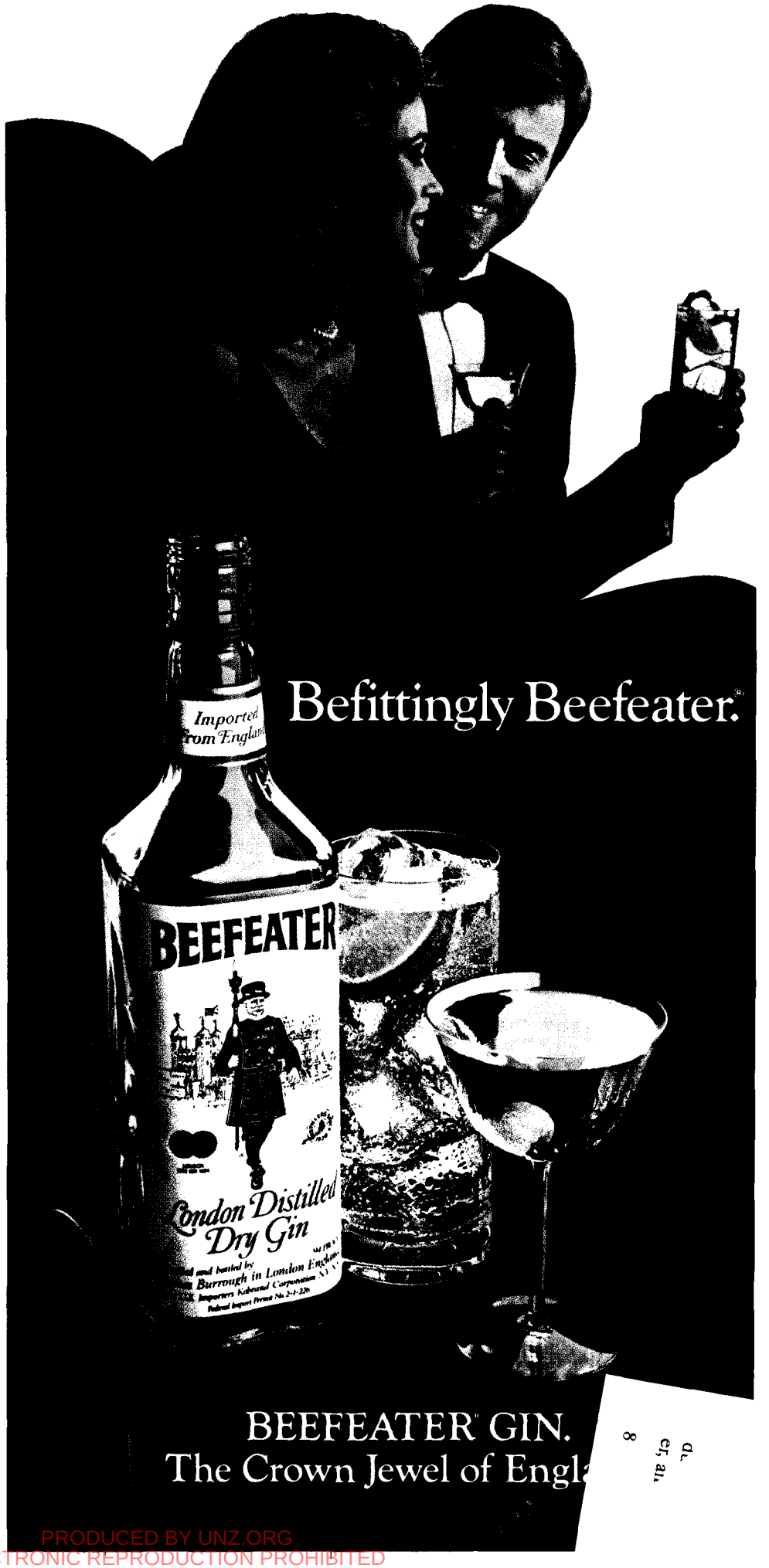
sured gas, I meant not that it has made no pronouncements on the subject but that it has failed to invest much time or money in any effort to explore the potential of this resource. That, it seems to me, is beyond dispute.

URBAN GROWTH

Jane Jacobs's argument that import replacement is the driving force in urban growth ("Cities and the Wealth of Nations," March *Atlantic*) is surely contentious. Cities grow and decline for many reasons—cultural and political along with locational, technological, and demographic. Larger places tend to greater self-sufficiency because they have larger markets, which allow local producers to achieve the low unit costs needed to beat out imports. One cannot simply note a correlation between import replacement and city size and then infer that the former produces the latter.

Currency arrangements play a key role in the Jacobs theory of import-replacing growth. Take the Detroit example mentioned in her article. The "Detroit dollar" is overvalued: if Detroit were not part of the U.S. currency area, depreciation of the "Detroit dollar" could make Detroit cars competitive while reducing Detroit residents' imports from other areas of the United States and the rest of the world. Full employment could result in Detroit without the need for a reduced wage structure in the region. Keynes made the same point when British sterling was overvalued in the 1920s (in *The Economic Consequences of Mr Churchill*). Of course Detroit residents might resist the resulting decline in real wages, the supply of "Detroit dollars" might be increased by the Detroit central bank, and a regional unemployment-inflation tradeoff could result. Notice, though, that even if a regional currency area *could* solve the unemployment problem without the need for internal money-wage declines, the structural productivity problem remains. To renew its growth Detroit still has to modernize its plants, adopt new technologies, and produce the kinds of goods that other people want. An exchange-rate "fix" might help to set the stage for the solutions to these structural problems, but it is not in itself a solution to them.

Part of the reason that Jacobs seems to believe that regional currency areas will promote urban growth is that she likens exchange-rate depreciation to tariff protection in that both promote import re-



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placement. Economics does not support the idea that tariffs promote growth through import replacement. The idea, for example, that "Canada would be an extremely poor and backward country without tariff protection" is simply ludicrous. In any event, this particular hypothesis is being tested right now, because the present Tokyo Round will place Canada in an essentially free-trade position by the end of 1987.

F. J. ANDERSON
Associate Professor of Economics
Lakehead University
Thunder Bay, Ontario

I found Jane Jacobs's article in the March *Atlantic* interesting and provocative, but I must quarrel with her statement that Manchester and other British cities created no city regions.

As a former resident of Manchester, I can well recall visiting dozens of smaller and larger towns and cities within twenty miles of Manchester—Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton, Bury, Wigan, Stockport, Glossop, Altrincham, Warrington, to name those I can remember offhand. The population of the city of Manchester is only around half a million, and that of greater Manchester County nearly 3 million. Most of the cities around Manchester were at one time great producers of domestic and international goods.

I am disappointed that Ms. Jacobs would err so greatly on such an obvious point: a simple glance at a decent atlas would enlighten her.

I believe that the notion of an "elephant city" is invalid in the case of England. It is quite absurd to think of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham as "provincial" or in some way lagging behind London. Culturally Liverpool and Manchester are British examples of "pride in place," and economically Birmingham and the West Midlands were until recently the major growth area in British manufacturing.

JONATHAN MURPHY
Edmonton, Alberta

Jane Jacobs may have drawn some patterns from 2,000 years of Western economic history, but her facile dismissal of some 2,200 years of Chinese history is merely an argument that birth is the surest precursor of death.

China has surely not been in decline ever since the Qing [Ch'in] unification. Most would say that its cultural peak was during the Tang dynasty, 1,000 years later it was still in economic and technological ascendancy when Marco Polo arrived, another 500 years later. During much of that time Chang'an was the largest city in the world, while the productive economic center was in the eastern silk region around Suzhou.

"So immemorially stagnant did its cities become that by this century. . . ." is more a matter of 200 years of history than of 2,200. In the time of King George III, of England, the Qian Long emperor refused an embassy for the reason that the Chinese had nothing to gain through commerce with the West. England, until the Industrial Revolution, a little later, had nothing of any value to offer in exchange for silk and tea, and in the nineteenth century the West still had little to offer except opium.

China, despite centralization of government, has been regionally diversified with many economic subcenters throughout most of its history, and economically dominant beyond its political domain, from Korea to Indochina, precisely because its cities have responded to changing conditions. The change it did not respond to was the military arrival of the Western powers. Jacobs's argument against national currencies and nationally stabilized economies is not supported by this example.

CHARLES MCCLENON
Austin, Texas

Jane Jacobs replies:

Professor Anderson makes three points. 1) Of course import replacing does not correlate with city size, because cities able to replace imports start doing so while small. At any stage a city's inevitable losses of older export work subtract from gains due to import-replacing, leaving varying net gains. Nor does population size necessarily correlate with the size of a city's economy. However, cities that go through repeated episodes of import replacing do remain creative and up-to-date, their work increases, and such cities do grow. 2) Of course a hypothetical exchange advantage would do Detroit no good if city enterprises took no practical advantage of it. 3) The statement that tariffs do not bear on import replacing is historically untrue. Professor Anderson's views on tariffs are usual in rural Canada and in economically stagnant cities like Thunder Bay—understandably so, since these economies don't replace imports themselves and thus residents feel victimized by tariffs.

The towns of greater Manchester, like Manchester itself, have lived overwhelmingly on export work, little on replaced imports. Notwithstanding Mr. Murphy's unaccountable belief in the economic equality of Manchester and Liverpool with London, Britain is a prime example of the "elephant city" phenomenon, an example, moreover, in which the elephant city itself is now economically declining.

Over a very long period, as Mr. McClenon points out, China continued refining older arts and added some few innovations as well, but its incomparably greater early creativity did not continue. Inarguably, unification and centralized rule failed to forestall the creeping stagnation. What is open to argument is whether unification itself imposed stagnation, through deadening effects on the economic development of cities.

GULF PIRATES

May we bring to your attention a serious inaccurate comment, in an otherwise balanced article ("The Gulf Pirates," by Al Santoli, February *Atlantic*)—that this office has suggested repatriation of refugees, beginning with unaccompanied minors.

The office's position is that repatriation is the most favored of the three durable solutions for refugees—namely, voluntary repatriation, local integration, or resettlement. We stand ready to facilitate such movements provided that it can be clearly ascertained that the desire to return home is entirely voluntary. The necessary action is taken only subsequent to the expressed wish of a given group of refugees for repatriation.

The article implies that we believe refugees should be sent back to where they came from, against their will. That is certainly not the position of this office, nor have we ever suggested such a course of action.

S. N. CHETTY
Office of the High
Commissioner for Refugees
United Nations

Al Santoli replies:

In the summer of 1983 the Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees, in a note sent to U.S. government refugee programs, encouraged repatriation to the countries from which refugees had fled, and suggested that for cases like members of the hill tribes of Laos, an atmosphere "more conducive to this option" should be created in the holding camps: that is, people who were already malnourished and traumatized by war should be put into an environment so austere that they would request return to the place of persecution from which they had fled.

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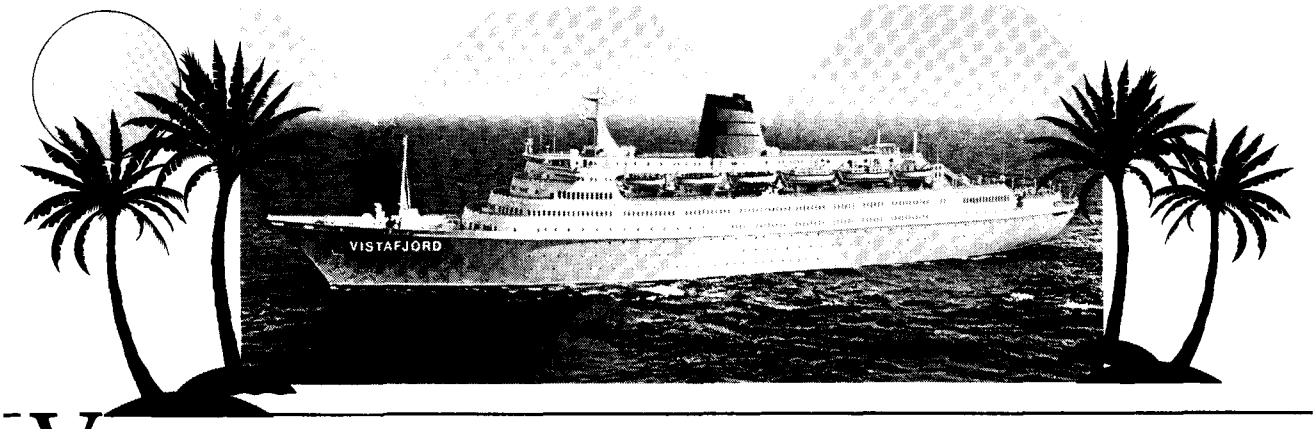

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The UN also requested the elimination of "the negative influence of some of the relief agencies in the camps who discourage voluntary repatriation and encourage unrealistic expectations for resettlement among the refugees," and it proposed that Western countries provide financial incentives to the governments of countries like Vietnam and Cambodia to accept the repatriation idea.

Most of the refugees have fled because of political, cultural, or religious persecution, and a number of people who tried to return to Vietnam or Cambodia have faced persecution, imprisonment, or death. One has to ask if this idea of "voluntary repatriation" is truly a humanitarian option.

Federal Spending

James Fallows's analysis of Washington's balance sheet ("Endless Spending," April *Atlantic*) was generally quite insightful, but the fact that Texaco received an $88 million tax refund on profits of $2 billion by no means leads to the conclusion that "a minimum 4 percent income tax" should be imposed. A corporate-tax refund usually arises when payments made throughout the year exceed a corporation's tax liability.

If Texaco had indeed overpaid its estimated taxes in 1982, then the government in effect had use of the $88 million interest-free until it was refunded. But Texaco's money, not the government's, was being transferred.

GORDON REINGOLD
Chicago, Ill.

James Fallows replies:

Mr. Reingold's supposition sounds perfectly reasonable, but it has nothing to do with the Texaco case. The $88 million might more aptly be called a "subsidy" than a "refund." Although Texaco's annual report for 1982 shows a pre-tax profit of $650 million in the United States and $1.9 billion overseas, the company suffered a "loss" for tax purposes, because of various tax-break provisions. It was able to carry that loss back to previous tax years in which it had shown profits, and it therefore qualified for an $88 million refund (or credit against future payments, which is essentially the same thing). In any case, the net flow of money was from the federal government to Texaco, not the other way around. I understand Mr. Reingold's reluctance to believe that things can work quite this way, but they do. It was in response to situations like Texaco's that Senator Hollings proposed the 4 percent minimum tax that I referred to in my article.

Personal Computers

Re James Fallows's "Computers: Behavior Modification" (January *Atlantic*): I am puzzled by Mr. Fallows's concern over WordStar's "interminable display time for MicroPro's copyright notice." It is not necessary to patch WordStar to shorten the display time; all one has to do is press any key as soon as the notice appears. It is possible, in fact, to begin executing commands—such as "L," to change the logged disk drive, or "D," to begin editing—from the moment the copyright notice appears. The only delay is that caused by disk-drive activity. This is true in every implementation of WordStar that I have used, on probably six different machines.

I thought Mr. Fallows's advice to prospective buyers was generally sound, but he left out one crucial point: reliability. At least one of the machines he mentioned—the Kaypro—suffered early on from terrible quality-control problems. I don't know whether that continues to be a problem, but a machine can be a great bargain on paper and a disaster in practice. When buying a computer for a serious purpose, such as writing, reliability is probably the most important factor to consider.

JEFFREY CARVER
Cambridge, Mass.

I can offer relief to users of WordStar version 3.3 who may be suffering from the "interminable display time for MicroPro's copyright notice" that so nettles Mr. Fallows. My solution (working with a Kaypro II computer) is, simply press Control-B (that is, press the control key and the B key at the same time) just after booting the WordStar program disk, as soon as the WordStar logo begins to appear on screen. Doing so will cause the logo to scroll up and off the screen, to be replaced momentarily by the hated copyright notice. That too will pass off the screen in a fraction of a second and will be replaced immediately by the opening menu.

Now, if Mr. Fallows can only tell us how to add an "undo" command to any version of WordStar, *that* will be worthy of another ad in *Info World*.

BOB NADLER
Englewood, N.J.

James Fallows replies:

I agree with Mr. Nadler about the much-desired "undo" command, the lack of which is one of WordStar's most serious shortcomings, and with Mr. Carver about the importance of reliability and the unpleasant surprises that greeted some early Kaypro users. In my experience, Kaypro is now at least as reliable as any other machine.

As for the latest round of suggestions, Messrs. Nadler and Carver are correct: you can choke off the MicroPro copyright announcement with some fast fingerwork. But why should you have to? These programs are supposed to make life easier, right? Part of the joy of computerdom—the part given the graceless label "hacking"—is figuring out secret and unauthorized ways to make the system work. I take occasional delight in doing so, and I suspect that these correspondents do too. But when I am trying to use the computer as a tool, not a brainteaser, I look on the need for tinkering as a big nuisance—the way I would if I had to break into my car and hotwire it each time I wanted to go someplace. Making "patches" like those I described is the equivalent of getting an ignition switch.

Furthermore, the Nadler–Carver plan does not eliminate the other irritations created by WordStar's built-in "long delay"—for instance, the near-eternal display of a "New File" message when you start on a new piece of writing. Here, the only hope is "patching."

I now announce my retirement as a WordStar expert, with the suggestion that the endless disputations about what can and cannot be done to fix the program make my point about its blemishes better than anything I said in my article.

When We Are Old

Sir Peter Medawar ("Medicine: When We Are Old," March *Atlantic*) claims that the medical revolution leading to the aging of societies has been with us for 150 years and that "the proportion of older people in the population has grown with advances in medicine and sanitary engineering." This is a popular misconception, but a misconception nevertheless.

Advances in medicine and sanitary engineering are not necessarily age-selective. In fact, reliable data have shown that medical and sanitary improvements led to increasing proportions at younger ages as often as at older ages. In any case, these changes were small, and insignificant in their impact on the proportional age distribution of the societies affected.

What did affect the age distribution in a marked manner was changes in fertility. Fewer children being born notice-

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ably increases the proportion of the population at older ages.

KAROL KROTKI
Professor of Sociology
The University of Alberta
Edmonton, Alberta

Sir Peter Medawar replies:

The variable quantity to which I gave the most weight in my article on aging was the mean expectation of life. It is well known that improvements in public health have increased the mean expectation of life at birth since records began to be kept. As to increase in proportions of the young and the old, it is a function especially of fertility and mortality, and for the purposes of my article it was unnecessary to make Professor Krotki's distinction, which I believe to be in some ways artificial.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Readers of Philip Bennett's excellent report on Peru ("Corner of the Dead," May *Atlantic*) may be interested in further evidence of the increasing repression there.

According to Amnesty International's investigations, the military authorities have arrested scores of young people between the ages of twelve and eighteen. They are now among the growing numbers of "disappeared" children, whose parents have no way of knowing if they are still alive. To quote the Latin America Regional Report (Andean group, March 2, 1984): "Mothers of the Plaza de Armas of Ayacucho (as the relatives of the 'disappeared' are now known) have become as familiar a sight as their counterparts in the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires" (under the generals).

In light of the above, I think that the Western press, far from being unfair to Peru (as Mario Vargas Llosa complains in the February *Atlantic*), has not yet reported the whole situation. As Bennett notes, rather than effectively defending democracy increased repression may create in Peru increased sympathy for the guerrillas. It may also have the effect of diminishing the number of Peru's friends in the West.

KATHERINE WILSON
Edmonton, Alberta

Jack Shepherd mentions three reasons for Africa's chronic famine ("Drought of the Century," April *Atlantic*), but he might have said more about the political causes.

The Marxist or other totalitarian bent of most of Africa's governments simply puts too many obstacles in front of farmers, who can normally survive a drought or an overbearing government but not both. The Soviet Union itself is the example *par excellence*. We tend to forget that until the 1930s the Ukraine was the breadbasket of Europe.

MARC SCHINDLER
Gloucester, Ontario

The short story *The Piano Tuner*, by Peter Meinke (February *Atlantic*), left me nauseated, as it was detrimental to the honorable profession of piano tuning and to the organization that I serve as president.

The Piano Technicians Guild prides itself on the fact that its members live and work according to a strict code of ethics. This code is violated by everything of which this "piano tuner" is accused. I am grateful that this big guy is apparently not one of our members.

ERNEST S. PREUITT
President, Piano Technicians Guild
Kansas City, Mo.

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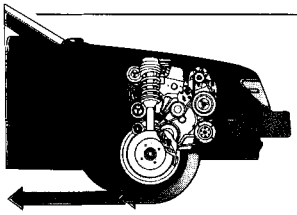

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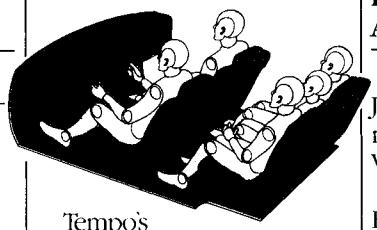

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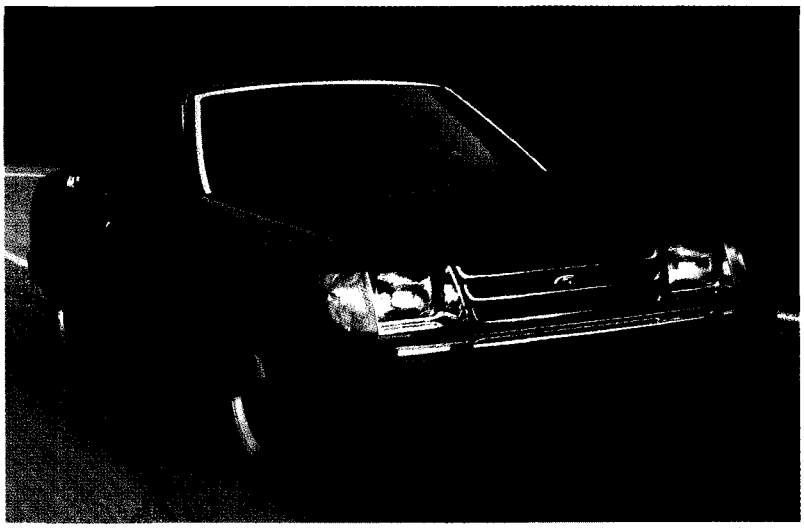

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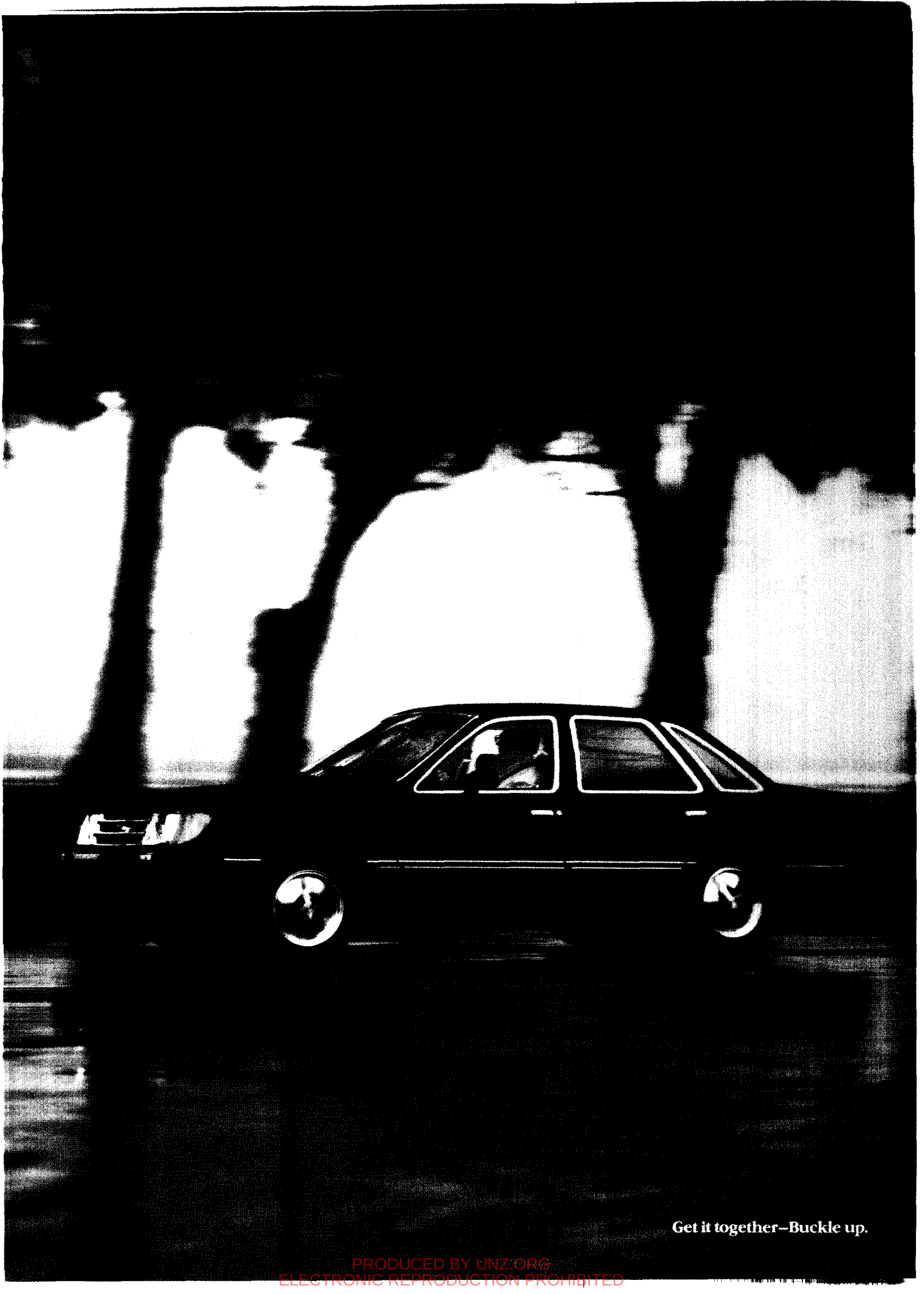

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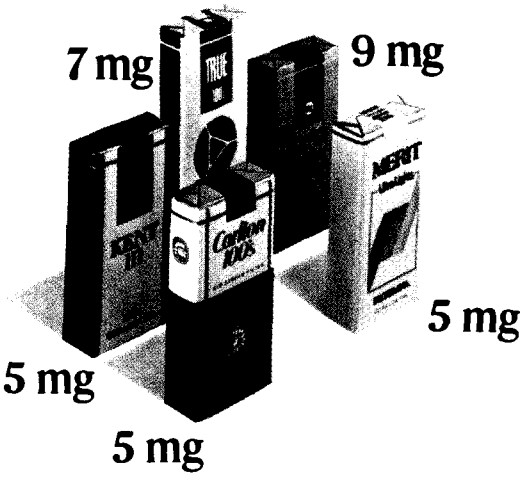

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

DOES YOUR DEMOCRAT BITE?

GARY HART WON in New Hampshire. I was in Minnesota, Walter Mondale's state. The *St. Paul Sunday Pioneer Press* had a story: Hart knew how to talk on TV, Mondale didn't. Said an unnamed producer of network news:

"Hart speaks in sound bites: the fifteen- to twenty-second pithy statements that we absolutely must have to make a piece, statements with a beginning, a middle, and an end.

"When you try to cut into [Mondale], you always find that the complete thought he's developing has a lot of pieces and structures. He doesn't wrap it up well.

"It bothers me that you can't get the smartest people on TV just because they speak in dependent clauses."

The producer had used six dependent clauses himself. But he wasn't on TV, he just produced it. Maybe I was into too many pieces and structures myself. Maybe America was. I did some research. These are dependent clauses:

- ". . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights . . ."
- ". . . in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity . . ."
- ". . . whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

Fine. But America needs new initiatives. Fresh energy. High concept. America responds to a person who will wrap it up. These are sound bites:

- "Give me liberty or give me death!"
- "Go for it!"
- "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

Sound bites turn people on. Do people dance to dependent clauses? "When the deep purple falls . . ." Not anymore. Now it's "Beat it, beat it, beat it!" and "Ma-ni-ac, ma-ni-ac!" I resolved to move toward sound bites myself.

Then Mondale won in Illinois.

I was confused. Confusion and sound bites don't mix. Time for more research. I went to a dinner party and found a network anchorman there.

Dinner-party statements by anyone above Cabinet rank are not for attribution. So the anchorman will go nameless. I asked him about the anonymous producer's remarks. The anchorman spoke in a tone of professional appreciation:

"Right. I've just been cutting Hart. Everything he says is clip-clipty-clop, clip-clipty-clop."

The anchorman moved his hand in a crisp, vigorous way.

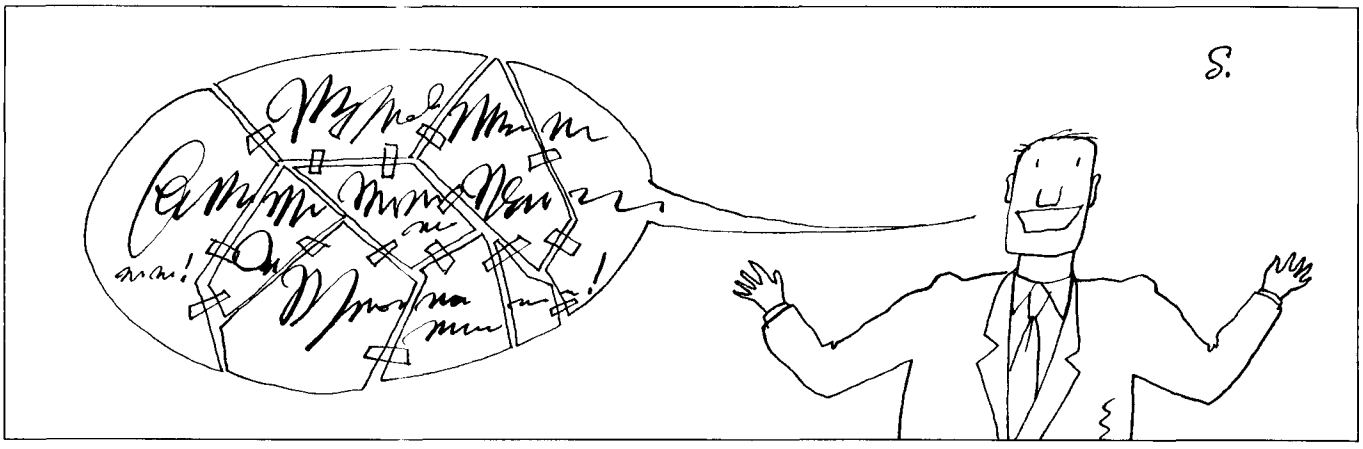
I had to like that rhythm. I spoke to our hostess. "Great baked ham." I took a good, sound bite. I was getting pithier and pithier.

Then Mondale won in New York.

"Maybe I'll ease partway back into dependent clauses," I said to myself. But it might be too late. I couldn't remember any subordinating conjunctions. I swallowed hard.

More research. I watched Shirley MacLaine on *60 Minutes*. She was telegenic. She expressed firm opinions:

- You can learn from winning, you can learn from losing.
- There are no great people in politics anymore.
- The most brilliant poem ever written is Rudyard Kipling's "If."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SUARÈS

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Shirley MacLaine won the Academy Award.

I looked that poem up. It is almost all dependent clauses.

Then Mondale won in Pennsylvania.

My mouth was dry. I had gone for sound bites hook, line, and sinker. Should I have kept at least one tooth in dependent clauses? I couldn't answer that question. Not in sound bites.

I needed more research.

I read a Mondale statement on winning in Pennsylvania: "This is a big win. . . . I would anticipate several tough fights down the road."

Ahhhh.

Relief at last.

Of course Mondale was winning! He had caught on to sound bites. Probably read about them in the *Sunday Pioneer Press*. I thought back. When had Mondale brought his campaign into focus? After New Hampshire. How? By saying *"Where's the beef?"*

I read a Hart statement on losing in Pennsylvania: "If it gets down to a candidate running for President, in effect, on the backs of only one constituent group, I think that doesn't say much for the ability of the candidate to broaden that base."

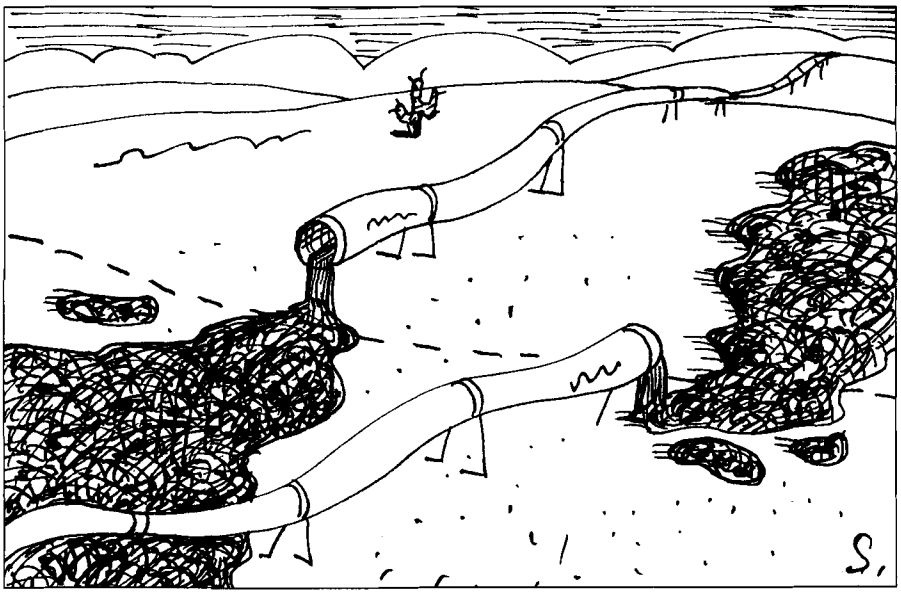
Hart had drifted into dependent clauses.

Not me. Clipty-clop. I wouldn't say "if" if I had a mouthful of it.

Shirley MacLaine may be right. But not about that poem.

—Roy Blount, Jr.

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of One Fell Soup. *His most recent book is* What Men Don't Tell Women.



MEXICO

A MATTER OF JURISDICTION

Border politics may assure a continued flow of raw sewage from Tijuana to San Diego

LAST NOVEMBER a hill collapsed in a Tijuana canyon known as Smuggler's Gulch, rupturing a sewer line. From that and other defects in the city's drainage system, five million gallons of raw sewage poured daily into the Tia Juana River. Children who played too close to the water broke out in ominous pustules.

Like the rivers in most border watersheds west of the Rio Grande (the Colorado River being the notable exception), the befouled Tia Juana flows into the United States. Under a 1965 agreement Tijuana pipes 13 million gallons of raw sewage a day to San Diego's Point Loma waste-treatment plant. Supposedly that agreement covers only emergencies, but because of Tijuana's swollen population the emergency has been constant for the past five years. Point Loma's availability is limited, and San Diego's own needs are growing, so Tijuana pumps yet another seven million gallons of raw sewage into the surf not far below the border. Ocean currents regularly float it north toward California.

Contamination of one country by another along an international border isn't unusual. But during the past decade unprecedented increases in the population along our southern border have begun to push that frontier's already taxed environment to its limits. An oasis like San Diego is particularly vulnerable, and the ecological problem is complicated by the way the two countries perceive each other. Imperial Beach, where the river enters the ocean, south of San Diego, is frequently quarantined. Last November lifeguards at nearby Silver Strand State Beach reported that garbage was heading north, toward the city. Editorial writers and politicians blamed Tijuana for the mess, and warned of declines in tourism, property values, public health, and the availability of seashore recreation.

The uproar increased when Tijuana refused San Diego's offer of equipment to repair the break in the sewer line. The mayor of Tijuana, René Treviño, explained that in Mexico such international arrangements were the domain of the federal government. San Diegans found this response absurd, and grew increasingly irate as Mexico's centralized bureaucracy dawdled. Tijuana, they said, was investing in a new cultural complex and renovating its tourist district instead of tending to necessities. (In a city where only half the households have sewer connections and where erosion of the hillsides constantly damages existing lines, sewage spills are routine.) They cited recent cases of hepatitis along Tijuana's beaches as evidence of Mexico's neglect, and of what they could now expect.

Tijuanans, however, were offended by the accusations and perplexed by San Diego's attempt to conduct foreign policy. Where, the Mexicans countered, was the American press in the 1960s when the United States was destroying Mexican farmland by pumping brackish water into the Colorado River? A plan for a joint treatment plant that would cost $730 million to put into operation shocked them further. Did San Diego expect Mexico, in the midst of its severe economic crisis, to share costs that might prove greater than Mexico's entire national environmental budget—simply to keep some surfers happy?

Angry San Diego residents began tallking about closing the border and erecting a berm, or land barrier, to deflect Tia Juana River waters back into Mexico. But then they discovered that in some respects the countries aren't so different. Lobbying in Washington for the desperately needed international plant, Roger Hedgecock, the mayor of San Diego, learned that the Office of

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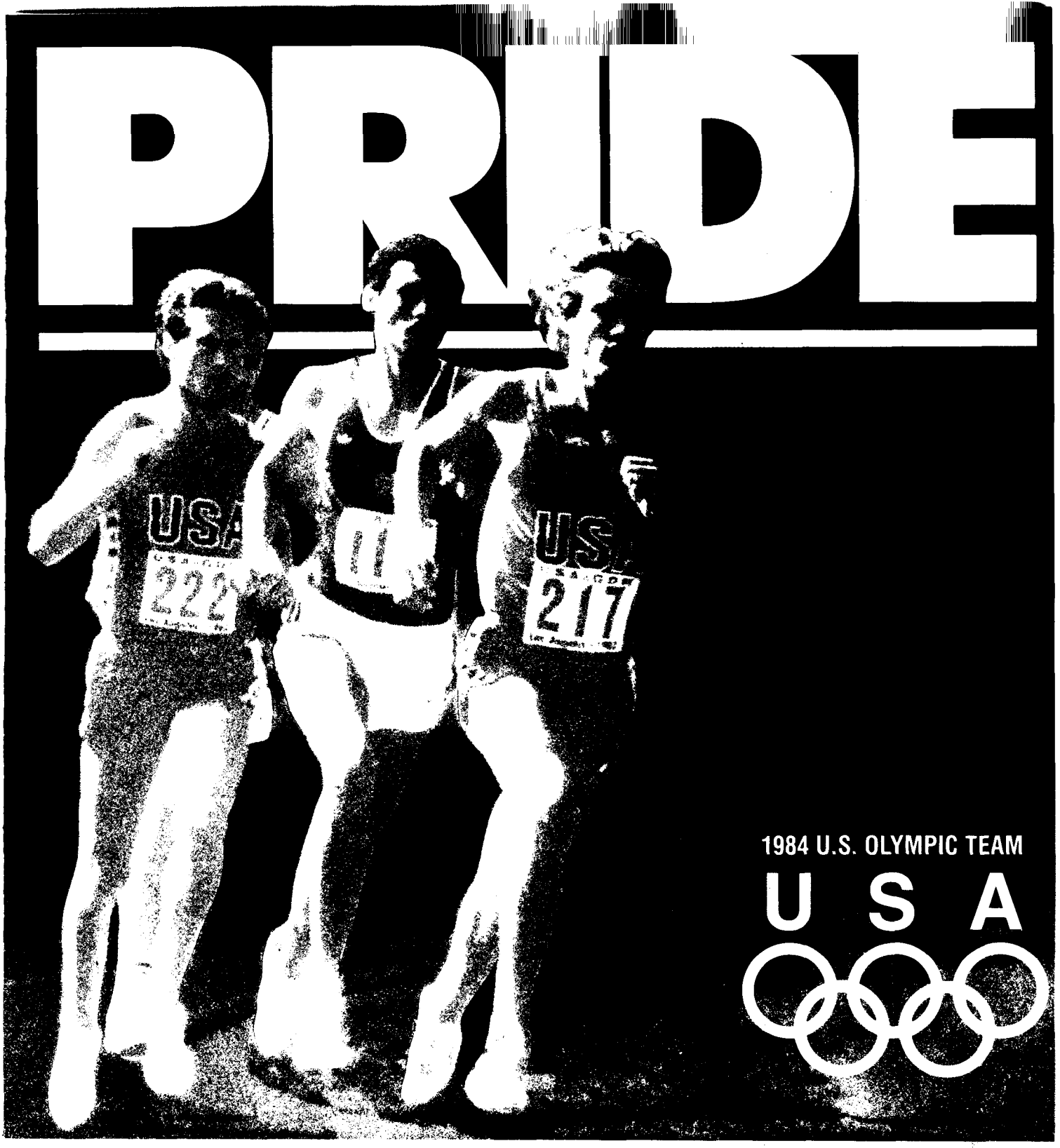
PRIDE



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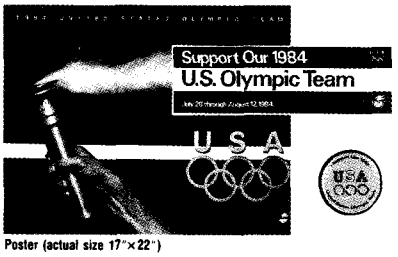

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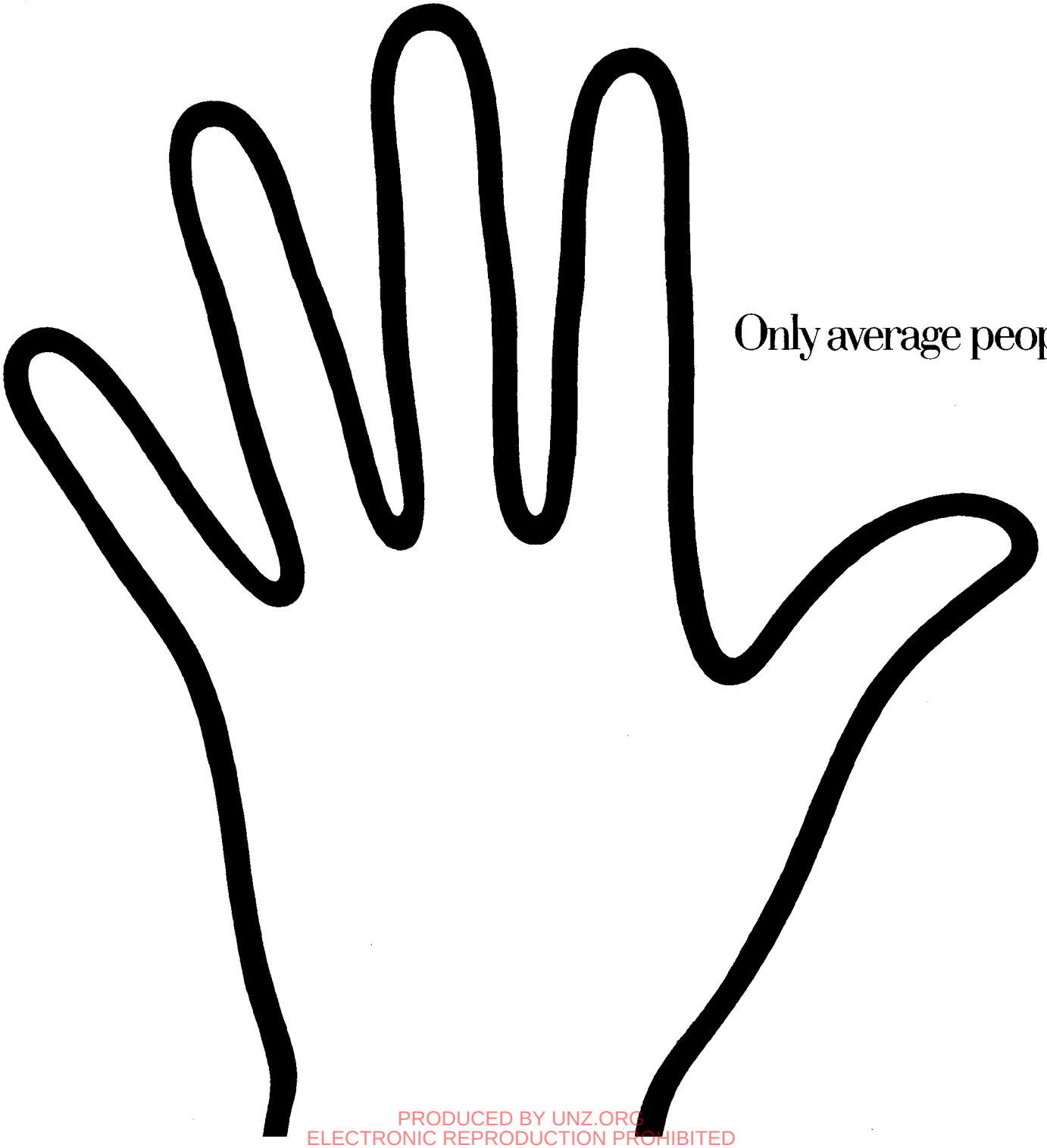

Only average people

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For example, IBM makes a wide selection of displays and keyboards: some used in offices, others at supermarket checkouts, in cash-dispensing machines or at airline ticket counters. Each must satisfy the demands of its work environment. Will people use it while sitting or standing? From what distance will people view it? What will the prevailing light source be? How many characters will be displayed?

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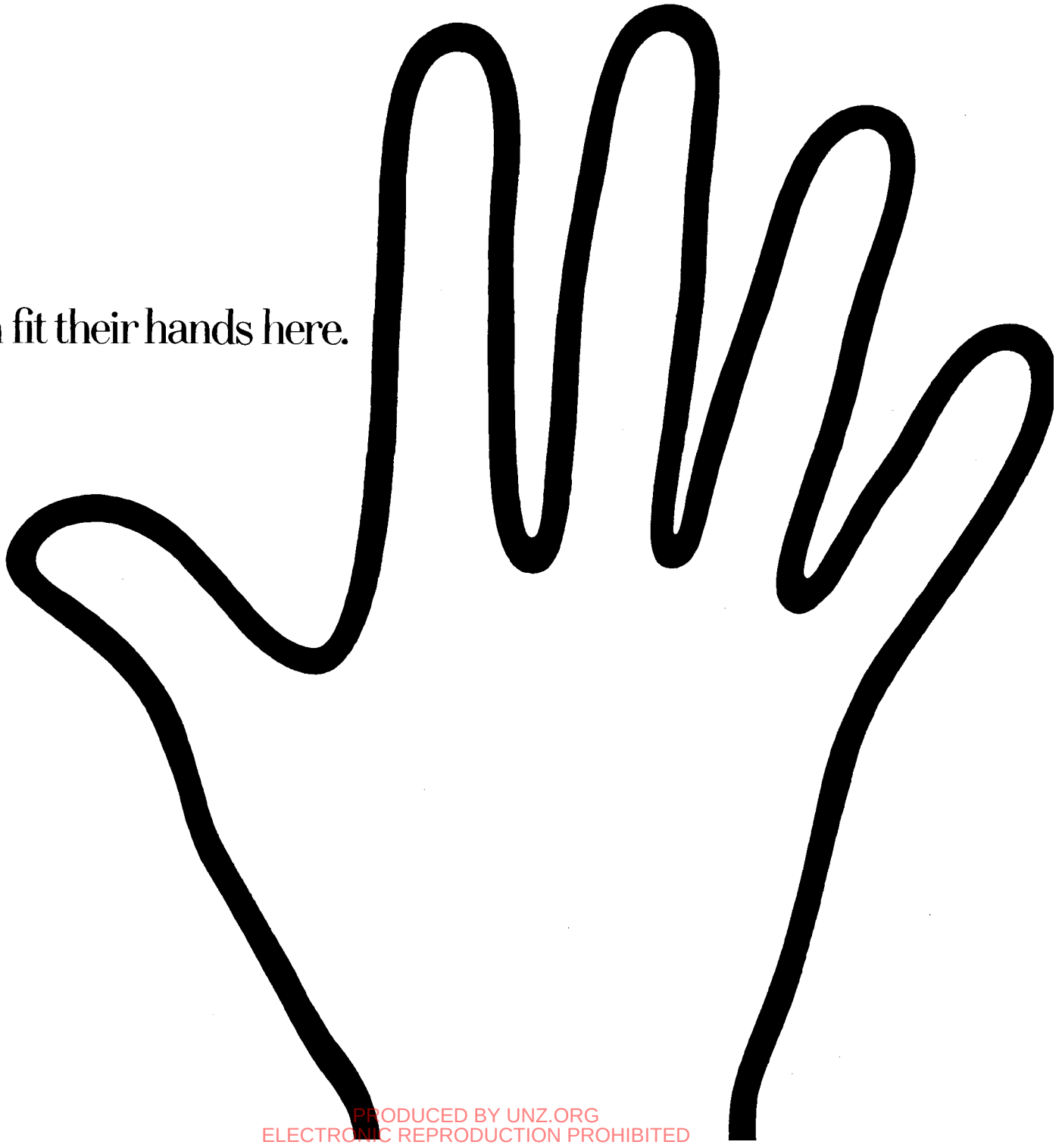

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Management and Budget had orders not to spend money on any problem originating in Mexico. Considering the preponderance of Southern California Republicans in the White House, Hedgecock, the mayor of the largest U.S. city run by a Republican, had hoped for more. "It's a mistake," he argues, "to treat this as a simple water-quality issue. The federal government has to protect citizens along its borders. This is a foreign invasion, even if the problem is sewage and not soldiers."

The Reagan Administration is reluctant to increase its record-high budget by three quarters of a billion dollars to solve one city's woes—especially when it sees the problem as another country's moral obligation and when the request comes during an election year. Some officials, believing that Mexico is purposely stalling, have called for sanctions such as embargoes on Mexican imports. Washington thus far has opted to negotiate. Yet the United States risks another kind of political liability if an encephalitis or salmonellosis epidemic occurs and a forewarned government had taken no steps to prevent it. But the expense of decreasing that risk could be prohibitive, because San Diego is only the beginning: sewage contamination exists all along the border, from Mexicali–Calexico to Laredo–Nuevo Laredo. Planners debate whether we should wait for Mexico to pay, and risk political or environmental disaster, or start the cleanup, which could cost billions.

Engineers for the governments on both sides of the border suggest that the real problem has to do with the border itself. When the boundary was set, in the aftermath of the Mexican–American War of 1848, hardly anyone lived along the desolate, arid 750-mile stretch between El Paso–Ciudad Juárez and the Pacific Ocean. There was no great river to serve as a natural division; except for making one small adjustment, in the Colorado River Valley, the surveyors followed straight lines rather than topography. The result is a political obstacle to civil and environmental engineering, and a political reality that compounds the problem by encouraging human habitation where it otherwise wouldn't occur.

The location of San Diego and Tijuana isn't particularly suitable for one large city, let alone two. The terrain is erratic, with deep gulches separating eroding bluffs, and water is scarce. The largest river, the Tia Juana, alternately dries up and floods. But an excellent harbor attracted the U.S. Navy, and military personnel serving in two world wars liked San Diego's climate well enough to stay after retiring from active duty. Tijuana sprang up, partly because Mexico wanted to defend the sparsely settled Baja California peninsula from annexation, but mainly to service thirsty gringos during Prohibition.

In 1920 barely 1,000 people lived in Tijuana; now the city has a population in excess of one million. Besides employees for its brothels and bars, the border town has attracted agricultural laborers looking for jobs on the other side. According to Tijuana municipal officials, between 1950 and 1970 Tijuana's population sextupled; it doubled again during the past decade. Tijuana has modernized in many ways, and has grown beyond its image as a vice capital. But city services can't keep up with the constant influx of new residents. As in any developing area, the first worry is providing water. Only then comes sanitation. Sewage *treatment*, as opposed to removal of solid wastes, is a luxury. A new aqueduct will bring badly needed water from the Colorado River, but that will place still more strain on Tijuana's aging sewage system.

LAST AUGUST, in Baja California, Presidents Ronald Reagan and Miguel de la Madrid signed a pledge to protect the quality of the environment along their mutual border. Joseph Nalven, a San Diego border specialist, and other analysts believe that this comparatively innocuous agreement served to divert attention from the points on which the two leaders had failed to concur, such as Nicaragua, Cuba, tuna fishing, migration, and oil prices.

The presidential agreement called for at least one high-level conference a year on border environmental issues. Mexico twice postponed the date of the first meeting before representatives from the Environmental Protection Agency and the State Department met with their Mexican counterparts, in San Diego and Tijuana, last March. Following orders from the Administration, the associate administrator of the EPA, Fitzhugh Green, pressed for a Mexican solution to the Pacific-coast pollution problem. Alicia Bárcena Ibarra, of Mexico's Ministry of Urban Development and Ecology, acknowledged Mexico's responsibility and outlined her government's plan for disposing of the sewage, but warned that it would take six to ten years to implement—Mexico does not have the money now.

Even if Mexico's system were ready tomorrow, the United States would probably find the system unacceptable, because it would not meet our standards. The Mexican plan is to construct new sewage-disposal lines to the ocean, south of Tijuana. The wastes would have to be pumped up and down hills, a process entailing enormous energy costs. If the pumps broke down or if the electrical power failed, the flow would end up in the United States. And the Mexicans would probably subject the sewage to minimal treatment before discharging it into the ocean. They almost certainly would not build an outfall—a reinforced underwater pipe to carry effluent some five miles out to sea. The San Diego plan calls for an outfall that alone would cost $200 million. U.S. health officials agree that without an outfall sewage must receive at least some chemical or biological treatment, a process much too expensive given Mexico's budget projections.

By treating the sewage where the water naturally drains—at the south bank of the Tia Juana River—Mexico could avoid the exorbitant pumping and maintenance costs. The problem, of course, is that the treatment plant would be in the United States. That fact leads to an interesting admission by both sides: if there were no border, there would be no question about where the plant belongs.

George High, who heads the U.S. State Department's Mexico desk, says flatly that a joint plant like the one San Diego proposes "would be a dangerous precedent." However, one such installation already exists. In 1971 Nogales, Sonora, and Nogales, Arizona, inaugurated a new joint treatment plant on the American side, in the watershed of the north-flowing Santa Cruz River. Since its labor and materials are cheaper, Mexico contributed the amount it would have spent to build a plant on its side of the border. The arrangement was negotiated by the bilateral International Boundary and Water Commission (IBWC), headquartered in El Paso and Ciudad Juárez. Many consider the Nogales plant a showcase example of international cooperation, but, according to George High, the current Administration "doesn't accept it as a precedent."

IN THE PRESENT crisis the United States has been able to get Mexico to do little more than form joint technical-

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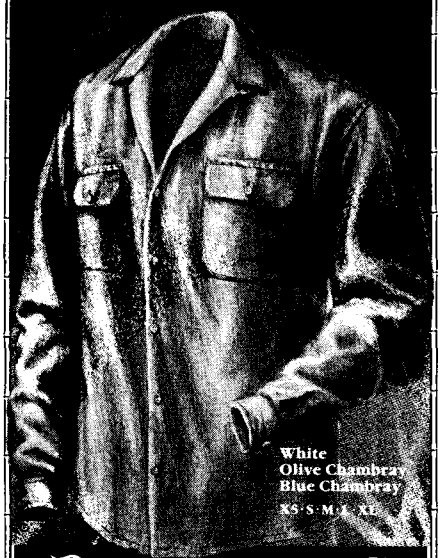

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study groups. And in these Mexico chooses not to concentrate exclusively on sewage. The positions of the two countries typify differences in cultural perceptions that naturally occur along the border between an industrialized and a developing nation. Whereas we are exasperated by Mexico's primitive waste-disposal procedures, Mexico is wary of our hazardous wastes and the methods we are developing for treating them. Mexicans frequently mention WIPP, a waste-isolation pilot plant being built to store atomic wastes underground in salt formations at Carlsbad, New Mexico. They (and many Texans) fear that the tunnels, which regularly leak water during construction, will leach radioactive plutonium into aquifers that supply their artesian wells. Mexico is also concerned about air pollution. Its border residents have complained for years about emissions of sulfur dioxide and lead from smelters in Douglas, Arizona, and El Paso.

Richard Reavis, the EPA border coordinator who helped plan the Nogales joint sewage system, believes that unless something is done soon, all of San Diego Bay will be quarantined within five to ten years. Indeed, the quarantine may come sooner. Next year San Diego's agreement to treat Tijuana's sewage in emergencies expires. Since the emergency became constant, San Diego has lost almost $2 million annually on coping with it, and Mexico's payments are nearly two years overdue. In effect, local taxpayers are subsidizing an international treaty. Mayor Hedgecock has promised to force the issue by not extending the agreement.

If San Diego ceases to treat wastes from Tijuana, an additional 13 million gallons of untreated sewage will pour through Tijuana's sewers daily. Much of it will end up on U.S. beaches, this time as far north as posh Coronado. "It will turn very bad," Reavis says, "and when the effluent hits the affluent, people will finally act." San Diego County health officials say that just such a catastrophe will probably be needed before action is taken. One complication is that a symptom like diarrhea is difficult to link conclusively to raw sewage in the ocean. But the pathogens are there. Frank Covington, the western regional director of water management for the EPA, says he's tired of Washington's requests for health figures. "Do they need bodies," he asks, "to be convinced it's a crisis?"

Reavis and Covington know how the dispute will ultimately be resolved: with a joint treatment plant on the U.S. side, even if it must be built in slow, affordable steps. Nothing else is technically practical. But consensus on the details is a long way off. Some politicians, like Congressman Jim Bates, of California, are suspicious of the current proposal because it includes treatment capacity for Otay Mesa, an American development planned along the border about ten miles east of the ocean. Otay Mesa (adjacent to the section of Tijuana known as Mesa de Otay) is a venerable source of local disagreement, and Bates sees the sewage-treatment plant as a bonanza for the developers. But both San Diego and Tijuana will expand—their combined population is expected to exceed four million by the 1990s. Otay Mesa is a logical place for them to do so, particularly since the United States government will open a border crossing there to relieve pressure on San Ysidro, San Diego's only other gate. Bates and other congressmen also criticize the plan for depending on conventional sedimentation ponds rather than trying newer, potentially cheaper alternatives. The plan's supporters rejoin that, given the urgency of the problem, they can't afford to experiment.

At some point the intramural bickering will have to cease, because the real issue is how the United States can come to terms with Mexico. The only perspective on border ecology that makes technical sense is a regional rather than a national, adversarial one. But that will require enlightened diplomacy. Mexico has no wish to be dependent on the United States; thus far we've aggravated matters by publicly expressing doubts about Mexico's ability to develop and maintain adequate sanitation. Some Mexicans say that if U.S. interest rates dropped by just one percentage point, the difference in Mexico's debt payment would easily cover its portion of sewage-disposal costs. Thus, they conclude, a trashed border is a price the United States pays for huge defense outlays that force interest rates up.

Jorge A. Bustamante, director of the Mexican Center for Border Studies, in Tijuana, believes that binational solutions to ecological problems are the most rational, but observes, "We're not ready for rationality." Yet he views such problems as opportunities, because the physical environment is something tangible that diplomats can grapple with. The

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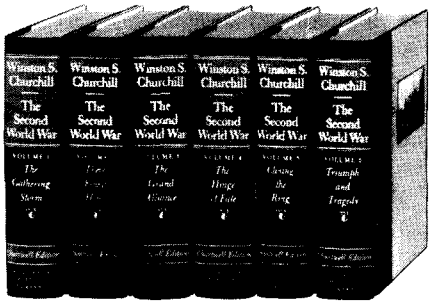

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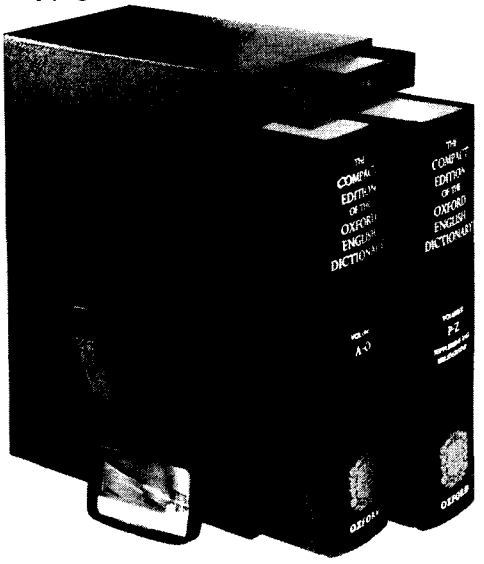

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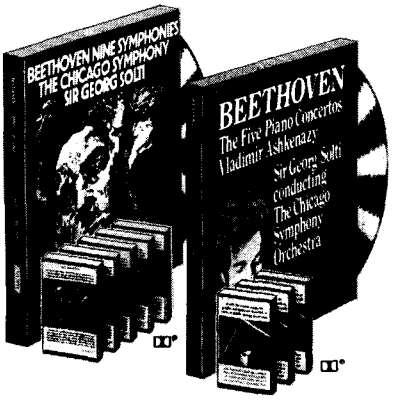

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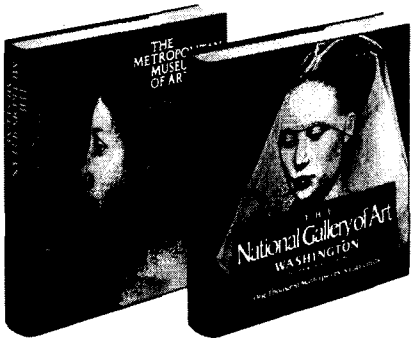

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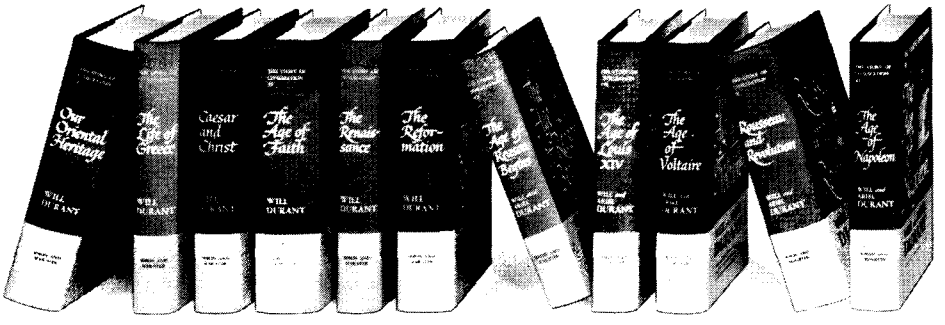

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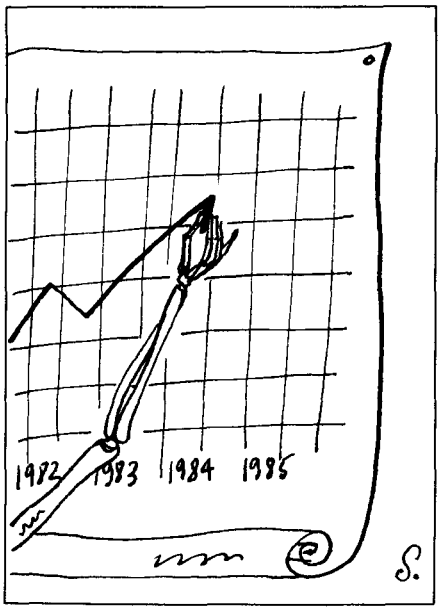
border may be a logical place to begin working out North–South differences, he says, because situations that arise there force us to pay attention to each other's thought processes. The U.S. and Mexican divisions of the International Boundary and Water Commission have been at it for years, effectively monitoring sensitive issues like the disposition of shared river waters. Such a symmetrical relationship reflects Mexico's right to be treated as an equal partner. A partnership is especially appropriate in the case of the environment, for the harm we do each other becomes increasingly reciprocal. For example, our copper smelters will soon be joined by tall-stack Mexican smelters located within fifty miles of the Arizona border, which will lack both scrubbers and acid plants. U.S. environmentalists fear that the result will be a substantial acid-rain problem in the Southwest. We have no air-pollution treaties with any nation, and our record in talks with Canada on the acid-rain question is hardly an incentive for Mexico to control its emissions for our sake.

Nor does any treaty bind the United States and Mexico on other environmental issues; the only impetus for cooperation comes from an agreement between the two Presidents. But EPA officials feel that Mexico's recent avowal of its responsibilities is a signal that Mexico is willing to cooperate if it is treated with respect, as a partner with shared problems. The regional nature of environmental planning challenges both nations' strong senses of sovereignty. But such planning offers possibilities both for controlling problems and for bringing about new benefits, among them water reclamation.

The U.S.–Mexican frontier, with strong economic and familial ties, is essentially peaceful: no armed troops stare across at each other, as troops do in other parts of the world. But it could deteriorate into a refuse heap if each side blames the other for messes that inevitably occur wherever man draws lines without regard to the topological cleavages of nature. Or it could serve North and South as a proving ground for developing lasting agreements and understandings—and remain habitable in the process.

—Alan Weisman

Alan Weisman is a professor of journalism at Prescott College, in Arizona. He has just completed a book on Mexican orphans.



THE LAW

ASBESTOS LITIGATION IS A GROWTH INDUSTRY

Suits against asbestos companies are proving more profitable for defense lawyers than for plaintiffs

BLEAK HOUSE, THE 1853 classic by Charles Dickens, is a scathing indictment of a legal system that served no one but lawyers. The novel is based on a nineteenth-century British inheritance dispute that raged for generations until nothing was left to fight over, because the entire value of the estate had been consumed by legal fees and court costs.

It is estimated that 25,000 American asbestos victims or their survivors have filed lawsuits against companies in the asbestos industry. Many of these people face a fate similar to that of the fictitious Jarndyce heirs, for they will likely go to their graves without seeing their legal claims resolved. Hundreds have already died; others have been stricken with debilitating lung diseases or incurable cancers and, beset by mounting medical bills, have been deprived of their life savings and even forced out of their homes.

Yet in courtrooms around the country as many as a thousand lawyers continue to squabble over technicalities and fine points of law in various asbestos-related cases. They are for the most part being paid fees that far exceed the compensation received by the victims who have been lucky enough to get their cases heard.

A study conducted by the Rand Corporation last year found that whereas asbestos victims so far have received $236 million in compensation, their lawyers have earned $164 million, and defense lawyers for the asbestos and insurance industries have earned more than $600 million—including $395 million to fight claims from victims who got not one penny.

In the two decades since asbestos was recognized as a potent carcinogen, of the 25,000 asbestos workers and their survivors who have filed lawsuits fewer than 4,000 have received any compensation. Much of the asbestos litigation since 1982 is now at a standstill, because three large asbestos companies, citing the blizzard of lawsuits, have sought the protection of bankruptcy.

Criticism of the legal profession today, led by U.S. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, usually inveighs against frivolous lawsuits that clog the courts, a tendency to litigate rather than arbitrate or negotiate, and abuses in pretrial discovery tactics. But another cause for criticism, of which the asbestos litigation is a prime example, is that the entire legal system can be twisted to perverse ends.

As early as the 1930s the asbestos industry received hints that its "magic mineral" was hazardous to human health; it failed to take them seriously. Later, asbestos companies worked mightily—and unsuccessfully—to conceal evidence of what they had known. Such stonewalling by the industry vastly increased the time and expense incurred by plaintiffs' lawyers. In the current bankruptcy proceedings these personal-injury lawyers have been unwilling to settle for less than the full amount of their legal fees and out-of-pocket expenses, and this unwillingness has blocked a speedy resolution of the tens of thousands of pending claims. Before Johns-Manville, once the West's largest asbestos firm, filed its controversial bankruptcy petition, one plaintiffs' attorney, Ronald Motley, of South Carolina, boasted that his mission in life was to bankrupt the Denver-based company.

Other delays in compensation to victims have been caused by insurance companies that, instead of attempting to settle claims, have been busily suing one another in hopes of escaping liabil-

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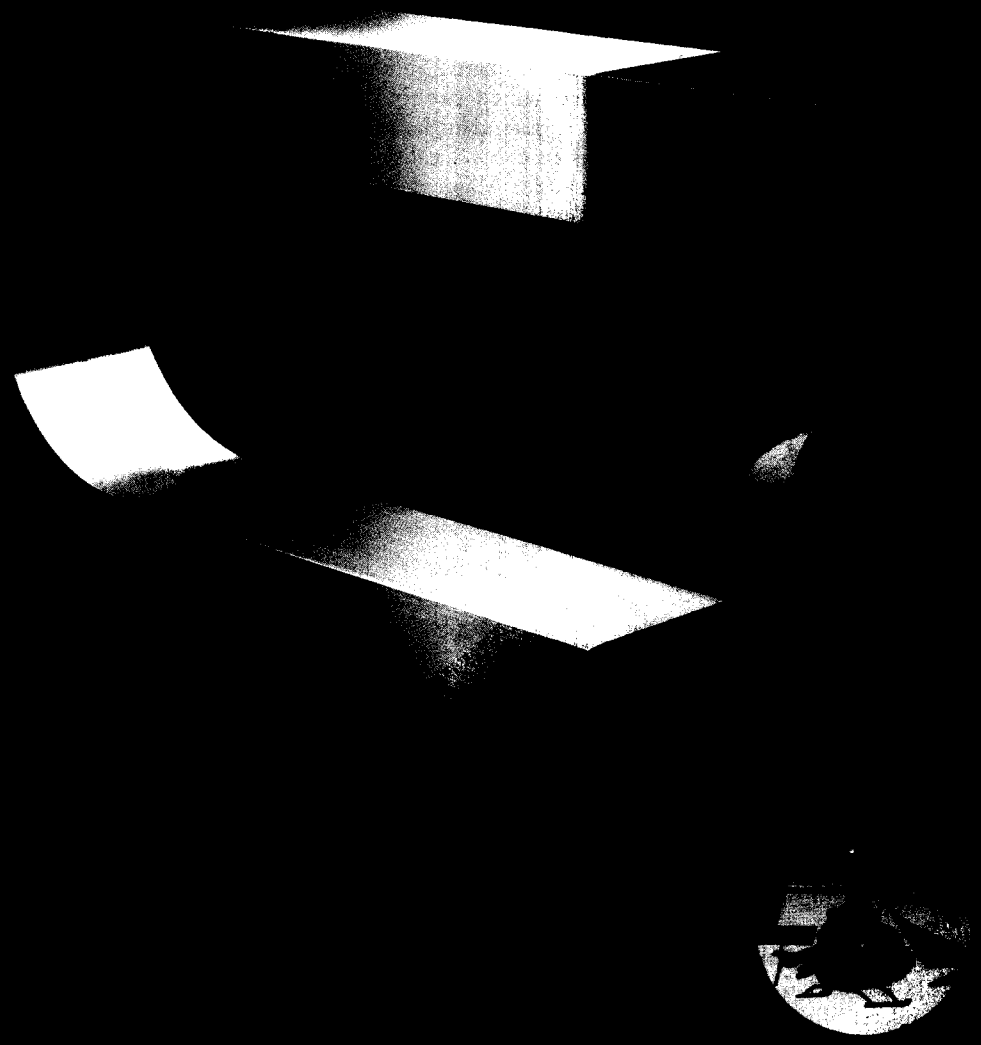

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ity. Some firms contend that an insurer whose policy was in force at the time a worker was exposed should be liable, even if no disease is discovered until after the policy has expired; but other firms argue that an insurer should be liable only if its policy is in force at the time an asbestos-related disease manifests itself. This dispute illustrates a major problem in the emerging area of personal-injury litigation known as "toxic torts." Various diseases that are alleged to result from contact with toxic substances don't show up until decades later, when questions of causation and liability are difficult to prove in court.

Another contributor to the legal wheel-spinning is the federal government. Even though the vast majority of asbestos victims worked in government-owned shipyards, the United States government continues to reject any suggestion that it bears a moral, if not a legal, obligation to the victims.

Curiously, it was the bankruptcy petitions and the Rand report—rather than accounts of the plight of innocent victims—that finally led to a consensus that the tort litigation system was failing miserably. That sentiment is fueling a search by Congress and the courts for a more efficient way to compensate victims in this toxic-tort dispute and perhaps other such large-scale disputes in the future.

Some swift end to the current stalemate is needed. More than 20 million Americans have been significantly exposed to asbestos, and 350,000 are expected to die as a result, at a rate of about 10,000 a year. As matters stand, they or their survivors may well join the bottleneck at the courthouse door.

THIS INDUSTRIAL TRAGEDY began before the Second World War, when millions of tons of asbestos, a group of heat-resistant mineral fibers, were used to insulate ships, exposing millions of workers in naval shipyards. Later, asbestos was used widely in buildings, including tens of thousands of schools throughout the country.

Asbestos is so powerful a carcinogen that just one day's exposure to it in the workplace has been known to cause mesothelioma, a cancer in the lining of the chest and abdominal cavities that afflicts virtually only those who have been exposed to asbestos. Wives and children of asbestos workers have also come down with asbestos-related diseases, as a result of having inhaled asbestos fibers that the workers brought home on their clothes.

Victims who worked for the federal government and members of their families are legally prevented from suing the government by the doctrine of sovereign immunity, which protects it from many claims to which private parties are subject. But the outlook for victims improved dramatically in 1973, when the U.S. 5th Circuit Court of Appeals upheld a Texas federal jury award of $79,436.24 to Clarence Borel, an insulation worker who died of mesothelioma that same year. The appellate court ruled that the defendant, Fibreboard Paper Products Corporation, had had a duty to warn anyone likely to come in contact with its products that asbestos posed a serious health hazard, one that had been known.

That decision opened the floodgates, and federal and state courts throughout the country were quickly inundated with personal-injury lawsuits filed against asbestos manufacturers and suppliers as "third parties" rather than as employers.

More than 200 companies have been named as defendants, and the average lawsuit has named twenty defendants. Typically, a defendant has hired a team of lawyers in every locality in which it has been sued. Major defendants like Johns-Manville have also hired "regional" counsel—lawyers who have acquired expertise in asbestos litigation and now supervise others. According to one estimate, Johns-Manville alone has employed sixty law firms around the country. The latest kind of specialty lawyer to benefit from asbestos litigation is the bankruptcy attorney, thanks to the Chapter 11 petitions filed by UNR Industries, Inc., Amatex Corporation, and Johns-Manville.

On the plaintiffs' side is a small group of lawyers who, for a share of the spoils, fly around the country helping local attorneys put on trials. For instance, Ronald Motley has such an interest in more than 3,000 cases. And Gordon Stemple, a Los Angeles attorney who specializes in workers'-compensation cases, has up to a 30 percent stake in 4,000 asbestos cases in California which he referred to personal-injury lawyers.

Unlike the defendants' lawyers, who are either on a company payroll or in a private practice whose corporate clients are billed by the hour, personal-injury attorneys charge clients a contingency fee. If their clients win, the lawyers get one third to one half of the award, plus expenses; if their clients lose, the lawyers get nothing. The speculative nature of such arrangements notwithstanding, few personal-injury lawyers in asbestos cases are starving. Indeed, the gamble has paid off handsomely for many. Gary Galiher, of Honolulu, earned $4 million in 1982 by negotiating a $12 million settlement on behalf of 141 claimants who once worked at Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard; and because only about half of the defendants named in each of those 141 lawsuits have settled, about twelve holdout companies remain targets of litigation. Fred Baron, of Dallas, earned more than $1 million in 1977 by negotiating a $20 million settlement for 445 workers at a Tyler, Texas, asbestos plant—even after he divided his contingency fee with several other lawyers and paid referral fees to still others. (In that case, the workers contended that the government had supplied asbestos in unsafe burlap bags and that federal inspectors who had found high levels of asbestos in the air at the plant had failed to warn the workers, telling only the management, under a pre-arranged secrecy agreement; the federal government contributed $5.7 million to the settlement. "I expect we'll be living down having paid money in Tyler for quite some time to come," one Justice Department lawyer says.)

Such highly publicized awards have encouraged some personal-injury lawyers to recruit as clients people with little or no discernible asbestos-related illness. As a result, defense attorneys like to point out, numerous meritless claims have been filed against the industry.

While contingency fees may appear unseemly because they are speculative, they do serve a useful role in tort litigation. Without them, many victims almost certainly could not afford attorneys' services. Lawyers for asbestos victims also argue that few of their clients would have gotten any compensation had it not been for costly pretrial preparations that have uncovered voluminous asbestos-industry documents helpful to their cases.

SUCH DOCUMENTS INCLUDE correspondence from 1935 between Sumner Simpson, then president of Raybestos-Manhattan, and Vandiver Brown, then general counsel of Johns-Manville, discussing how they should respond to new British studies on the hazards of asbestos. In one letter Sumner wrote: "I

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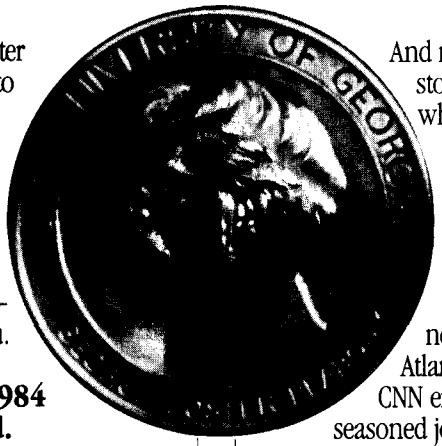

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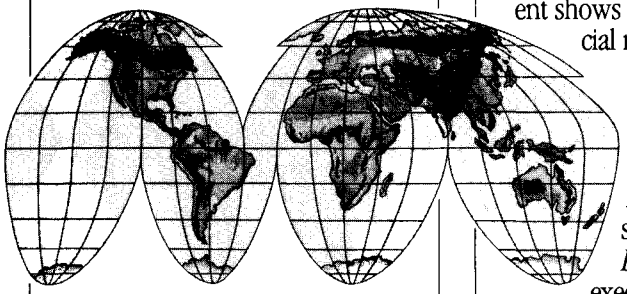

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think the less said about asbestos the better off we are." Brown replied: "I quite agree with you that our interests are best served by having asbestosis [a scarring of the lungs] receive the minimum of publicity." These letters, uncovered in 1977 by Karl Asch, an attorney in Elizabeth, New Jersey, with 1,000 asbestos clients, have been introduced as evidence in courtrooms nationwide; in some cases, as a result, the punitive-damages awards have run to seven figures.

(Johns-Manville had successfully fought the introduction of these letters as trial evidence by arguing that Brown was dead and therefore his signature could not be authenticated. But that tactic proved futile after plaintiffs' lawyers found Brown alive and well in Scotland.)

Similarly incriminating documents have been discovered by other lawyers around the country who in 1978 banded together as the Asbestos Litigation Group. Some documents have turned up in an abandoned tool shed on the grounds of an upstate New York laboratory; nearly all of them showed that the asbestos industry had been aware of the dangers of asbestos well before 1967—the year before which, the industry had long maintained, it had not known about the dangers of asbestos. In 1967 Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, of New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, released an epochal study documenting a shocking incidence of lung diseases and cancer among more than 17,000 workers who had been exposed to asbestos.

Plaintiffs' lawyers say that without their detective work—financed out of their own pockets—their clients would not have received compensation and the gradual phasing out of asbestos in the United States would not have occurred. "Think of the thousands and thousands of people who will not get sick and die," says Charles O'Reilly, whose Los Angeles firm represents 800 asbestos victims.

He blames asbestos companies and their insurers for unnecessarily driving up legal costs by blindly defending lawsuits that could have been settled far more cheaply. The most widely cited example involves an asbestos manufacturer in Pennsylvania that could have settled a lawsuit for $1,000 but insisted on going to trial instead, apparently as a tactical maneuver to deter other, perhaps meritless, lawsuits. The jury awarded the plaintiff $1 million. And in two cases whose plaintiffs were represented by his firm, O'Reilly says, one

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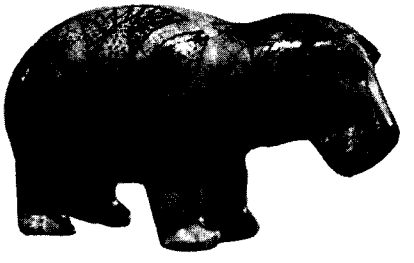

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defendant ran up trial fees of nearly $500,000, only to lose both cases and be obliged to pay awards totaling $370,000.

"I don't think any of us have directed our attention to the end objective, which is to transfer money from corporation coffers to the people who have been injured," concedes G. Earl Parker, a senior vice president of and the general counsel for Johns-Manville, whose August 26, 1982, bankruptcy petition is largely responsible for the current desuetude in asbestos litigation.

THE FINAL STRAW for Johns-Manville came on April 1, 1982, when its primary insurer, the Travelers Corporation, of Hartford, Connecticut, said that, having already paid out $16 million in that year alone, it would pay no more. Settlements and jury awards against Johns-Manville had grown from $300,000 in 1975 to nearly $35 million in 1981. The figure for 1982 had reached $27 million by August—not including the $1 million Johns-Manville was paying monthly in outside legal fees.

That August the corporation began weighing the merits of a bankruptcy petition. Its president and chief operating officer, Frederick L. Pundsack, vigorously opposed declaring bankruptcy, saying that such an action would be wrong, because Johns-Manville was "a viable, ongoing business enterprise" that was becoming "stronger than ever." Pundsack was persuaded to take early retirement by John A. McKinney, the chairman of the board, and less than a week later Johns-Manville—whose net worth is estimated to be greater than $1 billion—sought Chapter 11 protection against the 16,500 lawsuits that were pending and the nearly 500 new ones being filed every month.

Johns-Manville hopes that Burton A. Lifland, the presiding bankruptcy judge, will approve its plan to create a new entity for its non-asbestos operations, one that would be free forever from all asbestos liability, but that would contribute earnings to a trust fund set up to pay victims. Under this plan claims would be evaluated by medical experts, who would adjust awards up or down from standard payments of $50,000 for mesothelioma, $45,000 for lung cancer, $40,000 for asbestosis, and $1,000 for thickening of the lung membrane. Johns-Manville estimated that the average payment would be $15,000.

Members of the Asbestos Litigation Group say that the proposed amounts are far too small, noting that they are regularly winning jury awards that are much larger. Motley accuses Johns-Manville of "doubly victimizing" the workers by "covering up the entrance to the courthouse" after "fifty years of deception and cover-up."

In bankruptcy negotiations with creditors Johns-Manville has offered to put up $400 million. But the plaintiffs' lawyers want at least $700 million—the difference being roughly the amount of their fees and expenses. "What it really comes down to is that Manville is not willing to pay attorneys' fees," John Jerome, a lawyer for the company's trade creditors, says. "What is on trial here is the tort system."

Among those fighting the bankruptcy petition most vigorously is O'Reilly's law firm. The company should be "back in court, before a jury," O'Reilly insists. "The legal system can handle it—if Manville will stop stonewalling at every turn." He adds that it would be "unconscionable" and probably unconstitutional for a court to approve a plan that would bar future claimants from suing Johns-Manville.

Such posturing has become standard during dozens of hearings that have taken place in Lifland's Manhattan courtroom since August, 1982. No victim was heard from in those bankruptcy proceedings until late last October. James Vermeulen, of Stockton, California, who heads the Asbestos Victims of America, accused the assembled lawyers of representing primarily themselves and protested that no one was speaking for the injured workers. "We are making one segment of the society extremely rich, and I am referring to the legal profession," said Vermeulen, a former Johns-Manville worker now afflicted with asbestosis.

The only certainties about the bankruptcy proceedings are that they will take years to resolve and that the bankruptcy lawyers are making a killing. By the end of January, 1984, Johns-Manville's legal fees associated with its bankruptcy petition came to more than $18 million. A major beneficiary was the New York firm of Davis Polk & Wardwell, which has earned $3.5 million. And in the internecine insurance-industry dispute over liability, which began in the late 1970s, another of the company's law firms, Heller, Ehrman, White & McAuliffe, of San Francisco, earned more than $6 million. A trial to settle this dispute, scheduled for March of 1985, could involve more than seventy companies, and Johns-Manville alone has produced more than 12 million documents as evidence in the case.

Congressman George Miller, of California, who is the chairman of the House Labor Standards Subcommittee, is promoting legislation to create a fund financed by the asbestos industry that would enable asbestos victims to obtain speedy compensation through administrative, rather than legal, channels. But Johns-Manville is demanding that the federal government contribute to any such fund. In the past year the company has filed three breach-of-contract lawsuits against the U.S. Navy, seeking a total of about $40 million and claiming that the government had been aware of the asbestos hazard but had failed to protect shipyard workers.

The asbestos industry is also fighting a Reagan Administration proposal, issued in April, that would significantly reduce the amount of asbestos dust in the workplace of some 375,000 industrial workers who are exposed to the substance daily.

UNTIL 1983 NEARLY all the personal-injury lawsuits had been filed by electricians, mechanics, other shipyard workers, and miners. But starting last year more than sixty plasterers who had worked on buildings insulated with asbestos also filed such lawsuits, and they betoken still another large group of potential plaintiffs seeking compensation for asbestos-related injuries.

Meanwhile, lawyers have become involved in a promising new area of asbestos litigation known as "rip-out-and-replacement" cases, in which school districts are suing asbestos manufacturers and suppliers for the cost of removing and replacing school materials that contain asbestos. More than thirty-five such suits have already been filed; they are an outgrowth of a 1982 U.S. Environmental Protection Agency requirement that all schools be surveyed for asbestos hazards and that the results be reported to parent-teacher associations. But because cleanup is expensive and the EPA does not specifically require it, action has rarely been taken even where asbestos dangers have been identified. A report compiled in 1983 for internal use at the EPA says that more than 2,600 of the 126,000 schools nationwide have identified an asbestos problem, but fewer than 500 have developed plans for removing the material. These numbers

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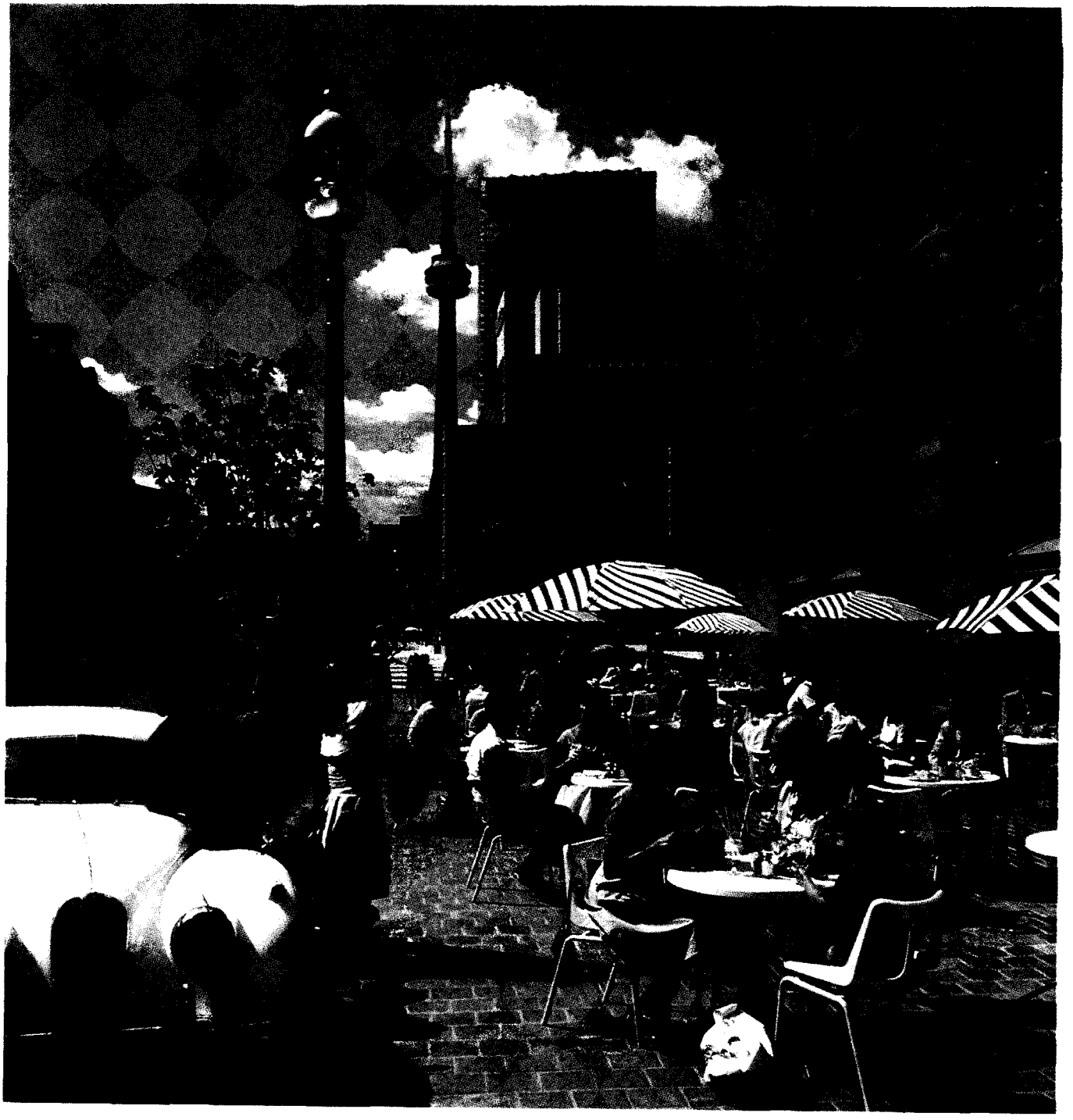

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suggest, as Lawrence T. Hoyle, Jr., a Philadelphia lawyer, warns, that these "rip-out-and-replacement" lawsuits "could be a tidal wave" in the continuing storm of asbestos litigation.

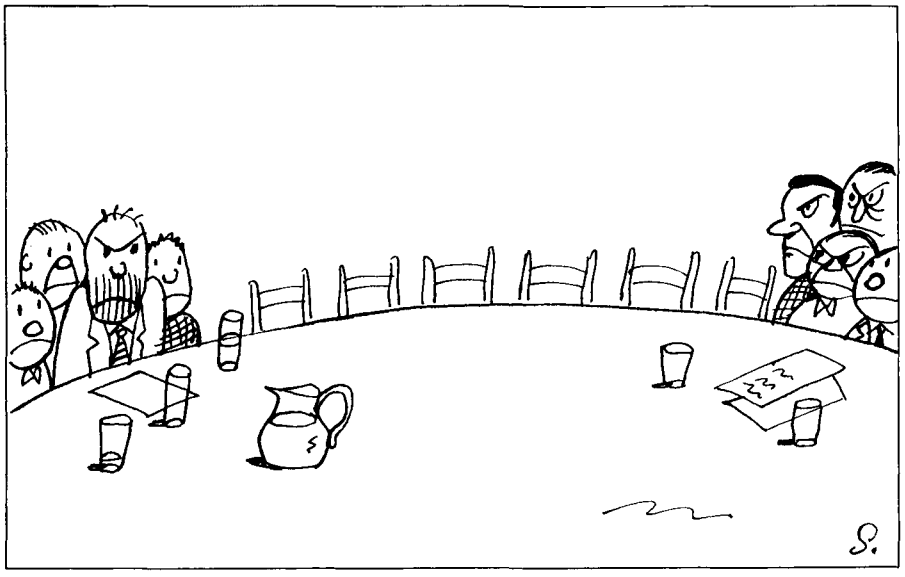
Bankruptcy Judge Lifland estimates that such property-damage claims against the asbestos industry could reach $1.4 billion. In April the U.S. Gypsum Company paid $675,000 to settle such a lawsuit filed by the Lexington County, South Carolina, schools. But a company spokesman said that it will "vigorously defend" itself against twenty-seven other such claims pending.

"The very word 'asbestos' raises many questions about both trial procedures and substantive law," Archibald Cox says. In a speech at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association in Atlanta last August, the former Watergate special prosecutor asked:

"Does it really make sense to have the compensation awarded to those whose health was injured turn upon exhaustive investigation and trial of the question whether a particular manufacturer or user knew or should have learned about the dangers of working with asbestos twenty, thirty, and forty years ago? After exhaustive inquiries and protracted trials, will the verdict and judgment really turn upon careful, reasoned findings upon such questions? Is the method developed for the negligence of the nineteenth century suited to such cases? Have we done anything but make it more cumbersome and more expensive with the outcome more uncertain?"

—Edwin Chen

Edwin Chen, a legal-affairs reporter for the Los Angeles Times, *last wrote for* The Atlantic *about PBB contamination in Michigan.*



WASHINGTON

THE POLITICS OF IMMOBILITY

The political establishment is reluctant to look beyond traditional liberalism and conservatism for solutions to the nation's problems

BIG NEWS OFTEN seems completely unimportant not long after it breaks, and when it's about presidential campaigns its life is especially short, measurable in days or even hours. To read an account of a recent campaign is to be amazed that the political world could have turned for a while around Jimmy Carter's *Playboy* interview or Gerald Ford's play to become co-President on the Republican ticket in 1980. When the accounts of this year's campaign are written, Gary Hart's surge of popularity in the Democratic primaries will most likely seem just as insignificant—an event that mattered greatly while it was going on and not much thereafter.

But there's one point about Hart's campaign that does deserve to be remembered: the immediate and strong hostility with which other politicians and the press greeted his notion of "new ideas." The prevailing view in American politics today is that the established liberal and conservative answers to every question are all the answers we will ever need. That view, which existed before and lives on after the Hart campaign, has become one of our greatest problems.

Without making any judgments about Hart's qualifications for the presidency, it seems plain that imagination is one of his virtues. To read his short book, *A New Democracy*, is to see that his claim to new ideas is not an obvious stretcher. He may not have made them up himself, but he has absorbed them to a much greater extent than most politicians have. He breezes at an off-putting pace through individual training accounts, platoon cohesiveness, tax-based incomes policy—hardly issues that have been part of the standard Democratic litany lately—and complains about the strictures of liberalism and conservatism as they are now defined. His account of where he stands politically does not, on its face, demand contemptuous dismissal. But that's what it got this past spring, when Hart made his run at Walter Mondale.

As soon as Hart won the New Hampshire primary, and thus became a serious threat to Mondale, Mondale began to say that Hart had no new ideas and that the phrase was just a code word for an insidious new form of conservatism. "He wrote a book about his vision of America, and you need an FBI investigator to find one word in there expressing concern about people in trouble," Mondale told an audience in March. The following week Mondale told Myra MacPherson, of *The Washington Post*, "Let's face it, Hart's idea of 'new' vs. 'old,' that's bull ----." Even President Reagan weighed in. A reporter asked him what he thought of Hart's new ideas, and he answered, "I haven't heard anything yet that you could say was a specific idea that he's had to say, but then I haven't been following it that closely." He turned to a knot of reporters standing nearby and asked, "Can anyone here tell me specifically what he's going to do?" (Hart at that point was doing his best to prove his opponents right by following the advice of his Svengali, Pat Caddell, to keep his pitch as vague as possible. He alluded frequently to the newness of his ideas and rarely to their specifics.)

From the New Hampshire primary to the New York primary, when Hart was riding high, the press for the most part either simply recounted these criticisms or indicated its agreement with them. A few reporters—notably Robert Pear, of *The New York Times*, and David Maraniss, of *The Washington Post*—read Hart's position papers and his book and wrote

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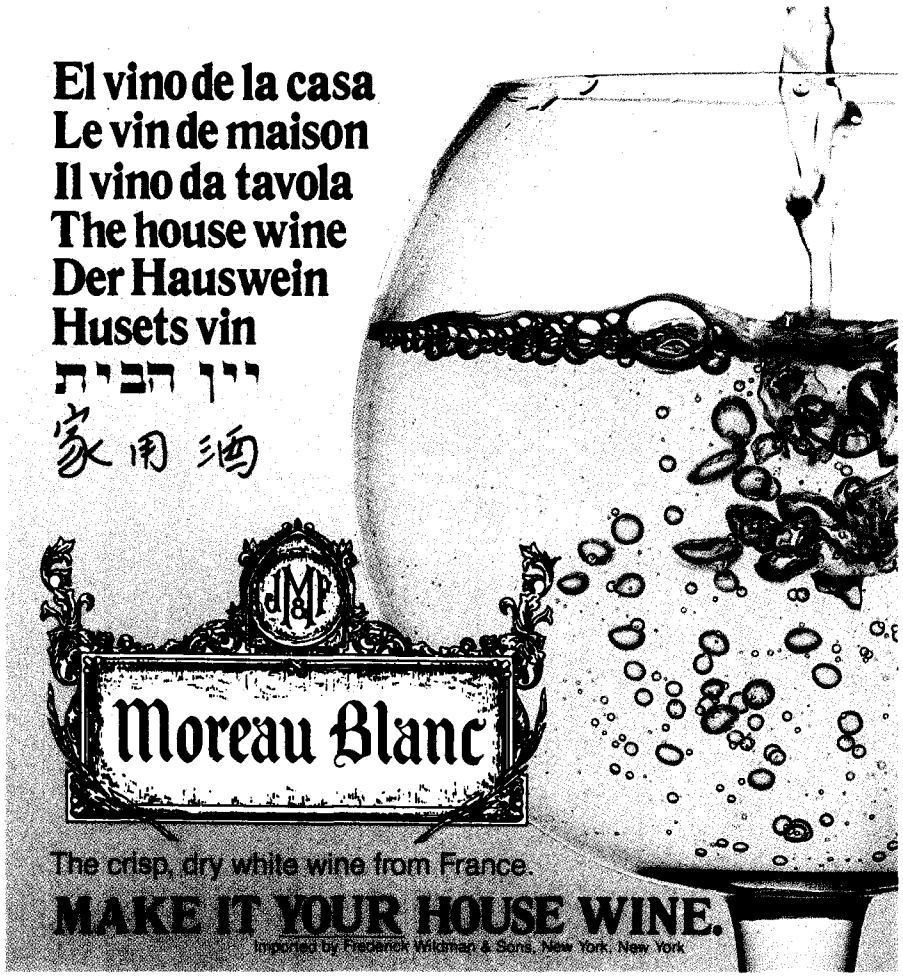
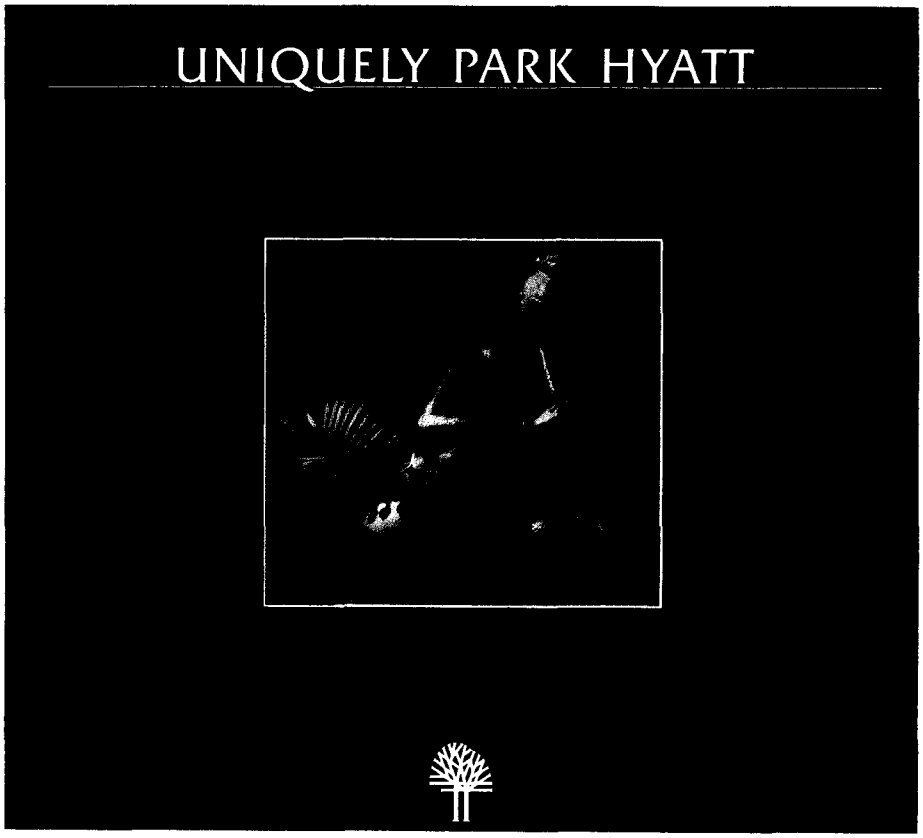
about them; among magazines, *The Washington Monthly*, which was founded fifteen years ago on the principle of moving beyond conventional liberalism and conservatism, and *The New Republic* were notable for treating Hart substantively.

Most journalists, however, slapped the phrase "new ideas" into protective custody behind quotation marks, and left it at that. Barbara Walters, of ABC News, moderating a debate among the Democratic candidates, challenged Hart to name two new ideas, and seemed surprised that he was able to do so. *Newsweek* said, "Hart—unlike Mondale—lacks a solid core of identifiable ideology." *The Nation* said that Hart's "most visible 'new idea' is the concept of new ideas itself, much as a new detergent hypes its newness and nothing else." *National Review*, on this if on nothing else, agreed, in its telegraphic style: "Fascinating insight on candidacy of candidate of New Ideas: LA Times interview of voters at time of Iowa found issue of major importance . . . to Hart supporters: nothing, no issue."

Some reporters saw Hart's ideas not as significant in themselves but as emblematic of a deceptive character. Hart changed his name and his age; wasn't it part of the same disorder that he would also adopt new ideas? Another interpretation, in the same spirit, was that Hart's new ideas were a crafty play for an especially soulless special-interest group: young urban professionals, or Yuppies, as they were nicknamed. Sure, this line of reasoning went, Mondale wanted programs for teachers and for organized labor, which had endorsed him; Hart promised the Yuppies what they wanted, and got their votes in return. If he was dovish on committing American troops abroad, well, many Yuppies are old Vietnam-era draft resisters who justify their actions by continuing to insist that putting young Americans in uniform is immoral. If he wanted to cut government spending, remember, Yuppies pay a lot of taxes. "Many Yumpies [a variation: young upwardly mobile professionals] seem more interested in making money for themselves than in redistributing it to the poor," *Time* explained in March.

The most obvious explanation for the hostility to Hart's new ideas is that he materialized as a temporary front-runner seemingly out of nowhere, making everyone who was not prescient about his rise look foolish. Every recent season of





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presidential primaries has shown the political establishment that it was out of touch with some lode of feeling in the country, and it shouldn't be surprising that the establishment has reacted ungraciously. But the main points of other candidates who have come out of the blue—Eugene McCarthy's and George McGovern's dovishness, or Ronald Reagan's hawkishness in 1976—quickly became influential in American politics and remained so, even after the candidates fell. The system can absorb a new cause, but it can't deal with the idea that Americans are generally unhappy with what the mainstream political camps are offering. Even though voters seemed to take seriously candidates whose messages were Hartlike pleas to forget about conventional liberalism and conservatism—Carter in 1976, Jerry Brown the same year—these candidates were portrayed by reporters and other politicians as shamans, even nuts. These reactions were colored by an unwillingness to consider whether the standard solutions to the nation's problems might no longer work.

THESE DAYS OUR national government—both the organization and the emblem of our shared vision of the country—isn't running very smoothly. Our hopelessness over the deficits is a sign of our inability to adjudicate among claims on the federal Treasury and of our disinclination to pay for everything we want the government to do. The ever-more-bitter debates over foreign policy and the defense budget show a remarkable lack of agreement about what our role in the world should be. The huge success of Jesse Jackson's campaign among black voters and its thorough unpopularity among whites shows how deep the gulf between the races still is, and by extension how completely confused is the issue of government as an instrument of social change. In commercial or domestic life when parties are far apart on fundamental issues, they sit down and negotiate; in politics today there is an all-powerful impulse to budge not an inch, in hopes of protecting one's own position while wearing the other side down to submission. Why should this be?

The answer lies in two only barely overlapping cultures that together form the establishment sitting in judgment of political ideas. One culture is political professionals and reporters—in shorthand, Washington. The other is political intellectuals—roughly, New York and various exiles-from-New York scattered around the country. Both cultures are strongly wedded to the notion that new ideas in politics do not exist. Each holds this conviction for its own reasons.

Washington, its attention trained on campaigns and, in between them, on the intrigues of a few players at the top of the federal government, sees politics as a matter of tactics and technique. This is the bias of professionals in any field (how many lawyers see their cases as fundamental battles between right and wrong?), and in politics the inclination is reinforced in a hundred small ways. A political reporter spends most of his field time interviewing pollsters, admen, and organizers who are obsessed by the ceaseless thrust and parry with their opponents; they, in turn, find their views given the force of record in the reporters' coverage. All the players have a vested interest in the idea that in presidential politics beliefs (or, in the lingua franca, "issues") take a back seat to organization and momentum. Looking at politics this way justifies their personal commitment to campaign life.

Outside the narrow sphere of the campaign Washington is a city of consensus. Differences of ideology inevitably dull as they travel to the capital. The few thousand people who are there because they want to serve in the high appointive posts of government mostly believe, truth to tell, that they could do these jobs well under almost any President. This world chuckles quietly at the spectacle of Mondale and Hart endorsing the nuclear freeze or the transfer of the American Embassy in Israel to Jerusalem, knowing that however much these issues please the crowds, in the White House neither man would do either. One reason that Reagan was able to take Washington by storm in his first few months in office is that Washington, utterly skeptical of ideology, was prepared for him to become a moderate and so was caught by surprise.

Conventional liberalism and conservatism are appealing as concepts in Washington not so much because they represent belief systems as because they stand for a grand and venerable division of all the constituencies in the country into two roughly equal teams. Conservatism is business, liberalism labor; conservatism the Southwest, liberalism the Northeast. It's a fight fair enough to have been going on without a knockout for decades.

In this context it's easy to see why the emergence of the idea of Yuppies caused Washington to heave a sigh of relief. Publicly assessing new ideas on their face would be inconvenient for the political professionals. For candidates this would mean abandoning the quick rhetorical salvos that bring coverage on the evening news. For reporters it would strain the conventions of objective journalism and possibly require leaving the reassuringly frenetic daily routine of the campaign—the bus—to research something like tax policy. When Yuppies came along, new ideas could be understood at the level of tactics rather than at the level of substance, as an appeal to a constituency rather than as a set of policies.

IN THE INTELLECTUAL world ideas matter a great deal—so much that new ideas look like piddling technical matters that only distract attention from what is truly important. The political-intellectual culture today still revolves around two grand battles that have been raging for a good fifty years: one over the scope of the welfare state in America and the other, much bigger, over the Soviet Union's intentions and role in the world. Both began during the Depression and were incubated at Columbia and City College of New York and in countless parlors and lecture halls and speeches and articles; both have survived endless permutations. In fact, many of the original combatants are in their seventies and eighties and are still arguing.

These arguments are important; politics needs a framework. But the unfortunate result is a tendency to view each new political issue as only a soldier in the great war of ideas or, even worse, to crowd out discussion of new issues entirely. Next to vast and fundamental concerns that seem to encompass all of the world in their sweep, the things Hart talks about are dwarfed. They're quibbles. Why, when questions of the freedom or enslavement of the West, of the very survival of the human race, are at hand, let attention stray to the quotidian details of the workings of government? What matters is which side you're on.

This way of thinking when applied to the question of the welfare state leads to the attitude that one is either for it or against it and that all positions in between are sophistry. So anyone who points out the excesses of a program like Social Security, Medicare, or the federal employees' pension plan seems to be

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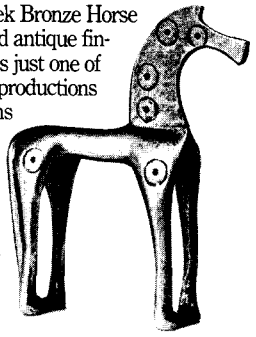

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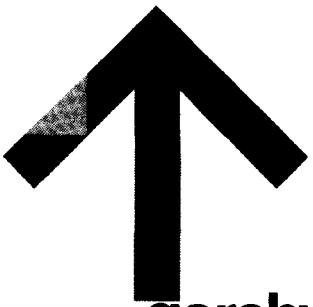

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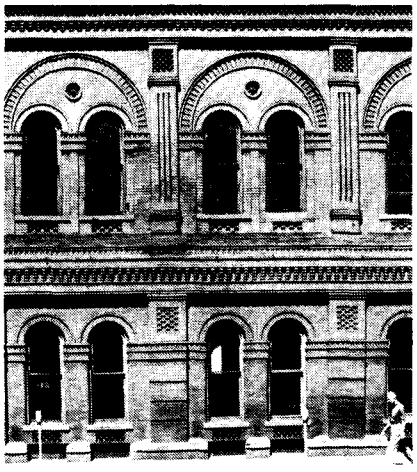

picking away at a delicately constructed edifice that could topple entirely. To say that Social Security is a socially and economically inefficient way of helping the elderly is, in this view, really an attack on the minimum wage and food stamps too. Liberals will remind you that each program in the whole panoply of social legislation triumphed over ardent opposition when it was first passed. The arguments against each one—that it would bankrupt the government, foster dependence, and so on—have always been the same, they say. And if you legitimized those arguments by taking them seriously, the nation would quickly revert to the policies of the Coolidge Administration.

Although the size of the deficit has given more urgency to the old arguments about the government's going bankrupt, the attitude is that one must never weaken, never turn on old friends—the answer must be in cutting defense or, for the conservative, in cutting welfare. Political intellectuals on the left and the right who privately acknowledge that middle-class entitlement programs are a problem usually counsel public silence, on the grounds that the millions upon millions of retirees (a high-voter-turnout group) must be kept happy so that they will be allies in some larger struggle. Conservatives believe that tinkering with Social Security will turn retirees against tax cuts and defense spending, causes they don't now actively oppose. Liberals say that the slight intellectual sin of pretending that all social-welfare programs are the same is pardonable because it gives the poor a powerful ally in the retirees. (Reagan neatly undermined this theory in his first six months in office by passing huge cuts in programs aimed at the poor but retracting the major reductions he wanted in Social Security payments to early retirees.)

The debate over the Soviet Union is even more heated and subordinates all other political concerns. Fifteen years ago the neoconservative movement's defining publication was *The Public Interest*, known for its skeptical, detailed articles about government programs. Now neoconservatism revolves around *Commentary*, where the preoccupation is foreign policy, and the lineage from the Old Left's intramural battles of the thirties is plain. One will not read *Commentary* for many months without being reminded of which American liberals were Soviet apologists in the thirties. The intellectu-

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als on the other side of the Soviet question have an equally long memory—the Hiss and Rosenberg cases are still, thirty years and much damning evidence later, among the Stations of the Cross, and those who weren't around for them find redemption by being obsessed anyway. The left and the right argue over nuclear war, conventional war, foreign relations, the federal budget, and even the movies in the context of how expansionist, how untrustworthy, and how evil the Soviets are, and how as a result we must behave. It's a closed system that doesn't admit to the existence of issues that can't be discussed in its terms.

Mondale and Reagan stand on opposite sides of these fifty-year-old great divides, but each of them gives the impression of being instinctively hostile to the idea that the country might look at its government afresh, with an eye to what works and what doesn't. Both men came of age politically in the late forties, when the ideological battles of the thirties were being rejoined after the hiatus of the war. Both were active in liberal organizations that underwent bitter internal splits over the all-consuming issue of communism—in Mondale's case the Democratic Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, where he was a young volunteer, and in Reagan's the Screen Actors Guild. Mondale came down on the side of liberal welfare-state anticommunism and has stayed there; Reagan within a few years had taken the anticommunist path to conservatism, where he has staunchly remained.

Both men seem impatient with evidence that any of their long-cherished views might be wrong. Reagan, asked in a press conference about the latest in a steady stream of reports showing that poor people are worse off now than at the start of his Administration, said, "There's absolutely no truth in it. It's probably the most glaring example of political demagoguery that our friends have been engaging in." Mondale, when the Reagan landslide was still new and it looked as if Edward Kennedy would be his main opponent in the 1984 primaries, went through a well-publicized search for new ideas (he explicitly used the dreaded phrase) that culminated in a story in *The New York Times Magazine* called "The Re-education of Walter Mondale." In speeches he called for cuts in federal spending and taxes. But after Kennedy took himself out of the race, that phase was quickly forgotten and Mondale returned to his natural role as a defender of liberalism. Asked in a debate this year about another widely agreed-upon point, the excessive generosity of the federal pension system, Mondale dismissed it by saying, "The last few years public employees have been made the scapegoat in this country. The fact of it is, they're entitled to pensions and retirement too." At the moment neither Mondale nor Reagan has any plan to reduce the federal deficit during the next presidential term by more than half.

A COMMON CRITICISM of the impulse to stray out of the liberal and conservative pens is that it's ahistorical, in the sense that it ignores both the lessons of

mid-twentieth-century American history and the eternal verities of civilization. The answer to the charge is to stand it on its head: entrenched liberals and conservatives ignore the obvious lesson of American history that change is a constant. Both liberals and conservatives are in their own way enslaved by the dubious proposition—dubious especially in this capitalist, democratic, and therefore extremely fluid country—that the realities shaping the activities of government are not evolving significantly and haven't evolved since the New Deal and the Hitler–Stalin pact. But half an hour spent with a census book will tell you that America has changed as much in the past generation as in any other—it has become suburbanized, gotten vastly more affluent and better educated, declined industrially while booming economically, suffered from internal ills and external enemies unknown before the Second World War. Even since 1970, population migrations and the tremendous shock waves of the OPEC price increases have remade virtually every part of American life. It makes no sense that the frame of reference for politics should be set in concrete.

As circumstances change, government changes too, both in response to circumstances and according to its own self-generated imperatives. Consequently, the turn of mind that's most needed and most scarce today is empiricism. To speak with authority about politics and government, it is necessary to go out in the field and see what's going on. And there a new weapons system is not a signal of national resolve or lack thereof but a piece of machinery that either works or doesn't. The idea that the welfare system creates dependency isn't inherently correct or incorrect, and talking about it isn't inherently courageous or cruel—the point is whether it is borne out by reality. No subject should be off limits to discussion. Though lack of context can be a danger, so can context so overwhelming that it turns every issue into an abstraction.

The great shortcoming of empiricists is the tendency to have many particular views but no great cause under which to unite them for both intellectual and electoral purposes. Jimmy Carter's four years as President are a classic demonstration of this, and today empiricists seem to many people to be purely technical, devoid of fundamental values, and unwilling to think about how to sell their ideas to a majority of the voters. The political consultant Robert Squier, writing about the Mondale–Hart race, said, "It is a struggle between the programmatic and the pragmatic, between those who would reassert the old values of understanding and compassion and an active federal role to guarantee the general welfare, and those who see themselves not as custodians of a political philosophy but as problem solvers."

But there is a cause that underlies all the particulars: the restoration of a sense of community in the nation. The United States is a precious and noble enterprise. It makes the heart ache to see us begin to go through some of the familiar motions of national decline, devoting fantastic energies to protecting political turf, falling into a rhetoric of recapturing

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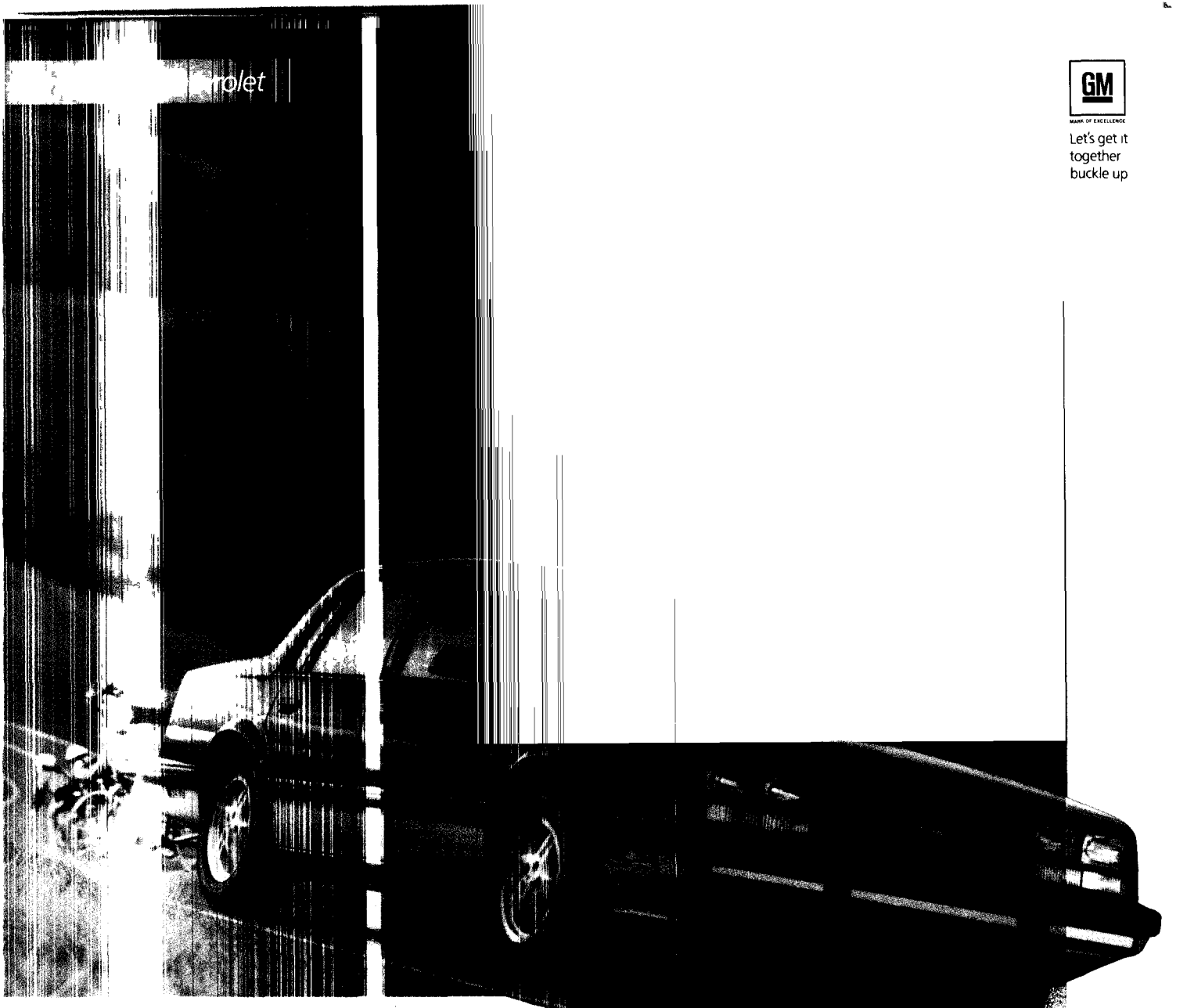

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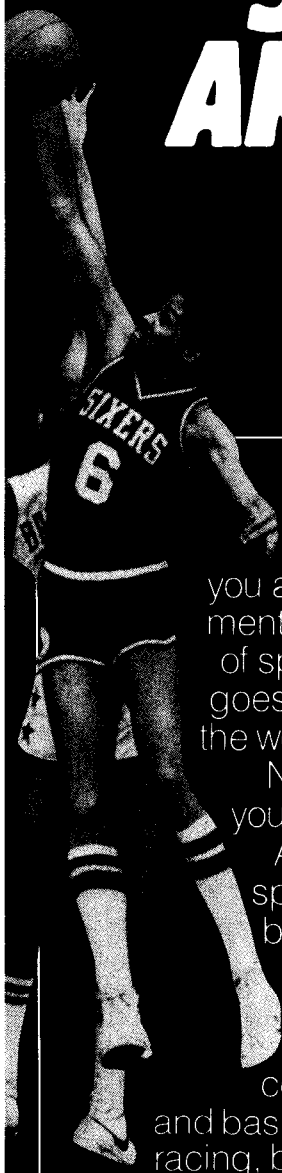

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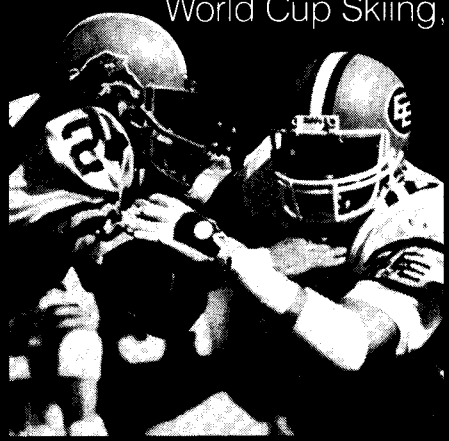

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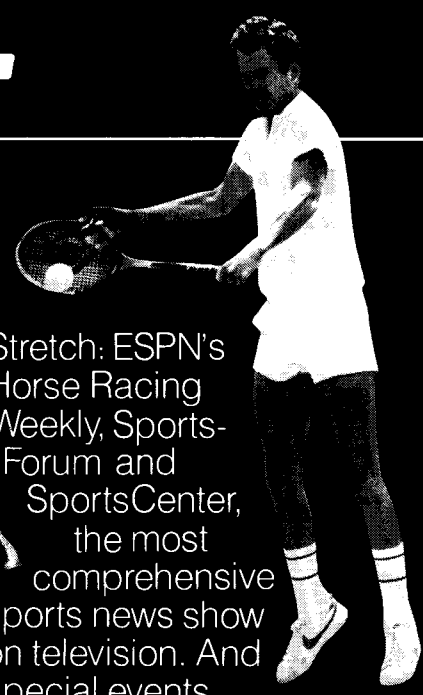

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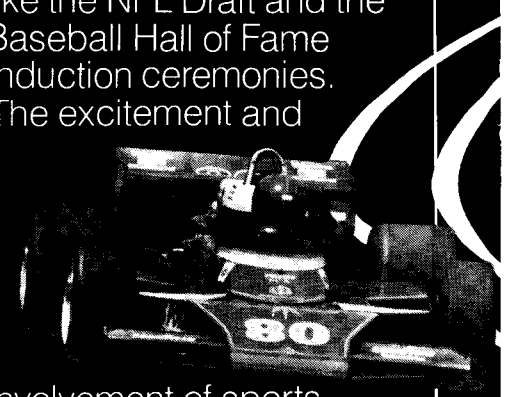

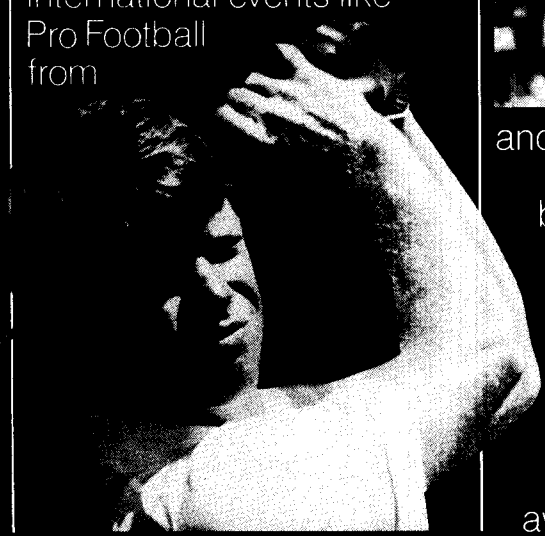

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a fondly remembered past, disbursing the government's benefits according to the strength rather than the need of the claimants.

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of times like these that people seek refuge in the rock-hard position of some group or other. As the groups become more powerful, the political system as a whole makes less and less sense. It becomes ever harder to draw people out of the certitude and xenophobia of their groups. Politicians become convinced that they must appeal to each constituency on its own ground. And this fragmentation of politics inevitably spills over into every other part of life.

To regain a sense of community requires an underlying set of political values and a means of assembling a majority around them, but these goals are much less elusive than most people think. Franklin Roosevelt, the professed idol of both Mondale and Reagan, showed dramatically how voters can be drawn into new alliances by calling forth some broader spirit in them (as Reagan himself showed in 1980). When Roosevelt died, poor blacks and poor whites in the South, blood enemies for fifty years and more, stood crying as they watched the train carrying his body back to Washington. And Roosevelt put together his majority in a country far less in agreement on political values than we are today.

All the presidential candidates this year have pledged allegiance to having a strong defense, caring for the poor, encouraging entrepreneurship. In electoral politics, if not in intellectual debate, the arguments that are most bitter and that have pulled us furthest apart are over self-interest, not beliefs.

The only way to persuade Americans to drop their automatic suspicion of every camp but their own is to create a politics more dedicated to curiosity and honesty than to maintaining position. If we can look at government straight on and convey the plain truth about what it does, if we can consider things anew and argue about them freely, then perhaps we can solve our problems instead of denying their existence. Right now the political establishment is stubbornly resistant to that course. It ought to lead the march, or at least get out of the way.

—Nicholas Lemann

Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

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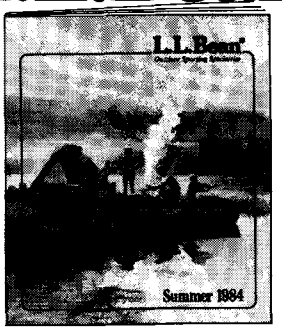

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AND GIVE MY FATHER HERE WHATEVER HE WANTS

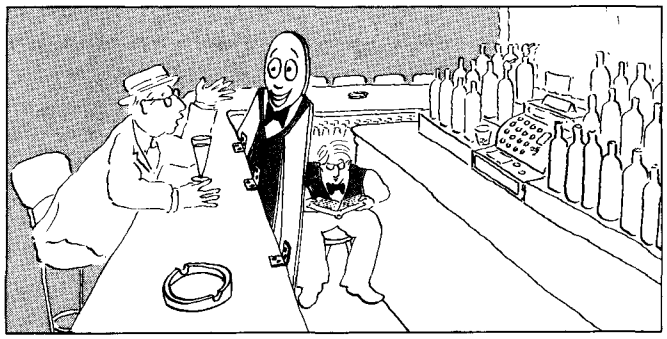
BY HOWARD KAPLAN

ONE OF THE first things I noticed as a bartender is the way men have of clasping their hands and rubbing them audibly as they approach the bar. Their eyes search the bottles on the backbar while their hands work away—a flylike gesture with a hint of deference in it. They don't know they do it but they do it, some men most of the time and most men some of the time. I first saw the ritual performed in a waterfront saloon in San Francisco, and then at an airport Hilton. I saw it at wedding receptions in the Midwest and during intermissions at Lincoln Center. They pause, they smile, they clasp their hands. Chaplin did something similar in his movies as he sat down to a meal, a bit I had always assumed was a comic convention imposed by the absence of sound. But it's real, and standing there behind the bar I began to watch for it.

And I began to notice something else: this gesture has its parallels in speech. The average drinker spouts a number of remarks at the bar as if by reflex. He doesn't have to think, he only has to open his mouth—and out come the mass-produced sounds. Word for word. Just like that. These phrases are as common and pervasive as nursery rhymes. And yet how earnestly he spouts the obligatory remark, as if no one had ever said it before. Or he spouts the stale wisecrack and laughs till he shakes.

For instance: Two friends saunter up to the bar smiling big smiles. They may be Palo Alto postal sorters on a fifteen-minute break or a couple of ophthalmologists in a hospitality suite at the Minneapolis Hyatt. In either case, the two pals approach the bar, rubbing their hands, of course, and one of them says, "I'll have a scotch and soda, and give my father here whatever he wants."

"*And give my father here whatever he wants.*" Do you realize how many times I've heard that? Heard it spoken without a redeeming trace of irony? And I didn't laugh the first time. The hand ritual I liked and watched for; it was a harmless, amusing way to kill some time. I didn't feel superior to the rubbers, only detached from them. But this barroom banter filled me with lofty contempt. And I am not a voice in the wilderness. Among themselves, bartenders when reminded of this line let out a stylized but sincere groan of agony: "Oh, God! If I hear that one more time . . ." It's like that old vaudeville routine in which the very mention of Niagara Falls incites the listener to a delayed eruption of violence. *Niagara Falls! Slowly I turned, step by step, inch by inch. . . .*



Meanwhile the wise guys, the postal sorters or ophthalmologists, hoot and holler unselfconsciously. They catch my eye in order to coerce a smile, and though I hate myself for it, I manage one. The ritual is complete. But a few minutes later I will suffer again. Turning half serious, one of these guys is sure to spout the barroom's favorite pearl of wisdom: "Being a bartender, you must get a lot of people telling you their troubles."

THE IRONY IN all this is that I became a bartender because I wanted to hear interesting things. More to the point, I became a bartender because I wanted to be a writer.

My first bartending job was in an old waterfront saloon in San Francisco. It was the kind of aggressively democratic place where a patron would bite your head off for calling him "gentleman" or "sir." The owner was a hard-bitten Irishman who had perfected a phlegmy, side-of-the-mouth growl for the simplest pleasantries like "What's it like outside?" My first day there he pulled me aside and said, "You'll hear enough stories here to fill a book, kid." In his own glowering way he was offering me an apology; I took it, however, as the brightest kind of encouragement. A friend had told me that this was the very bar Saroyan wrote of in *The Time of Your Life.* I thought if I hung around long enough I might write something of my own. All I had to do was stand there and listen.

I was wrong. I never did hear a good story, there or anywhere else. I was aware only of my own story, the strangeness of being out of my element. People don't even tell you their troubles anymore, not even at a place like that waterfront saloon, where, God knows, they had them. In the half light of early morning a bunch of whiskery men would be eyeing the door for the six-o'clock opening; by noon they were falling off their stools. And yet each in his way was a model of reticence. As soon as talk touched on personal matters they all clammed up. Apparently *everyone* is wise to the stereotype of the drunk who cries in his beer. You can sense people's fear of being branded an utter bore. But that doesn't stop nearly every customer from saying, boringly, *"Being a bartender, you must get a lot of people telling you their troubles."*

I responded to clichés of this sort with either a smile or a solemn comment. And I inevitably bored myself. So I took my revenge by tuning people out and lapsing into long silences. An old-timer can sometimes get away with this behavior; it's seen as a perverse kind of charm. But a young unsociable bartender is practically intolerable. To compensate I worked on my motor skills, developing speed and smoothness. I learned to pour stylishly, with a lot of nice wrist action and a heavy reliance on ambidexterity. But it was always a silent performance.

THEN ONE DAY I came across an old essay by an American writer named Gelett Burgess. In an odd way that essay

Howard Kaplan, a writer who lives in New York, is compiling a dictionary of platitudes.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CRAWFORD

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rehabilitated me. Slender as it is, "Are You a Bromide?", written in 1906, has to stand as one of the greatest exercises ever in people-watching. Burgess's great achievement—the dictionary has honored it—was in applying a chemical term to a social phenomenon. That is, there is a universal type whose conversation induces sleep as effectively as a dose of potassium bromide. Wherever you turn in life you are sure to find some human bromide making his predictable remarks. Burgess himself provided a fair sampling: *"I don't know much about Art, but I know what I like"*; *"That dog understands every word I say"*; *"Funny how some people can never learn to spell"*; *"You can live twenty years in New York and never know who your next-door neighbor is."*

"The Bromide," Burgess wrote,

> does his thinking by syndicate. He follows the main-traveled roads, he goes with the crowd. In a word, they all think and talk alike—one may predicate their opinion upon any given subject. They follow custom and costume, they obey the Law of Averages. They are, intellectually, all peas in the same conventional pod, unenlightened, prosaic, living by rule and rote.

Harsh but just! This, I felt sure, was the voice of a man once bruised by a constant torrent of banalities. Burgess spoke to me directly. We were kindred spirits. There was an important difference, though. At some point Burgess had transformed his fear and loathing of the bore into connoisseurship, as it were, until the bore no longer bored him. Paradoxically, his repugnance drew him closer. Where I ignored, he explored.

Burgess reconciled me to my job. What a difference it made to have a name for these men, and a guiding principle by which to classify them. No longer were they simply discrete sources of irritation, and therefore dismissible. Fortunately, the barroom was a venue Burgess hadn't bothered with. There was work to be done.

Accordingly, I brought a pen from home and kept close to the talk, even going so far as to engage people in conversation. When things got slow I scratched my findings on the blank sides of cocktail napkins. In this way, over the course of a year, I amassed twenty-five distinctive barroom clichés. It took me a year, and yet at the right time and place it's possible to hear most of them on a single night. To listen for them actively can turn an evening of vague dissatisfactions into one of rarefied pleasure. It's with that end in mind that I offer the following guide.

COMMON SAYINGS OF THE BARROOM BROMIDE

1) "I'll have a scotch and soda, *and give my father here whatever he wants.*"
2) *"Being a bartender, you must get a lot of people telling you their troubles."*
3) "I'll just have a Coke, please. *I'm what you call a heavy drinker.*"
4) "Let's see. I'll have a gin and tonic, a vodka tonic, a whiskey sour, and two white wines. *They're not all for me, by the way.*"
5) "I'll have something non-alcoholic, whatever you got. *And can you put a twist in it? I want to make it look like I'm drinking something.*"
6) *"Two bucks for a Budweiser? I can buy a whole six-pack for that."*
7) *"I drive better when I'm drunk."*
8) "I'll have one more—just one more. *And if I ask for another, don't give it to me."*
9) "Hello there, folks! *Belly up to the bar!"*
10) *"I can't stand a man who can't hold his liquor."*
11) *"There's nothing worse than a drunk woman."*
12) *"Say, bartender, heard any good jokes lately?"*
13) *"I don't know how you bartenders remember all those drinks. I have trouble remembering what day it is."*
14) *"One more like that and you'll have to carry me out of here."*
15) *"Mmm. There's nothing like a cold beer on a hot day."*
16) *"Being a bartender, you must meet a lot of interesting people."*
17) *"What's good for a cold?"*
18) At an open, or "free," bar: "Tell the bartender what you want. *It's on me!"*
19) After a woman orders: *"Say, bartender, aren't you going to check her ID?"*
20) When meeting a friend: *"I knew I'd find you at the bar!"*
21) To a friend: *"Is it five o'clock yet? I never drink before five."* The friend: *"It's five o'clock somewhere!"*
22) "That's Tom over there. *He's the nicest guy in the world till he gets a few drinks in him."*
23) *"It's funny—I can drink anything but champagne. One glass of champagne goes right to my head."*
24) *"I'm okay till I start mixing 'em."*
25) *"My father told me this, and he's right: 'Once a man starts drinking alone, he's in trouble.'"* □

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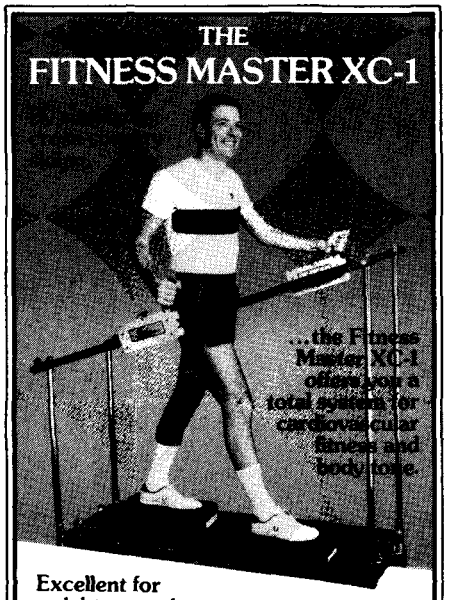

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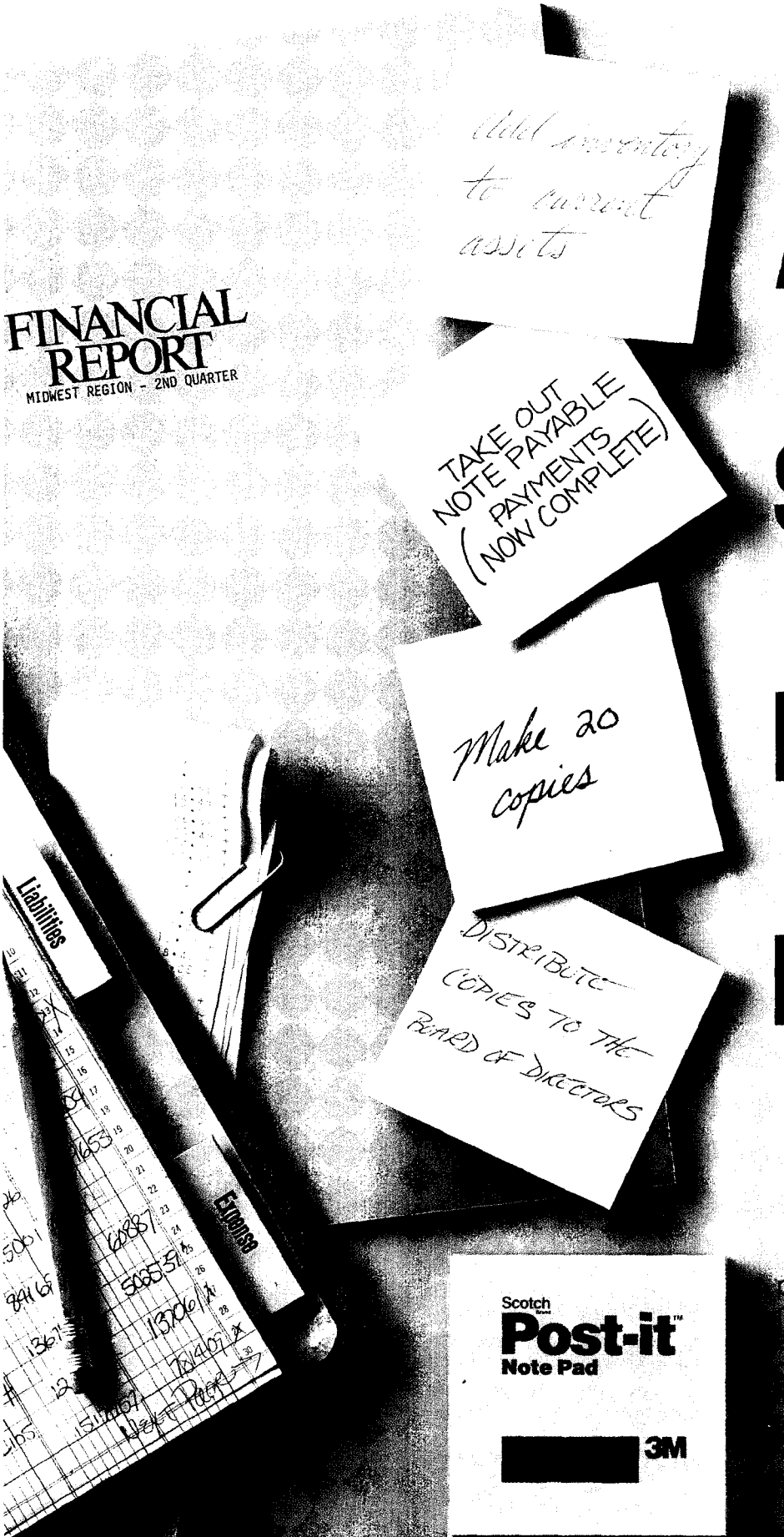

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THE GOOD WAR
An Oral History of World War II

BY STUDS TERKEL

E. B. (SLEDGEHAMMER) SLEDGE

Half hidden in the hilly greenery toward the end of a winding country road is the house he helped build. It is on the campus of the University of Montevallo, a forty-five-minute drive from Birmingham, Alabama.

It is his remarkable memoir, With the Old Breed at Peleliu and Okinawa, *published by Presidio Press in 1981, that led me to him.*

Small-boned, slim, gentle in demeanor, he is a professor of biology at the university. "My main interest is ornithology. I've been a bird watcher since I was a kid in Mobile. Do you see irony in that? Interested in birds, nature, a combat Marine in the front lines? People think of bird watchers as not macho."

THERE WAS NOTHING MACHO about the war at all. We were a bunch of scared kids who had to do a job. People tell me I don't act like an ex-Marine. How is an ex-Marine supposed to act? They have some Hollywood stereotype in mind. No, I don't look like John Wayne. We were in it to get it over with so we could go back home and do what we wanted to do with our lives.

I was nineteen. A replacement in June of 1944. Eighty percent of the division in the Guadalcanal campaign was less than twenty-one years of age. We were much younger than the general Army units.

To me, there were two different wars. There was the war of the guy on the front lines. You don't come off until you are wounded or killed. Or, if lucky, relieved. Then there was the support personnel. In the Pacific, for every rifleman on the front lines there were nineteen people in the back. Their view of the war was different than mine. The man up front puts his life on the line day after day after day to the point of utter hopelessness.

Sledge home from occupation duty, 1946

The only thing that kept you going was your faith in your buddies. It wasn't just a case of friendship. I never heard of self-inflicted wounds out there. Fellows from other services said they saw this in Europe. Oh, there were plenty of times when I wished I had a million-dollar wound [laughs softly]. Like maybe shooting a toe off. What was worse than death was the indignation of your buddies. You couldn't let 'em down. It was stronger than flag and country.

With the Japanese the battle was all night long. Infiltrating the lines, slipping up, and throwing in grenades. Or running in with a bayonet or saber. They were active all night. Your buddy would try to get a little catnap and you'd stay on watch. Then you'd switch off. It went on day in and day out. A matter of simple survival. The only way you could get it over with was to kill them off before they killed you. The war I knew was totally savage.

The Japanese fought by a code they thought was right: *bushido*. The code of the warrior: no surrender. You don't really comprehend it until you get out there and fight people who are faced with an absolutely hopeless situation and will not give up. If you tried to help one of the Japanese, he'd usually detonate a grenade and kill himself as

Studs Terkel is the host of a daily radio program on WFMT, in Chicago. The Good War, *to be published by Pantheon in the fall, is the sixth in a series of oral histories that includes* Hard Times *and* Working.

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STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GOODMAN

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well as you. To be captured was a disgrace. To us, it was impossible too; we knew what happened in Bataan.

Toward the end of the Okinawa campaign we found this emaciated Japanese in the bunk of what may have been a field hospital. We were on a patrol. There had been torrential rains for two weeks. The foxholes were filled with water. The Jap didn't have but a G-string on him. About ninety pounds. Pitiful. This buddy of mine picked him up and carried him out. Laid him out in the mud. There was no other place to put him.

We were sitting on our helmets waiting for the medical corpsman to check him out. He was very docile. We figured he couldn't get up. Suddenly he pulled a Japanese grenade out of his G-string. He jerked the pin out and hit it on his fist to pop open the cap. He was gonna make hamburger of me and my buddy and himself. I yelled, "Look out!" So my buddy said, "You son of a bitch, if that's how you feel about it. . . ." He pulled out his forty-five and shot him right between the eyes.

This is what we were up against. I don't like violence, but there are times when you can't help it. I don't like to watch television shows with violence in them. I hate to see anything afraid. But I was afraid so much, day after day, that I got tired of being scared. I've seen guys go through three campaigns and get killed on Okinawa on the last day. You knew all you had was that particular moment you were living.

You developed an attitude of no mercy because they had no mercy on us. It was a no-quarter, savage kind of thing. At Peleliu it was the first time I was close enough to see one of their faces. This Jap had been hit. One of my buddies was field-stripping him for souvenirs. I must admit it really bothered me. The guys dragging him around like a carcass. I was just horrified. This guy had been a human being. It didn't take me long to overcome that feeling. A lot of my buddies hit, the fatigue, the stress. After a while, the veneer of civilization wore pretty thin.

I've seen guys shoot Japanese wounded when it really was not necessary, and knock gold teeth out of their mouths. Most of them had gold teeth. I remember one time at Peleliu, I thought I'd collect gold teeth. One of my buddies carried a bunch of 'em in a sock. What you did is you took your Ka-Bar, a fighting knife [he displays a seven-inch knife]. We all had one because they'd creep into your foxhole at night. We were on Half Moon Hill, in Okinawa, about ten days. It happened every night.

The way you extracted gold teeth was by putting the tip of the blade on the tooth of the dead Japanese—I've seen guys do it to wounded ones—and hit the hilt of the knife

E. B. Sledge's artifacts from the Pacific theater, including Marine combat jacket, canvas leggings, dog tag, Ka-Bar knife (lower right), and pack; 1st Marine Division patch; pineapple hand grenade; Japanese dog tag, saber, bayonet, flag, and gunner's cap with attached earplugs; and a photo taken from the pack of a Japanese soldier

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to knock the tooth loose. How could American boys do this? If you're reduced to savagery by a situation, anything's possible. When Lindbergh made a trip to the Philippines, he was horrified at the way American GIs talked about the Japanese. It was so savage. We *were* savages.

When I leaned to make the extraction, as the troops used to say, this Navy corpsman, Doc Caswell, God bless his soul, said, "Sledgehammer, what are you doing?" I says, "Doc, I'm gonna get me some gold teeth." He said, very softly, "You don't want to do that." I said, "All the other guys are doing it." He says, "What would your folks think?" I said, "Gosh, my dad is a medical doctor back in Mobile; he might think it's interesting." He said, "Well, you might get germs." I said, "I hadn't thought of that, Doc." In retrospect I realized Ken Caswell wasn't worried about germs. He just didn't want me to take another step toward abandoning all concepts of decency.

I saw this Jap machine gunner squatting on the ground. One of our Browning-automatic-rifle men had killed him. Took the top of his skull off. It rained all that night. This Jap gunner didn't fall over for some reason. He was just sitting upright in front of the machine gun. His arms were down at his side. His eyes were wide open. It had rained all night and the rain had collected inside of his skull. We were just sitting around on our helmets, waiting to be relieved. I noticed this buddy of mine just flipping chunks of coral into the skull, about three feet away. Every time he'd get one in there, it'd splash. It reminded me of a child throwing pebbles into a puddle. It was so unreal. There was nothing malicious in his action. This was just a mild-mannered kid who was now a twentieth-century savage.

We had broken through the Japanese lines at Okinawa. I had a Thompson submachine gun and went in to check this little grass-thatched hut. An old woman was sitting just inside the door. She held out her hands. There was an hourglass figure tattooed on it to show she was Okinawan. She said, "No Nipponese." She opened her kimono and pointed to this terrible wound in her lower abdomen. You could see gangrene had set in. She didn't have a chance to survive and was obviously in great pain. She probably had caught it in an exchange of artillery fire or an air strike.

She very gently reached around, got the muzzle of my tommy gun, and moved it around to her forehead. She motioned with her other hand for me to pull the trigger. I jerked it away and called the medical corpsman. "There's an old gook woman, got a bad wound." This is what we called the natives in the Pacific. "Hey, Doc, can you do anything?"

He put a dressing on it and called someone in the rear to evacuate the old woman. We started moving out when we heard a rifle shot ring out. The corpsman and I went into a crouch. "That was an M-1, wasn't it?" We knew it was an American rifle. We looked back toward the hut and thought maybe there was a sniper in there and the old woman was acting as a front for him.

Well, here comes one of the guys in the company, walking out, checking the safety on his rifle. I said, "Was there a Nip in that hut?" He said, "Naw, it was just an old gook woman. She wanted to be put out of her misery and join her ancestors, I guess. So I obliged her."

I just blew my top. "You son of a bitch. They didn't send us out here to kill old women." He started all these excuses. By that time a sergeant came over and we told him. We moved on. I don't know what was ever done about it. He was a nice guy, like the boy next door. He wasn't just a hot-headed crazy kid. He wanted to join the best. Why one individual would act differently from another, I'll never know.

We had all become hardened. We were out there, human beings, the most highly developed form of life on earth, fighting each other like wild animals. We were under constant mortar fire. Our wounded had to be carried two miles through the mud. The dead couldn't be removed. Dead Japs all around. We'd throw mud over 'em and shells would come, blow it off, and blow them apart. The maggots were in the mud like in some corruption or compost pile.

We all had different kinds of mania. To me, the most horrible thing was to be under shellfire. You're absolutely helpless. The damn thing comes in like a freight train and there's a terrific crash. The ground shakes, and all this shrapnel ripping through the air.

I remember one afternoon on Half Moon Hill. The foxhole next to me had two boys in it. The next one to that had three. It was fairly quiet. We heard the shell come screeching over. They were firing it at us like a rifle. The shell passed no more than a foot over my head. Two foxholes down, a guy was sitting on his helmet drinking C-ration hot chocolate. It exploded in his foxhole. I saw this guy, Bill Leyden, go straight up in the air. The other two kids fell over backwards. Dead, of course. The two in the hole next to me were killed instantly.

Leyden was the only one who survived. Would you believe he gets only partial disability, for shrapnel wounds? His record says nothing about concussion. He has seizures regularly. He was blown up in the air! If you don't call that concussion . . . The corpsmen were too busy saving lives to fill out records.

Another kid got his leg blown off. He had been a lumberjack, about twenty-one. He was always telling me how good spruce Christmas trees smelled. He said, "Sledgehammer, you think I'm gonna lose my leg?" If you don't think that just tore my guts out . . . My God, there was his field shoe on the stretcher with this stump of his ankle sticking out. The stretcher bearers just looked at each other and covered him with his poncho. He was dead.

It was raining like hell. We were knee-deep in mud. And I thought, What in the hell are we doing on this nasty stinking muddy ridge? What is this all about? You know what I mean? Wasted lives on a muddy slope.

People talk about Iwo Jima as the most glorious amphibious operation in history. I've had Iwo veterans tell me it was more similar to Peleliu than any other battle they read about. What in the hell was glorious about it?

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DELLIE HAHNE

She retired three years ago, after thirty-three years as a music and a special-education teacher in Los Angeles schools. She still works two days a week with handicapped children.

Her trim figure and her quick movements put the lie to her years.

WHILE MY CONSCIENCE TOLD me the war was a terrible thing, bloodshed and misery, there was excitement in the air. I had just left college and was working as a substitute teacher. Life was fairly dull. Suddenly, single women were of tremendous importance. It was hammered at us through the newspaper and on the radio and magazines. We were needed at USO, to dance with the soldiers.

A young woman had a chance to meet hundreds of men in the course of one or two weeks, more than she would in her entire lifetime, because of the war. Life became a series of weekend dates.

I became a nurse's aide, working in the hospital. Six or eight weeks of Red Cross training. The uniform made us special people.

Hahne with her husband, 1942

I had a brother three years younger than I. He was a cadet at the Santa Ana Air Base. Your cadet got to wear these great hats, with the grommets taken out. Marvelous uniform.

I met my future husband. I really didn't care that much for him, but the pressure was so great. My brother said, "What do you mean you don't like Glenn? You're going to marry him, aren't you?" The first time it would occur to me that I would marry anybody. The pressure to marry a soldier was so great that after a while I didn't question it. I have to marry sometime and I might as well marry him.

That women married soldiers and sent them overseas happy was hammered at us. We had plays on the radio, short stories in magazines, and the movies, which were a tremendous influence in our lives. The central theme was: The girl meets the soldier, and after a weekend of acquaintanceship they get married and overcome all difficulties. Then off to war he went. Remember Judy Garland and Robert Walker in *The Clock*?

I knew Glenn six weekends, not weeks. They began on Saturday afternoon. We'd go out in herds and stay up all night. There was very little sleeping around. We were still at the tail end of a moral generation. Openly living together was not condoned. An illegitimate child was a horrendous handicap. It was almost the ruination of your life. I'm amazed and delighted the way it's accepted now, that a girl isn't a social outcast anymore.

I had one of those movie weddings, because he couldn't get off the base. My parents approved. My mother had a talk with the head of the Army base. She wanted to know why the guy I was to marry was restricted to quarters. He said they were having nothing but trouble with this guy. The major advised her to think twice before permitting her daughter to marry a man like this. He was totally irresponsible. My mother told me this and we both laughed about it. He was a soldier. He could not be anything but a marvelous, magnificent human being. I couldn't believe for one minute what this major had said. He was given a weekend pass and we were married.

Shortly after that he was thrown out of the Air Force. This was my first doubt that he was magnificent. So he became a sergeant, dusting off airplanes. He was sent to various parts of the country: Panama City, Florida; Ypsilanti, Michigan; Amarillo, Texas. I followed him.

That's how I got to see the misery of the war, not the excitement. Pregnant women who could barely balance in a rocking train, going to see their husbands for the last time before the guys were sent overseas. Women coming back from seeing their husbands, traveling with small children. Trying to feed their kids, diaper their kids. I felt sorriest for them. It suddenly occurred to me that this wasn't half as much fun as I'd been told it was going to be. I just thanked God I had no kids.

We didn't fly. It was always a train. A lot of times you stood in the vestibule and you hoped to Christ you could find someplace to put your suitcase and sit down. No place to sleep, sit up maybe three, four nights. The trains were filthy, crowded.

You'd go live with your husband, far from home. In the town provision was made for the service wife. They needed all the womanpower they could get. You'd work in a factory or a restaurant. In some towns your husband had a regular day off. They would allow you to have that day off. The townspeople were accommodating, because they needed us. But you never got the feeling that you were welcome. It was an armed truce.

In Amarillo I went to the store to buy a loaf of bread. I am next. The woman deliberately waits on two or three

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women who are after me. She knows these women and I'm an outsider. I opened a checking account and they threw my check out without a word of explanation. Account closed. The landlady returned the check to me, furious. It was the first check I had written in my whole life. The bank manager told me curt and cold I had signed my signature card Dellie Hahne and I had signed my check Mrs. Dellie Hahne. In any other person they'd say, "Look, you made a mistake. This is how you write a check." It was the immediate, cold, contemptuous dismissal. I was an outsider.

I felt one step above a camp follower. In some cases I was asked to produce my marriage license. Most cases you paid your rent in advance. Lot of times you were told, Leave your door open if, say, one of your husband's friends came over. We were looked down upon. Yet they got very rich on the soldiers.

On V-J Day I went out in the street and all the people were milling around. I talked to a man who was so dazed I thought he was a psychiatric case. He said he lived on a farm and came to Panama City to work in the shipyards. The war ended, half an hour later he was dismissed. He said, "I don't have a dime saved up. I got a kid. I don't know where the hell to go."

I ran across a lot of women with husbands overseas. They were living on allotment. Fifty bucks a month wouldn't support you. Things were relatively cheap, but then we had very little money. It wasn't so much the cost of food as points. I suspected the ration system was a patriotic ploy to keep our enthusiasm at a fever pitch. If you wanted something you didn't have points for, it was the easiest thing in the world . . . Almost everybody had a cynical feeling about what we were told was a food shortage.

When it started out, this was the greatest thing since the Crusades. The patriotic fervor was such at the beginning that if "The Star-Spangled Banner" came on the radio, everybody in the room would stand up at attention. As the war dragged on and on and on, we read of the selfish actions of guys in power. We read stories of the generals, like MacArthur taking food right out of the guys' mouths when he was in the Philippines, to feed his own family. Our enthusiasm waned and we became cynical and very sick of the bloodshed and killing. It was a completely different thing than the way it started. At least, this is the way I felt.

ELLIOTT JOHNSON

His way is gentle but deliberate. He wastes no words, though details are terribly important to him. He was for many years the general manager of a honey company in Stockton, California.

FOUR OF US WERE IN AN UPstairs Chinese restaurant in Portland, Oregon, when the little Chinaman came bursting through the double doors of the kitchen. He was carrying a portable radio and turning up the volume. We learned then that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. We were furious. No one's gonna come in our country. We immediately went to the Marine recruiting headquarters.

There was a line over two blocks long. A Marine was at a card table set up right at the front door. When it came to me, he said, "Step out of line, you're getting a Dear John letter from the President." The next day, Monday, I got a letter from the President of the United States: Greetings. On January 12 I was inducted into the Army.

Johnson in Germany, 1944

What about your three buddies?

One had poor vision. He tried to enlist in every branch of the service. He would not give up. He was going to do something for his country. That was the spirit that prevailed in those days. He ended up with the Merchant Marines. Another joined the Marine Corps, was at Guadalcanal. The third was too short, but he stayed in bed four days to put on an extra half inch of height. His mother drove him and he laid out in the back seat all the way down there. He got on the scale and he hit the height. He was in. The Air Corps.

I arrived at the basic-training camp at about one o'clock in the morning. It was snowing and they showed us one of those perfectly horrid films on social disease. They fed us coffee which I swear was laced with saltpeter.

Some of the boys were from the hills. They couldn't read or write. You may call them ignorant, but when it came to those guns, they could make us look stupid. They'd take the parts, put 'em in a bag, dump 'em on the floor, and put 'em back together again, blindfolded. Made up their own songs. The verses rhymed and they had a message. It was a real education for me.

At OCS I had another learning experience. We lived in half tents in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. There were eight of us in each tent. I was stationed with seven other Johnsons. I

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was the only white. I kept that thing cleaned up. There wasn't any question what would happen if I didn't. I was in the minority and they had had the short stick all their lives.

Was this your first acquaintance with black people?

There was one black boy in high school in Portland.

I reported for duty as a lieutenant at Camp Gordon, Georgia, where the captain made me stand at attention for so long. I could see him, in my peripheral vision, swinging back and forth in his swivel chair, staring at me. It was so hot. The perspiration came down my forehead, down my nose. He didn't return my salute. I was getting dizzy. Finally this voice said, "You a northerner?" I said, "I'm a westerner, sir." I heard him say, "Relax, fella." He got up and shook hands with me.

Now I'm in the artillery of the 4th Infantry Division. We're a self-propelled unit, so we travel with the infantry. We trained intensively for a couple of years before we actually went into the invasion of Normandy. There were people who had been in the Army for years. I had to learn to work those guns as good as any one of them.

We started for Normandy on June third, I believe, or June fourth. We lined up in long rows, vehicles under shade trees. Beautiful roads in the English countryside, with trees coming all the way across, making arches as you drive through. The English, I'm sure, knew why we were there, and yet no word was said at all. The Channel was very rough, so we turned around and came back.

On the morning of June sixth we took off. I can remember that morning. Who could sleep? A lot of the boys played poker all night. I wanted to take a bath. Don't ask me why, 'cause I can't explain it. It was against the rules, but I took a shower anyway.

I was on an LST—a landing ship, tank. It was three hundred feet long. It had a great mouth in front of which was the ramp that let down the smaller craft. I remember going up to the highest part of the ship and watching the panorama around me unfold. In my mind's eye I see one of our ships take a direct hit and go up in a huge ball of flames. There were big geysers coming up where the shells were landing and there were bodies floating, face down, face up.

The LST, as we vacated it, was to become a hospital ship. The boys who had gone first and had been wounded were now being brought out. This continued my education: recognizing our body as finite. I remember one young boy who was so badly hurt he was gray. Like a piece of flannel. I thought he was dead. They gave him a transfusion and I could see his color coming back. The relief I felt that this boy was gonna make it—I can't remember whether he was German or ours. It didn't matter. Isn't that interesting?

It came to our turn to go into the little craft, and we went in. We had a young Navy officer who wasn't gonna take us up that beach. I knew dang good and well that if we took our one-fifty-five off in that water, that would be all she wrote. We could swim ashore, but we'd never make it. We were loaded with so much paraphernalia. So I ended up taking my gun out on him. Shove it in his mouth. Can you believe that?

He wanted to get the hell out of there. He was the guy in *The Caine Mutiny*, the one rattling the steel balls in his hand. He wanted to dump us. "Yeah, that's close enough, go on." He finally got us to where we were in about three feet of water, and he said, "I just can't go any more." Fine, let down the ramp.

This self-propelled one-fifty-five is nothing but half a tank. Instead of a turret on top, it has a one-fifty-five howitzer. You don't have a steering wheel. You just pull on this and you go to the right. The other one, you go to the left. Pull 'em both, you stop. For some reason, we got our signals crossed. Corporal Rackley was driving and watching me. I threw up my hand. He thought I meant stop. So I assaulted the beach of Normandy in the inglorious fashion of somersaulting through the air and landing on my back. All I could see was this tank out of which I had pitched. It couldn't stop in that soft sand. The guys for a long time teased me that they had never seen me move so fast [laughs]. I just got out of the way. It would have gone right over me. I've always contended that when the Germans saw that kind of clown acting, it scared the hell out of them [laughs].

I looked around and saw this causeway filling with water very fast. It would have locked us on the beach. I told Rackley to hit it. We made it to one area that was only one foot under water. That became our road, and we got across, off the beach.

Part of my job was standing near the driver, because we had a fifty-caliber machine gun mounted up there that I would operate if necessary. We looked back and there were the Germans. Beyond them were the Americans, still on the beach side. So I was able to shoot at the backs of Germans.

We weren't the only ones that got across the water. There was an anti-aircraft crew. This was the dangedest thing. You can't imagine all this noise and all these shells exploding and fellas being hurt and killed, and here's this crew sitting smoking cigarettes and reading a comic book. I couldn't believe it. We stopped a hundred feet from them. I could see them out of the corner of my eye.

All of a sudden—wham!—they were galvanized into action. I looked up and nobody had to say anything. All of us dove out of that thing and crawled under, 'cause here came these three German aircraft. These guys didn't do any hiding. We did.

It's a good thing we did. The Germans hit that thing with those fifty-caliber machine guns. And these guys hit every one of those three German airplanes and knocked them down. Every one of them.

Only two parachutes opened, and we were yelling and jumping up and down: Where's the other parachute? Obviously, the boy was killed. We were rooting for him. Yeah, the German guy. Funny, eh?

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I had a colonel who was a great instructor. He helped us a lot. But he couldn't take combat. Long before we ever landed he was just stoned out of his mind. He came walkin the window. I finished laying the guns, and with a couple drunk. He waved me down the road: git outa here, git outa here.

Now, way down the road I saw, on my right, these dead German boys. On my left, going across the field, is a French peasant leading a cow, cradling its head in his arms, protecting with his body as much as possible. He had come back to get his cow, leading it away from all the noise and death.

I looked up. There was a two-story house across the road to the woods. I could see this German boy silhouetted in the window. I finished laying the guns and with a couple of others went around to the right flank. We had incendiary grenades, and set the house on fire. Pretty soon the boy came out. He was my first prisoner. I told him, "Take your shoes off." He didn't understand, so I got down and pulled them off. He had thrown his gun away. All you do is point him back down the road. What happens to him, you could care less. He's out of the war. Everybody that sees him knows he's been captured, as long as he's in uniform and barefoot.

On the way to the house I had come across a paratrooper sergeant helplessly entangled in a tree. He had a broken leg, compound break, blood coming out of his pants. As soon as we sent the German boy down the road, we cut this boy down. He was so humiliated, because he had been up there since before daybreak. It had been a shock to his system, so his bodily eliminations had functioned. He was so mortified he didn't want us to get near him. We just cut off his pants and gently washed him all over, so he wouldn't be humiliated at his next stop.

I was very calm in laying my battery. We got our first order to fire. There's sixty-four hundred mils in an aiming circle. We were ninety mils off. We'll never know where those shells came down. I just hope and pray I didn't hurt anybody who was out of the war. I hope it went into the ocean.

This was the first day, all the first day. A lifetime in one day.

I wasn't scared until the third day. When we landed on the beach, our mission was to turn west and go all the way to Cherbourg and clean it out. We could then proceed across France. So I'm going to this huge old chateau. We heard there was a lot of good wine in the cellar.

I had to cross a road and I was learning already about the German eighty-eight. You could tell the sound when it was pointed at you. I heard this *chok!* and I knew it was mine. I was right in the middle of the road. I gave a dive over this hedgerow and went straight down into a moat all covered with green slime. That killed any desire I had for the wine. I was through. All I wanted to do was get back. I raced across the road and got behind another hedgerow. Not before he took another shot at me. He was up in that church steeple and he had a telephone going straight down to that guy. When he'd say fire, the guy'd pull that lanyard. I was the target.

They were so fast and oh, so accurate. They came close. I had one more road to cross. One more. He had been following me all the way across. This guy was a terrific shot. I began to realize I didn't have a chance. I got a running start from a crouch. He barely missed by being too low. I got a fragment right up here [indicates thigh]. It's the only wound I had in the war. I was so embarrassed I never told anybody. 'Cause I'm going after some booze and I get hurt [laughs].

The fear hit me a few days later. Fitzpatrick, a wonderful young man, was walking across one of those entrances and an eighty-eight hit him direct and there was nothing left of him. Just exploded his whole body. Eighty-eight millimeter, a little howitzer and very versatile.

The fifth night we were there, we were in dug-in foxholes. In a very checkered position. There were Germans ahead of us and Germans in the back of us. Americans over there ahead of these Germans. The infantry and the artillery were side by side. There was no infantry out in front. When the infantry moved, we moved. There was no straight front line. It was a mess.

We were surrounded by hedgerow fences. One corner would be cut down so cattle could go and drink. In one such corner there was a sniper. He was shooting at us. Every time I'd stick my head out of the foxhole I'd get shot at. I called two very dear friends on the telephone. We fanned out, each of us with a grenade. At a given point we pitched our grenades and accomplished what we had to do. I avoid using words like "kill a man" because I like to divorce myself from that.

We recognized that we were in a war, but we recognized that they came from families like we came from families and that they had loved ones and there were good guys and there were bad guys. We were called on by our government, that our country was in jeopardy. Therefore we had to fight for it. Personally, I had no malice at any time toward the Germans.

There were only one or two times we ever had face-to-face confrontations with storm troopers. The SS. They were the elite. They were so brainwashed that they were impossible to reason with. Those people made me angry.

The ordinary Germans, the boys we took prisoner, were so glad to be out of it. We'd take their shoes and they'd walk down the road. The last thing they'd do is come back and either shake hands with us or embrace us.

We were so mixed up, Americans and Germans. People were shooting at my dear friend Ed Bostick, our forward observer. This was on the second day or third. He jumped into a ditch on the side of the road. The only thing that saved him was a dead German boy who he pulled on top of him. He lay there for hours until he felt safe to move. When he came back, he fell in my arms. Imagine what he'd been through, using a dead boy as a shield.

I went back to my foxhole and I was suddenly drained.

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It was about one-thirty in the morning. I had to stay on duty until two. Ed was to come and relieve me. I couldn't stay awake. I was just plain exhausted. We never turned the crank or rang the bell on the telephone. When you are an officer—and this included the top noncoms—you went to sleep with your headset at your head. Instead of ringing the bell or speaking we'd just go [whistles softly] and that would waken you from a sound sleep. This voice came on and said, "Yes, El?" I said, "Can you relieve me? I'm just bushed." He said, "I'll be right over." He came walking over to where I was and for some reason he began to whistle. I'll never know why. A young artilleryman, one of us, I'm sure had dozed off. The whistle wakened him. He saw a figure and fired.

I was out and running and I caught Ed as he fell. He was dead in my arms. Call it foolish, call it irrational, I loaded Ed in a jeep. I had to take him in for proper care. Now! I went to our battalion headquarters and I was directed to this drunken colonel. He came out and said, "Get that goddamn hunk of rotten meat out of here."

You have no idea of my feeling toward him. It's remained with me for a long time, hard to get rid of. That was a very, very hard experience for me, even to think about now.

That was my fifth day.

At one point I had been reassigned to be forward observer for the entire battalion. To live and work with the infantry, which I did for the major part of my combat career. One morning in December it was very cold and snowing, about two A.M. We were on our way to crossing the Aare River. It was ice, water, and more ice. There was a steep slope on the other side with nothing but snow. We knew Germans were over there and it would be trouble. We had to get across the river. We had inflatable rubber boats to row very silently across. That was fine except for human nature. One of the boys had gotten his hands on some Calvados. He came down the river singing "Row, row, row your boat" at the top of his lungs. The sky absolutely exploded and the mortars came in on us. It was terrible. It seemed like half a day. Actually it was a few minutes. We made our way across. Oh, yes, we had heavy casualties.

It was just beginning to be daybreak. There was a row of houses on each side of this little winding country road. We had to go through each house looking for German boys. We came to the last house. You get inside and you have the gut feeling there is someone in here. We had met some and they were perfectly willing to surrender, no trouble at all. But this one—I had a terrible feeling in my stomach. I searched the house. I knew I had to go into the basement. It was dark down there. No flashlight, no nothing. If he sees my silhouette first, he'll blow me away.

I went down into the cellar. It had windows. Daylight was just coming through. I could see two forms huddled over in the corner. It was a French peasant and his wife. He was holding a rooster to his breast. She was holding a hen. I said, "It's all right." They kind of understood me. The last I remember, they were walking down the road together holding on to their precious treasures.

As a forward observer, if I wanted to bring in an entire division, I called a singsong on a code word. If I wanted a huge amount of firepower, I'd call for a "serenade."

I was looking down this steep bank into a very narrow valley, just wide enough for a road leading into a rectangle of heavy forest. All day long I watched German tanks and vehicles move in. Enormous numbers. I asked for a serenade, the whole thing. I asked for one-half white phosphorus, which I hated and still hate today. And I called for one-half posit fuses. These would get so far from the earth and detonate. A rain of steel would come down. Just terribly destructive.

If white phosphorus hit your flesh and started to burn, you couldn't stop it. I asked for I don't know how many rounds. The devastation on that little piece of land, the accuracy of those boys in firing, was incredible. It's one of my bad memories, the suffering.

A day or two later I was in my foxhole. I was separated from the rest of the company. The snow had melted, so I was in two, three inches of water. Night came and it started to freeze. My feet were ice, so I had to get up and walk around. Not ten feet away was a German lieutenant looking around to see what he could see. His back was to me. I just went down into my foxhole [laughs]. I just couldn't shoot him in the back. I had a Thompson submachine gun. He didn't have a chance. The next day I thought I should have done it. And then I thought, How stupid to alert the world—here I am.

You'd have five days up and five days back. They never stayed with it. You'd go five days up, you'd come back, take a bath, change clothes, and the next morning you'd be back. That's because of the casualties. On the way back I saw the little French peasant and his wife walking back to their house. They had survived with their chickens.

Altogether I was in combat from June of 'forty-four to May of 'forty-five. France, Luxembourg, and Germany. We landed on June sixth. On July fourth I was able to take my shoes and socks off and change clothes.

There were some cement bunkers I had to go through. There was a German boy. Reflex. Again, an unpleasant memory. It was my first experience with face-to-face combat. It was during the battle of Hürtgen Forest. Our worst, I believe. Our division had four-hundred-percent casualties.

One time I was sent back to get a truckload of replacements, young boys. They hadn't the benefit of the long training we had in the States. I told them, "If I hear anything coming in and if I tell you to jump, do exactly what I do." We had to be alert for interdiction fire, artillery shells lobbed at an intersection. We came near this intersection and I heard one in the distance going *chok!* I told the guys, "Get out of here!" I dove over the rail of the truck into the gutter beside the road. Out of the twenty or twenty-five boys I picked up that day, ten were dead.

I was a forward observer at Hürtgen Forest. I had a

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crew of three. All of us carried radio equipment. I was sent to a foresters' tower. At the base of the tower some trees had been knocked down by shells. We arranged two logs parallel and the others perpendicular to form a roof. We crawled under that and it was our house. When the shells came in and hit the trees and fragments of metal came down, we were protected by these logs.

The second day I was there, I saw another foresters' tower. There was a German lieutenant looking right at me. We waved at each other. I marked him on the map. I got my guns zeroed in on him and I know in my heart he did the same thing to me.

He was also an artillery observer. Along my ridge was a road. German tanks rolled along there. My target. He would watch my shooting. He was interested in my effectiveness.

I was bringing the artillery in. One day there came several German vehicles in line. Three ambulances were in the middle. That was hands off. I was watching them go by. Suddenly somebody started shooting artillery at them. I looked over at the lieutenant. I shook my head as hard as I could. He thought I called the fire on those ambulances. I saw him pick up his telephone and I hit the ladder. I barely got in my house and he laid it on us. Almost knocked the tower down. After he lifted his fire, I went tearing up the ladder again. I had my hands up and I was waving and shaking my head: Not me. He looked at me. Then he took off his helmet. That was his apology to me.

BETTIE BASYE

She lives in San Francisco. On first meeting her you sense that she was once upon a time a beauty queen. She is sixty.

I WAS IN THE CLASS OF 'FORTY-one, the last high school class. You see? By that winter Leslie Bidwell would be dead at Pearl Harbor. My class would be dying.

I was dancing at Fresno State, at a big ball, when I first realized Pearl Harbor had happened. It was a whole week later. I was a hayseed Basye.

Immediately I was going to become a nurse. That was the fastest thing I could do to help our boys. Here I was, only one semester at Fresno State, and by February fifth I was out at the hospital as a registered nurse.

Lieutenant Basye

It was expensive for me. You had to pay something like twenty dollars a month to live at the nurses' home. I didn't have any money. Fortunately, the Cadet Nurse Corps came into existence. The government paid for us to become nurses. That really saved me.

I remember February fifth, 'forty-two. Our superintendent called us all together. Two little Japanese girls, sitting in front, who had come into class like me—why in the world are we saying good-bye to them? I couldn't understand what had happened. They were gone and I never, never saw them again. It must have been okay if President Roosevelt said it was okay. But I knew those girls should have been nurses.

I wanted to really have something to do with the war. It meant my kid brother on a tanker in the Mediterranean, delivering oil to Africa, to Italy. It meant losing several more Oroville schoolmates. It meant my boyfriend, whom I'd been engaged to ever since we left high school. He'd joined the Marines and was gone. It meant just an end to all that life I had known just a few months before.

He was president of the student body. I was an athlete, a drum majorette, everything. In February of 'forty-two I was all-American drum majorette. I was offered a movie contract. I was going to be a star in this thing, this movie called *Twirl Girl* [laughs]. I was in nurses' training when the call came in. I just said, "Thank you, but I have to go back to duty."

It was that picture in all the national papers. Cheesecake. I don't think the word "cheesecake" had been invented yet. I had a baton under my arm and I was standing on a pedestal. Posed, with one leg up. Really short skirt and velvet little boots on [laughs]. My hair was full and long and red.

It was one of the first available pinup pictures. Suddenly the fan mail started coming in. I still have clippings, letters from all over the world. 'Cause I was busy at the hospital, they would come to my aunt. The poor postman would carry boxes of this mail. The college began to send these pictures out to the boys who would write from different places and ask for a picture. Servicemen.

I have one in French I've never translated. One from Argentina. One said, "As soon as the war is over, we'll get together and we'll have a wonderful time. Would you please wait? You are the most beautiful person I've ever seen, but you look wholesome." It was that kind of time.

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All the regular nurses began to drop out and join the Army. Many of my instructors left. We were down to just a skeleton crew at the county hospital. In Fresno. The student nurses were running the whole hospital.

You were supposed to stay in for three years as a student nurse, but the Army took us out six months early.

We went down to our first military assignment, at Hoff General Hospital, in Santa Barbara. We were given uniforms with a nice little cocky beret. It was basic training really, because most of us were gonna go into the service. About six months later we went back to Fresno to graduate, get our pins, and say good-bye. The day President Roosevelt died I was an official Army nurse. I felt even more committed to go ahead.

I was on an orthopedic ward. Quite a few wounded paratroopers. I remember rubbing the backs of these people who had casts from head to foot. You could hardly find their backs through all these bandages and pulleys. It's not like plastic surgery, where the really deformed people are. I was struck by the horror of it, but it wasn't as bad as what was to come.

Now I go to Dibble General Hospital, in Menlo Park. In six weeks we became so skilled in plastic surgery that they wouldn't let us go. Six-week wonders. It was coming to the end of the war and now they needed plastic surgery.

Blind young men. Eyes gone, legs gone. Part of the face. Burns: you'd land with a fire bomb and be up in flames. It was a burn-and-blind center.

I spent a year and a half in the plastic-surgery-dressing room. All day long you would change these dressings. When you were through with those who were mobile, who would come by wheelchair and crutches, you would take this little cart loaded with canisters of wet saline bandages. Go up and down the wards to those fellows who couldn't get out of bed.

It was almost like a surgical procedure. They didn't anesthetize the boys and it was terribly painful. We had to keep the skin wet with these moist saline packs. We would wind yards and yards of this wet pack around these people. That's what war really is.

I'll never forget my first day on duty. First Lieutenant Molly Birch introduced me to the whole floor of patients. "This is Lieutenant Basye." They'd say, What? Hayseed? Oh, Basie. Oh, Countess. So I got the name Countess.

I was so overwhelmed by the time I got to the third bed: this whole side of a face being gone. I wouldn't know how to focus on the eye that peeked through these bandages. Should I pretend I didn't notice? Shall we talk about it? Molly led me down to the next bed. The Nose, she called him. He had lost his nose. Later on I got used to it, all this kidding about their condition. He would pretend to laugh. He would say, "Ah, yes, I'm getting my nose." He didn't have any eyebrows, a complete white mass of scars. The pedicle was hanging off his neck. He had no ears. They had been burned off. They were gonna be reconstructed. But the nose was the important thing. Everyone nicknamed him The Nose. He didn't mind—well, I don't know that. Molly was right. She was giving them a chance to talk about what happened. At the time I couldn't stand it.

As soon as we got back to the nurse's station behind glass, I went to the bathroom and threw up. Then she knew. She didn't introduce me to the patients who were in the private rooms that day. 'Cause they were far the worst. They couldn't get up and couldn't joke so much. The next day she took me to them, one at a time. I was beginning to anesthetize myself.

I remember this one lieutenant. Just a mass of white bandages, with a little slit where I knew his eyes were. This one hand reaching out, and saying, "Hi, Red." There were many, many, many more with stumps—you couldn't tell if there was a foot there or not, an eye, an arm, the multiple wounds. It wasn't just the one little thing I was used to in nurses' training. This is what got to me.

Oh, there were breakups. The wife of The Nose was gonna divorce him. What can we do to make her understand? That was the talk all over. The doctor wanted her to understand it'll take time, he'll get his face back. But they broke up. She couldn't stand it. That was pretty common.

Sitting at the bedside of this young flyer who went down over Leyte. He got his own fire bomb. Next to his bed is a picture of this handsome pilot beside his P-thirty-eight. He wants to be sure I see it: "Hi, Red, look. This is me." He was never gonna leave that bed until he got his face back. That handsome photograph he insisted be there so that's the person you'll see.

He was very hard to manage, because he would scream when they changed his dressing. He was insistent that he never was gonna leave that room until they brought him back to where he was before. The staff couldn't quite figure this out. Why isn't he quiet? Why can't he be brave when they're changing his dressing? What does he think we are, miracle makers? This mystique builds up that Bill can't handle it as well as the others. Be brave, be brave.

I can't say I ever really became used to it. But I became more effective as a nurse and adopted a kind of jocularity. I began to be able to tell jokes, banter back and forth. When I'd come in pushing the cart, there'd always be hooting and yelling. Hey, Red, Hayseed, Countess, come in, I got a cookie for you. There was a lot of alluding to sexuality. One said to me, "Why do you always walk that way?" I didn't know how I walked, but I had a walk. I said, "I don't know." And they all howled.

Having pretty young nurses around was very important to them. You were not supposed to date enlisted men, but you could date officers. I escorted Bill, the pilot, for the first outing out of his room. I talked him into escorting me to the officers' club. He still had a bandage on his one eye, terrible scars, one side of his face gone, and these pedicles of flesh. You look absolutely grotesque and you know. We had a drink at the club. He looked around and saw other cases there. So he began to get used to it.

One of the nurses fell in love with an enlisted man. She

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carried on a very quiet love affair with him. We never alluded to it. After about a year they were married. It was always a secret in those days. It was discouraged. I've always had the theory that they made us officers to keep the Army nurses for the officers. We were just technicians. I was just a twenty-two-year-old kid who just knew how to do bedpans. Why was I an officer? I feel it was a way to keep us away from hordes and keep us for the officers. Oh, there was a terrible class feeling.

The doctors were the givers of gifts to these men. They were gods on a pedestal. The elusive, mobile god, who moves in and out and doesn't stay there very long, under a terrible amount of pressure. The nurses were counsel when marriages broke up. The doctors were busy someplace else.

V-J Day occurred while I was still at the hospital. Oh, wow. Just total chaos. Our superintendent of nurses led a conga line up and down the hospital, serpentine, up past every bed. This took hours, because it was ward after ward [laughs]. Everybody joined in. Absolute bedlam.

The hospital closed and they sent the patients out to other places. Plastic surgery was gonna go on for years on these people. I went down to Pasadena. This is 'forty-six. We took over the whole hotel, one of the big, nice old hotels right there on the gorge. All my friends were still there, undergoing surgery. Especially Bill. I would walk him in downtown Pasadena—I'll never forget this. Half his face completely gone, right?

Downtown Pasadena after the war was a very elite community. Nicely dressed women, absolutely staring, just standing there staring. He was aware of this terrible stare. People just looking right at you and wondering, What is this? I was going to cuss her out, but I moved him away. It's like the war hadn't come to Pasadena until we came there.

Oh, it had a big impact on the community. In the Pasadena papers came some letters to the editor: Why can't they be kept on their own grounds and off the streets? The furor, the awful indignation: the end of the war and we're still here.

The patients themselves showed me these letters: Isn't it better for them if they're kept off the streets? What awful things for us to have to look at. The patients kidded about that: Wow, we're in Pasadena.

This was my slow introduction to peacetime, through the eyes of that woman when she looked at my friend Bill. It's only the glamour of war that appeals to people. They don't know real war. Well, those wars are gone forever. We've got a nuclear bomb and we'll destroy ourselves and everybody else.

From the home front: Army nurse's uniform and Bettie Basye's war mementos, including her War Department identification card, a sugar dish from Dibble General Hospital's breakfast service, her diaries, her scrapbook, and love letters and snapshots from soldiers

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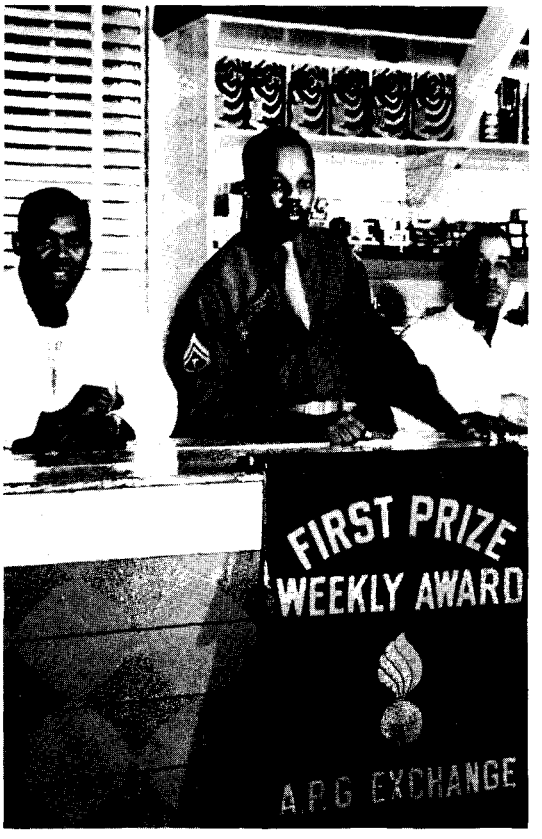
DEMPSEY TRAVIS

He is a writer and a real-estate broker who lives on Chicago's South Side.

THE ARMY WAS AN EXPERIence unlike anything I've had in my life. I think of two armies, one black, one white. I saw German prisoners free to move around the camp, unlike black soldiers, who were restricted. The Germans walked right into the doggone places like any white American. We were wearing the same uniform, but we were excluded.

This was Camp Shenango, Pennsylvania. About thirty-five miles east of Youngstown, Ohio. When I arrived, I stepped into mud up to my knees. The troop train was Jim Crow. They had a car for black soldiers and a car for whites. They went to their part and sent us to the ghetto. It seems the Army always arranged to have black soldiers back up against the woods someplace. Isolated. We were never near the main gate. If you went through camp as a visitor, you'd never know black soldiers were there. Unless they happened to be working on some menial detail.



Travis, center, as PX manager

They didn't have a PX that black soldiers could use. There was a white PX, but we could not use it. They set up a temporary situation in the barracks where a guy had some candy bars and a Coke. At the white PX you could buy almost anything. We had nothing.

There was no black servicemen's club. No place for recreation. The only thing guys could do is shoot craps and play cards. If lucky, they might get a pass to Sharon, about fifteen miles away.

Although there were five theaters on the post, there were none that black soldiers could use. After we'd been there a couple of weeks, they decided to put a makeshift theater right in the center of the black area.

You could get maybe a couple of hundred guys in. So they had to run it in shifts. A friend named Kansas and I had decided we'd go to the theater that night. When we looked out, the line was so damn long we knew we'd never get in. So we made the second shift. *Wuthering Heights* was the picture.

As we walked out of the theater, there was a group of black soldiers standing around in a big discussion. Some black soldier's eye had been kicked out for going into the PX to get a beer. The guys were talking: We've got to do something about it. Kansas and I just walked into this.

Within minutes a caravan of six trucks loaded with white soldiers in battle-color fatigues—like they had in jungle warfare, looked like green leaves, camouflage—they drove up and surrounded the area. Cut the street off. The lights went out and they start firing. Firing, firing, firing, just shooting into the goddamn crowd. Everybody started scrambling like hell. I must have run maybe five feet and fell. My friend, Kansas, beside me. I put my hand on my leg and I could feel something warm running down my pants.

Funny thing is, I thought I'd be very religious at that point. Whereas I was just filled with hate. I'd say, "The rotten son of a bitches." I just cursed. Meantime, shooting is still going on and men are screaming. Then the shooting subsides. Then comes the Red Cross. The guys start walking through the crowd with flashlights. "This one is dead." "This one is bad." I don't know how many died and how many were wounded.

When they got to me, they said, "He'll live. He just seems to be shot in several places." I was shot three times. Then they looked at my friend. They threw a flashlight on him. They said, "He'll make it. Niggers don't die when you shoot 'em in the head." This was a Red Cross worker.

They took us both to the ambulance. Two guys were sitting in front. The one says to the driver, "Why we be doin' this to our own soldiers?" Driver says, "Whoever told you niggers were our soldiers? Where I come from"—I detected a southern accent—"we shoot niggers like we shoot rabbits." This stayed with me. This sound of these two men talking about two disabled black soldiers. Shot not by the enemy but by Americans.

We finally arrived at the base hospital and they rolled me into the corridor. They rolled Kansas into a little room that was probably four, five feet from where I was. I could see him on his bed. The doctor looked at him, went through this raising-your-eyelid thing. Then he started pumping his legs up about six or seven times. He pulled the light out and closed the door. No one had to tell me. Kansas was dead.

That night I was rolled into a ward with other soldiers. I

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recognized some of the guys who had been shot. Within forty feet of me were about twelve or fourteen of these guys.

There was a belief that I would never walk again. Doctors said, You seem to be paralyzed. Well, that certainly disturbed the hell out of me. There's a guy next to me screamin' and hollerin'. Somehow this information never reached the newspapers.

The Red Cross evidently contacted my parents. I hadn't been in the hospital forty-eight hours when I looked up and here comes my father. My father with a big cigar in his mouth, lookin' proud. He's a stockyards worker, but never been outside Chicago since coming from Georgia. He had a walk and a proudness and an importance that you just couldn't believe. My mother, just the opposite. A very mild woman, but a smile that is so infectious it just brightens up the room. She saw me and her eyes just started blazing with tears and smiling. . . . [Cries.] Shit, when you go back and try to remember, that's hard. I mean, that's hard.

[Laughing and crying at the same time] Oh, God, I was so glad to see my parents. Overwhelming to be twenty-one years old and just totally out of it, thinking that I would never walk again. They told my parents that they would have to ship me out to the general hospital in Butler, Pennsylvania. Whatever operation was needed was not gonna take place here.

Before I was shipped out, an unusual thing happened. The FBI or the CIA or G-2, I don't know which, took a special interest in my case. They kept probing me at my bedside: "Who did the shooting?" As if I would know. "How did it happen? Where were you? What were you doing prior to this happening?" I told them I was in the theater and just walked out.

The general hospital is about fifty or sixty miles from Shenango. Never will forget the rolling hills of Pennsylvania. Seemed like these doggone ambulances had no springs. Every damn bump all the way. Arriving there, they put me in private quarters. The Army at that time was still very Jim Crow, even with sick people. I was isolated.

The same man showed up again, civilian clothes, black pants, the whispering, the same series of questions. He assured me I'd be taken care of here.

I found out later that my IQ was higher than anybody else's in the group that had been shot. They probably thought I was the ringleader. I had no idea I had a high IQ [laughs]. They didn't send anybody else out here except me. They put a screen in front of my bed.

Red Cross is passing out candy, and when this person reached my door, I heard another person say, "Oh, don't go in there. They got a coon in that room" [laughs].

A doctor showed up, examines me, and says, "I think I can relieve you of this problem. It's gonna take a series of operations. You may be able to walk, but never as you walked before." Probably a serious limp.

That set off a set of circumstances that I'd never dealt with before. Mary, the woman who had been advised not to come into my room, a little white woman, about four feet six, came in. She said, "What would you like? Candy, a magazine, a book?" I said, "I'll take 'em all" [laughs]. We struck up a friendship. She said, "I notice nobody's been in to see you. As soon as the doctor gives me permission, I'm gonna take you for a ride."

My fever was running high as hell. Once it subsided, I went through x-rays and they determined how they're gonna take out these bullets with the least amount of permanent injury. I had shrapnel across the back, right here through the thick—buttocks. It caught me as I was falling. This one, half an inch deep, wide as my small finger. If I weren't falling, that one would've signed me off.

When they finally decided to operate, the two doctors couldn't agree on the diagnosis. One was a Wasp and one was a Jewish fellow. They argued in front of me. I was a nonperson. Finally the Jewish guy won and the other resigned from the case. He took one bullet out, left one in. He said, "If we remove it, it'll cause a new kind of problem." Through some miracle the operation was partially successful. I had to drag my leg a bit, but I could feel the strength coming back.

On a thirty-day furlough I returned to Chicago. The fall of 'forty-three I visited some of the clubs. Rhumboogie, Club Deluxe, Club DeLisa. Oh, God, it was wonderful. I was still limping, but I saw improvement.

My mother didn't want me to go back. She started writing letters to congressmen, senators, even to President Roosevelt. She told them of my experience. But I went back.

I didn't walk as well as I thought I should. But this new doctor said, "Goddammit, boy, walk down that hill. We're gonna send you back to Shenango." I didn't have any money, so Mary let me have five dollars.

When I got back to Shenango, I discovered something. They had built a major service center for the black servicemen. They had opened up the main theater and blacks were permitted to go [laughs]. It appears that you had to kill some guys. There was never an inquiry, to my knowledge.

A fellow I met a couple of years later told me he was at Shenango the night of the shooting. He spent the night under the bed. Later that night the black guys broke into the ammunition place and got armed. This thing was not really quelled for forty-eight to seventy-two hours. It didn't die right that night. He said, "All I could hear is gunshot fire throughout the night." The next day, he said, his whole outfit was shipped out overseas.

They decided that what I needed improvement on was not my legs so much as my attitude. I should see a psychiatrist. Then they decided to talk about my career. Isn't that a bitch? This guy said, "You can be any damn thing you want to be. You got an IQ over a hundred and thirty-seven." I said, "What does that mean?" He said, "It means you're a candidate for OCS. You can do this, you can do that, you can do the other." I wasn't impressed. I was a musician.

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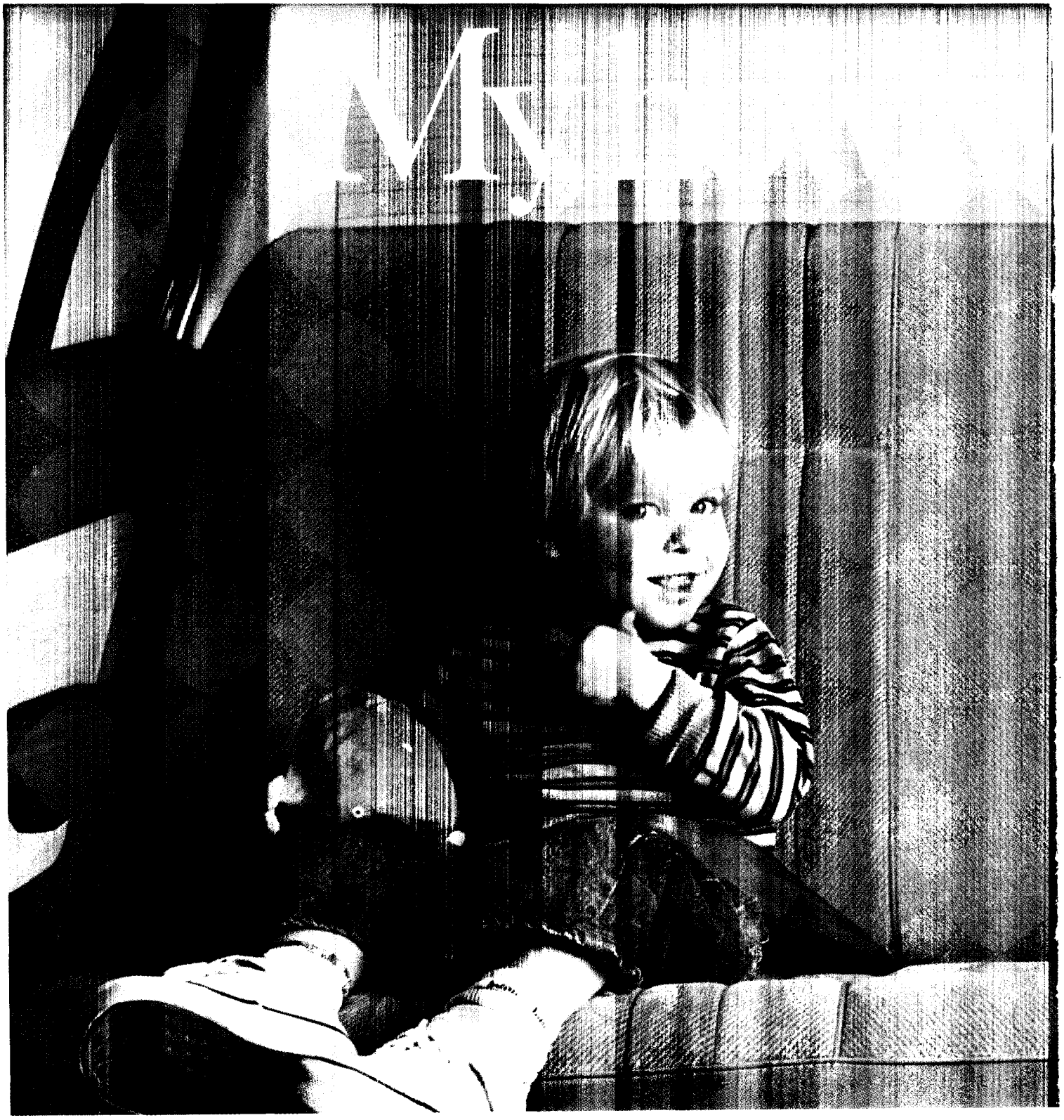

In the back seat of our Civic 4-Door Sedan, we've grown headroom, shoulder room, legroom, hiproom, and kid room.

In the trunk, we've increased our carrying capacity by an amazing 13%. Our glass area has grown, too, for better visibility.

We've included driver comforts like an adjustable steering column, child-proof rear door locks, and optional automatic

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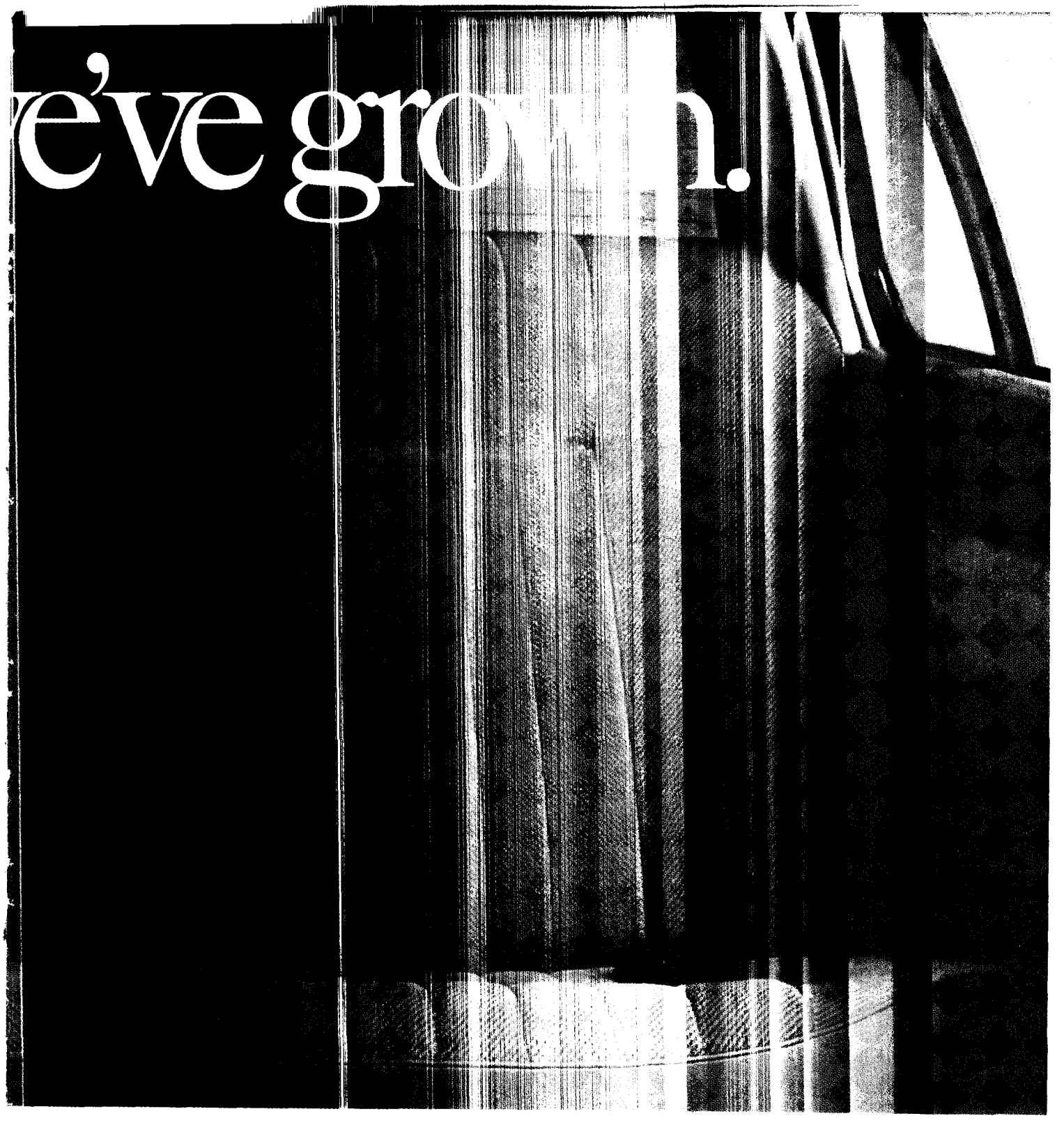
e've grown.



transmission, as well.

But while we were doing all this growing, we didn't forget to keep the sticker price small. That's why this car is for families who want one to grow on.

The Civic 4-Door Sedan

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They decided they were gonna make me a leader [laughs]. They put me in charge of a troop movement going to Camp Lee, Virginia. I thought I'd seen everything. We changed trains at Washington, D.C. I thought, this being the capital of the country, I could go and get me a Coke. Ha, ha. The woman said, "Boy, you don't drink no Cokes here. Go downstairs." I said, "God, this is Washington, D.C." [laughs]. She looked at me like I was crazy. I guess I was.

On the train to camp we looked out of the back of the car and saw the dome of the Capitol. I said, "What the hell does that mean?" It didn't mean what I read in my civics book at DuSable High. In Richmond—Camp Lee is nearby—we see German PWs riding streetcars in front, the blacks in back. It was the first time that I saw black and white water fountains.

In the theater at Camp Lee I saw black officers and black enlisted men sitting in the back, behind a rope. In front were white officers and white enlisted men. The thought went through my mind: How can you be proud sitting behind a rope? They're telling you, Boy, you are nothing. We're gonna rope you off.

Although there were many empty white barracks, we lived in tents. We used to sit in these damn tents in the hot sun waiting for some available space in the camp's black belt. It lasted some six or eight months.

The lying and dreaming that soldiers would do among themselves is unbelievable. I'd only finished high school, but these sophisticates from Philadelphia, from Baltimore, were talking about what colleges they'd been to. Black colleges. They were gonna do this, they were gonna do that. This is a training camp for quartermasters. These guys with college training were sent to cooking schools, digging schools, motor-vehicle.

I was sent to the administrative school. This puts you in a position to become a master sergeant. I was there three days and yanked. "We have orders to ship you out in charge of another cadre to Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland." I said, "Why?" I liked this school. I was learning how to type. I'm trying to become an elitist, you see [laughs]. I decided I was gonna make something of myself as a good soldier.

At Aberdeen I'm assigned to all these guys doing KP duty, kitchen police, trash detail, truck detail, picking up garbage. For three weeks I'm laying around, I don't really have an assignment.

One day an officer sends for me. "Travis, I see you have a good record. What would you like to do?" What can I do? I'm a musician. He says, "We don't have a band here. But your IQ indicates you can do much more than that."

The next day I see a Major Sloan, a tall, red-faced, freckled, moon-shaped-faced, big-blue-eyed ex-Texas Ranger. He said, "Can you type?" I said, "No, sir." "Have you ever worked in an office?" "No, sir." He reaches into the drawer and pulls out a typing book. He calls in a corporal and says, "You give Private Travis that desk behind you. He's gonna learn how to type." I'll never forget Major Sloan. He recognized that as a piano player I used my fingers and it wouldn't take much for me to become a typist.

He kept at me for about a month. I got up to fifty-five words a minute. He called me back. "Have you ever worked in a store?" "No, sir." He said, "I want you to work in the post exchange as a clerk." In about three months he said, "We're gonna make you assistant manager." Within two months I was the manager. This was a black PX. But that was not enough for him. He decided he wants me to manage the white PX as well. This was early 'forty-five, just before Roosevelt died. They were beginning to integrate the facilities. So I was the first guy to become manager of an integrated PX in the state of Maryland. I won first prize for the best-managed store in the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

Sloan brought the post commander down to me, a general. "We're gonna have the newspapers take pictures of you, 'cause we're very proud of what you're doing." A couple of days later he came back. "Travis, that picture will never appear in the paper. Those fellas can't stand the idea of a black man being able to operate a post exchange in this manner." The picture never appeared.

I found the most sympathetic white men in the Army were actually southerners. I found this to be true in civilian life as well. The best breaks I've got as a businessman have come from guys out of Alabama and Georgia. If they decide they're gonna go with you, they go all the way. And no forked tongue [laughs].

What about your limp? I don't notice any.

Bit by bit it disappeared as my leg got stronger. I still have the bullet in my hip. No compensation. Of course not.

I was in from September 9, 1942, to February 2, 1946. When I was about to get discharged, Major Sloan asked, "Why don't you stay? I want to send you to Officer Candidate School. You'd make a damn fine officer." But I'd had enough. I said, "Let me out as early as you can so I can at least go to school under the GI Bill."

I took entrance exams at Roosevelt, at DePaul, at Northwestern. I got three letters back saying pretty much the same thing: Look, you dumb son of a bitch, don't ever try to get into college, 'cause you just ain't got what it takes. Try usin' your arms, try usin' your back. They never said, Try usin' your head.

I was so goddamn depressed. I did what my father did. I went to work at the stockyards. As a laborer, a Georgia mule. At noontime all the guys would gather around me as I told stories. The foreman, a big Irishman, came up to me. "I'm gonna fire you. Know why? You're too smart to be out here. You can do better than this. You should be doin' income tax or somethin'."

So I started working out income-tax problems for relatives and friends. I didn't know anything about income tax, but if you can count, you can figure out a form. In the meantime, an old teacher met me on the street and said, "Why don't you try Englewood Evening Junior College?

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You don't have to take an entrance exam." I enrolled in Accounting 101 and Sociology 101. It restored my confidence. I enrolled at Wilson Junior College and ended up in remedial everything: reading, writing. I was stupid enough to enroll in American Literature 117. I remember turning in my first paper, on *Silas Marner.* The teacher was furious. He thought it was a joke. It was that bad. It was my crazy stubbornness that persuaded him not to kick me out. One day it just came to me, the whole meaning, the whole concept.

No person who learned to read normally at the regular age can understand this experience. To learn to read as a man twenty-seven years old! It's just like somebody lifted a veil off your eyes. [Laughs and cries.] I went to Roosevelt and finished two years in one. That's the story of me and the GI Bill. It paid my tuition and that made the difference. If anything positive came out of the war, that was it.

My mother was glad I was alive. My father was always kind of laid back and important. He was not an emotional man. All the emotion was on my mother's side. And on my side [laughs]. He didn't appreciate how much I loved him until I started getting these promotions in the Army. I would send him a box of cigars and he would talk of "my boy, the sergeant." While I was still in the Army, he died. On my emergency furlough I saw him that last day at County Hospital. His last words were, "Boy, you're the man of the house now. You gotta take care of your mother." My mother's eighty-six now, and I'm still taking care of her.

Those four years in the Army are the turning point in my life. I learned something about men. I learned something about racism. I learned something about values. I learned something about myself. I don't think I'd have that experience any other place or time. Under no other circumstances would I have seen so many men in one setting where I could evaluate them and myself. Imagine Major Sloan! Would you believe that he insisted I study the Bretton Woods Report and explain it to the troops? I, who could hardly read. See the boy run. The cat jumped the fence. How can I ever forget this experience and this man?

I see World War II as having been a step on the first rung of the ladder. But I wouldn't want to wish it on anybody else.

RICHARD M. (RED) PRENDERGAST

He is a large, big-boned man, heavyset, graying. He brings to mind a retired football lineman. He is the vice president and the editor of a Chicago trade magazine. He was one of 150 soldiers from the 106th Infantry Division who were captured in the Ardennes by the Germans on December 19, 1944, several days after the Battle of the Bulge.

WHEN WE ARRIVE AT STALAG 4-B . . . we go into these barracks. The British need us like a kick in the nose. They had everything nice. They had little curtains and most of 'em were wearing civilian clothes. They had regular mail service to England. And they had laundry service. They used to send their dirty clothes back to England. It was really a nutty setup. They'd been there since Dunkirk and were pretty well established. They had their own escape committees and a grievance committee. The English were always working out escapes. They ran the place.

Prendergast in the 106th Infantry, 1944

In come this wave of prisoners from the Battle of the Bulge. They didn't know what to do with us. They were very hospitable, though. We all had to double up in bunks. There weren't enough to go around.

We'd have this early-morning roll call. That was hilarious. They had a terrible time keeping track of how many people they had in those barracks

The Russian soldier—once a Russian soldier is captured, they consider him dead. It was quite common after the war that these prisoners did not want to go back to Russia, because they'd go right on to another camp in Siberia. For the disgrace of being captured.

They were treated terrible. They weren't getting anything. We weren't getting much, but we were taken care of by the Geneva Convention and the Red Cross. They had nobody on their side, because the Russians did not recognize the Red Cross. The Germans gave them absolutely nothing. If one or two of their members died during the night, they would bring the body out in the morning for the head count. They'd stand him up and count heads. That's how many rations you'd get. Instead of three hundred bowls of soup, they'd get three hundred and two bowls of soup, two for the dead guys. They'd throw the bodies out after the food had been distributed.

Twenty-three of us were taken out of Stalag 4-B and

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were sent to a chemical factory, Bykguldenwerk, about ten miles outside of Dresden. Which was no place to be, as it turned out. Our principal job there was shoveling coal, which we did ten, twelve hours a day. They had big furnaces to keep the chemicals going. We did all that on one bowl of turnip soup and a seventh of a loaf of bread a day. Ersatz bread. I've never been able to look a turnip in the eye since. I was never too nuts about turnips before the war. And I'm doubly not nuts about 'em now.

We could always escape, that was no problem. But where you gonna go? Not speaking the language. You're hundreds and hundreds of miles from any familiar face. And everybody's carrying a gun—mailmen, streetcar conductors. One night in February, oh, it was bitter cold, about twenty below zero, and two guys escaped. They were captured by a troop of German boy scouts, who beat the living hell out of them. Brought 'em back on stretchers. That also discouraged us from further thoughts of escape [laughs].

The night they escaped, it was too cold for the guards to go out, so they put a guard dog out. Big, vicious German shepherd. We killed the dog and ate it [laughs]. We had a little stove in there and cooked the damn dog [laughs]. We drew cards for the bones. I got the jaw—with a few teeth.

How'd it taste?

Terrific. Just like a T-bone. But we had a problem. We had to get rid of the claws and teeth and the fur. We had a hell of a time doing it, but we managed. They never figured out what happened to the dog. 'Cause the fence was forty feet high and there's no way in the world the dog was gonna get over that fence. With barbed wire at the top.

It was Easter Sunday, I think. Our shirts were worn out. We were issued German army shirts. We're laying around the yard and out of nowhere come six P-thirty-eights, American. They made a low pass and they see all of us in our German army shirts [laughs]. They came back and they strafed. They bombed our factory.

A couple of nights later a guard came in around midnight. He says, "The civilians are very upset. They want to lynch you guys because you're Americans." He says, "The Russians are not far away. We propose to pack up and take off toward the American lines." He says, "Now you need us to save you from the people. We need you for when we get to the Americans. You can tell 'em that we didn't treat you so bad." If the Russians ever found 'em, good-bye, Charlie.

Articles from the European theater, including German ration stamps and German helmet; U.S. Army combat jacket; Richard Prendergast's unit patch from the 106th Infantry Division and his German POW and U.S. Army dog tags; a guide to London, published for the U.S. Armed Forces in Britain, that Prendergast used during his three weeks' leave in late May of 1944; and the German mess kit that he and two other soldiers shared for six months

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So we took off in the middle of the night, heading for the American line. We ran into a group of fifty English soldiers, also under guard. Next day, thirty or forty Frenchmen. A bunch of Bulgarians. A bunch of Polish. Pretty soon our column of twenty-three had grown into a long one. Hitler's last order was to kill all the prisoners. Which was patently out of the question. Forget it. After Hitler killed himself in the bunker, Admiral Doenitz took over. His first order was to keep the prisoners out of everybody's hands, because that's their only bargaining point. So one day we marched like crazy to the American lines. The Americans make a push and we march back to the Russians. The Russians make a push, back to the Americans. I walked through the town of Meissen six times. I got to feel like I knew the town [laughs].

We hear guns behind us; the Russians are very, very close. So they herd us all into a great big field. They said, Now, don't go anyplace. We said, Oh, we wouldn't dream of it [laughs]. They took off their uniforms, put on civilian clothes, jumped on bicycles, and took off like birds for the Americans.

There we are in the middle of Germany. Oh, Christ, there must have been two, three hundred of us by this time. I really felt sorry for the German farmers. We were like army ants. As this horde of prisoners came over the hill, farmers would just shake their heads, 'cause we ate everything in sight. Any form of livestock went. All their barns and fences were torn down to make fires. They'd have mountains of seed potatoes that they were saving to plant for the following year. So long! We ate those like popcorn [laughs]. We must have wiped out the potato-plant crop for 1946.

There we were, free again. By now I've got this big huge shaggy red beard. Filthy, of course. We look like pirates. We didn't know what to do or where to turn. Most of the guys disappeared, just took off in little groups.

My two buddies and I are still standing there when the Russians arrived. They come roaring into town, on horseback, on motorcycles. And all drunk [laughs]. None of 'em in uniform. A lot of 'em Mongolians that couldn't even talk to each other. They took that town apart, absolutely destroyed it.

How'd they treat you guys?

Great. They came up to us, gave us guns. They said, "Let's go. We think we can catch those guards." I think they probably did catch some of 'em, the slower ones. I said, "Well, I don't think I'm in hot pursuit of the fellas." I said, "The big thing is to eat." So three of us took off.

Most of 'em headed for the American lines, trying to get back. We did too, eventually. But we took our own sweet time about it. We would go down the road, and if some German would come down, say, driving a Volkswagen, we'd flag him down. With our guns going, we take his car and we drive until we run out of gas. Then we'd set fire to it [laughs].

We would go until we found a house. We'd knock on the door. Whoever came, we would usher them outside and go in and eat everything in sight. If they were nice, we'd leave them alone. If they weren't, we'd set fire to their house. We were really nasty fellas.

May seventh we were in this barn, and a pretty little girl with flaxen braids came in and said, *"Der Krieg ist über."* The war is over. I said, "You crazy little girl, go home." I didn't believe her. Of course, it was over.

We're in this town waiting to be flown out. My two buddies and I found an abandoned apartment building still in fairly good shape. We had sleeping bags and threw them on the floor. I'm still carrying this thirty-two automatic. We're laying there and all of a sudden I hear the door cracking open. I thought, Uh-oh. I pull out the thirty-two. I'm just about to squeeze one off, and there's a flashlight, very low to the ground. I said, "Who's there?" It was a little boy about six years old. I said, "Vas vants you?" or whatever—I could speak a little German. He said, "*Mein* teddy bear." He used to live there. And I almost blew him away.

They flew us to Camp Lucky Strike in France. They had these huge camps for repatriated ex-prisoners. The lines were interminable, thousands of released prisoners. They said, Anybody that wants to take some of his back pay and a two-week furlough in London is free to do so. My two buddies and I signed up for that. We managed to get on a hospital ship back to the States as KPs, because everybody else on the boat was immobilized.

We each got a sixty-day furlough back home. I had all kinds of back pay and reparations money. I got something like three hundred and fifty dollars from the German government for my wristwatch and various things stolen from me. My sixty days are up, and I get orders to report to Hot Springs, rest and rehabilitation. Massage, baths, everything. The town was dull, but I could stand a little dullness by this time.

So I get my orders: Fort Lawton, Seattle, Washington. Going off on the invasion of Japan. We're sitting on the pier, sharpening bayonets, when Harry dropped that beautiful bomb. The greatest thing ever happened. Anybody sitting at the pier at that time would have to agree.

I was tempted to re-enlist. They offered me a job as sergeant major, which is the highest-paying noncom officer job in the army. What was I—twenty years old? I could retire at thirty-seven. I was really thinking about it. I told my mother. She said, "Forget it. I've got you signed up at Notre Dame."

The GI Bill made all the difference in the world to me. I could never have afforded college. I don't know if I'd have been a blue-collar worker. Certainly not what I'm doing now.

Looking back on the war: in spite of the really bad times, it was certainly the most exciting experience of my life. As a character in *Terry and the Pirates* once put it so eloquently: "We shot the last act in the first reel." As I see it, at that young age we hit the climax. Everything after that is anticlimactic.

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JOHN HOUSEMAN

Actor-producer. During World War II he worked for the Office of War Information (OWI). His job was with the overseas branch, known as the Voice of America.

"I was hired because I had worked with the Mercury Theatre on the Air, had radio experience, and was trilingual: French, German, and English.

"The domestic OWI, by far the bigger organization, was under the leadership of Archibald MacLeish. Robert Sherwood and Bill Donovan were joint heads of the overseas branch."

UP TILL THAT TIME THE United States had no machinery for propaganda. They were perfectly happy to live by advertising, by huckstering. That changed in the summer of 1941, about six months before Pearl Harbor. William Donovan and Robert Sherwood exerted pressure on the President to set up some kind of machinery for expressing the views of the United States to the rest of the world.

Robert Sherwood made a speech to his fellow writers, telling them they could not live in an ivory tower. That it was important for them to participate in the affairs of the world. He had a theory that Voice of America should be an extension of the voice of FDR.

Houseman in New York City, 1942

I had been with OWI about three months when a split occurred. A strong difference of opinion. Donovan was interested in the use of Voice of America as a weapon of war: covert operations, known as black radio. He was for putting secret stations inside Germany, a spying approach. The British were very strong with black radio. They had stations all over Norway, Sweden, and inside Germany.

Sherwood didn't deny the usefulness of this, but he emphasized the straight news. This was important at the time, because we had nothing but bad news. It was Sherwood's theory, on the assumption of our ultimate victory, that if we were honest in telling the facts, disagreeable though they might be, if we every day announced our defeats, our credibility would be much greater.

We didn't fill our broadcasts entirely with bad news. The thing we plugged day after day after day was that America was strong and it's just a matter of time. We would repeat over and over again: This year 50,000 planes, 40,000 tanks. Next year 100,000 planes. This was believed to be the most eloquent thing we could possibly say to the Germans. Japanese propaganda was conducted entirely from the West Coast. By none other than Owen Lattimore.

We were jealously a civilian operation. This led to problems. Neither the Army nor the State Department were happy with our independence. They kept treating us as amateurs. Around Sherwood and Joseph Barnes, of the New York office, there gathered a most extraordinary collection. Half the great newspapermen of the country joined our branch. We had about twenty-six language desks. The biggest, of course, were the French, German, and Italian. But we had all kinds: Serbo-Croat, Hungarian, Czech . . .

I was in charge of the broadcasts, not the news. Newsmen would prepare the newscasts, from all kinds of sources. The editorial comment was checked very carefully by the State Department so that it conformed with American policy at the time. How strongly should we support De Gaulle? The State Department was very anxious not to break our ties with Vichy at the time. This created all sorts of problems. We had a control desk that pretty much held us down, giving us complete freedom with news but not with comment. We had to conform to what the State Department and Chiefs of Staff told us.

By the summer we had about seven hundred and fifty broadcasts a week. We worked essentially by shortwave. A good many of our broadcasts would be picked up in London and rebroadcast on medium wave into Europe. The only thing wrong with this was the Germans could tap our wires. Shortwave, of course, was forbidden in Germany. It was a question of how much was getting in. Our first broadcast in German was on February 11, 1942.

The underground, or any citizens who were not slavishly Nazified, did form little groups. One man would have a shortwave set and he'd rediffuse among his friends. In France we were more widely listened to than in Germany. By the summer of 'forty-two Swiss newspapers were actually publishing a schedule of our shortwave broadcasts.

There was one record we made of Franklin Delano

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Roosevelt's voice speaking in French. He spoke a strange tourist French, which the French would have regarded as slightly comic. There was a process that through a throat mike we could actually get the resonance of FDR's voice, yet the articulation was somebody else's. So he wound up speaking in pretty good French. In this manner we made Caruso, with his heavy accent, sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in perfect English.

The North African landings was a secret that was not very well kept. We went through the motions of its being very hush-hush. I remember a naval officer sitting in my office for six hours, waiting for the word before we could put this on the air. I remember him saying—as clearly as if it were yesterday—"This is a beginning. This is only a skirmish. You know where the real war is, don't you? It's against the Russians." This was in 1942. These were our Allies, who were being killed by the millions. Already there were elements thinking about the next war, the war against the Russians.

We were all civil service, so everyone was investigated. Sometimes it took up to six months. One of our best writers was fired because he'd been with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, in Spain. Among the investigators were many who had worked for Henry Ford as union busters. They invented the term "premature anti-Fascists." PAF. It was used in adverse reports that we received on people.

There were all kinds of crosscurrents. It was very tricky. The French were unhappy all the time we were playing footsie with Vichy. This became a very serious problem when we went into North Africa. We were there as the result of a deal that Ambassador Murphy made with the Vichy people.

Some of our OWIs went on the air and criticized what they regarded as collaboration with the wrong French elements. A real feud developed between the State Department and the Army, and the OWI. Eisenhower once said he was more afraid of the OWI than he was of the Germans.

Little by little, as we began to win victories, just before the invasion of France, the Voice of America became, quite rightly, the voice of the military. The invasion was a very delicate operation and the Army wanted certain things said to the civilian population.

When the war was over, the OWI went back to independence of the Army. But it was taken over by the State Department. Today it is the department's branch. Of course the war still rages. The Administration had made a big move to make Voice of America much more overtly anti-Soviet. This had been resisted by some in OWI. They weren't Russian-lovers. They had a tradition of pride in their objectivity.

With the Cold War, people like Joe Barnes and Owen Lattimore were crucified. Joe had been head of all foreign news for the *Herald Tribune* and got in the doghouse for being too friendly with Joseph Davies, who wrote *Mission to Moscow.* Barnes invented the term "One World," which he wrote for Wendell Willkie. It was described as "globaloney" as they took out after him.

There's an irony in my case. I was born in Romania and had encountered great delays in becoming an American citizen. For a long time the Romanian quota was filled. Finally I was a legal resident of this country. But when the war broke out, I was still technically an enemy alien. Enemy aliens were not permitted near shortwave radios. Here I was, technically an enemy alien, running the radio-programming operation for the Voice of America.

For me, it was a madly exciting time. I was in contact with these brilliant newspapermen, writers, philosophers, poets, from all over the world. I had the feeling I was right in the center of things, of the world, of history.

A VISITOR

My father, for example,
who was young once
and blue-eyed,
returns
on the darkest of nights
to the porch and knocks
wildly at the door,
and if I answer
I must be prepared
for his waxy face,
for his lower lip
swollen with bitterness.
And so, for a long time,
I did not answer,
but slept fitfully
between his hours of rapping.
But finally there came the night
when I rose out of my sheets
and stumbled down the hall.
The door fell open

and I knew I was saved
and could bear him,
pathetic and hollow,
with even the least of his dreams
frozen inside him,
and the meanness gone.
And I greeted him and asked him
into the house,
and lit the lamp,
and looked into his blank eyes
in which at last
I saw what a child must love,
I saw what love might have done
had we loved in time.

—Mary Oliver

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MAXENE ANDREWS

Along with Patty and LaVerne, she was one of the Andrews Sisters.

Don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home.
Don't go walking down lovers' lane
with anyone else but me,
Anyone else but me, Anyone else
but me, No, no, no,
Don't go walking down lovers' lane
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home.

Andrews in publicity shot for *Buck Privates*

I REMEMBER WE SANG IT UP IN Seattle when a whole shipload of troops went out. We stood there on the deck and all those young men up there waving and yelling and screaming. As we sang "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," all the mothers and sisters and sweethearts sang with us as the ship went off. It was wonderful. The songs were romantic. It was a feeling of—not futility. It was like everybody in the United States held on to each other's hands.

I felt we were invincible. Right is right and we were right and we were gonna win. But the news was not encouraging. Remember Boake Carter, the commentator? My father would listen to him every night. We were in California, doing a picture with Abbott and Costello—*Buck Privates*. I would look on the set and see all those wonderful young men. It would go through my mind: Am I ever gonna see them again? I had this great fear.

My sisters and I were so involved in our work, we didn't have much time to think of anything else. But, oh, I remember the day war was declared. We were in Cincinnati. It looked like we were gonna break the house record in the theater. It didn't matter how cold it was or how high the snow, people were lined up for blocks. Every morning I'd walk over to the theater, seeing the lines already formed. This Sunday morning I walked over and there were no lines. I thought, Now, this is funny. I walked onto the stage, which was very dark. The doorman and the stagehands were sitting around the radio. They had just one light on. They were talking about Pearl Harbor being bombed. I asked the doorman, "Where is Pearl Harbor?" Of course the rest of the week there was no business.

But after that, as the war continued, attendance was tremendous. There was a sort of frenzy and a wonderful kind of gaiety. There was more money around than there had ever been. Our records became big sellers. Remember, during the Depression it was terrible. We closed every RKO theater in the country from north to south to east to west. We were doing three shows a day. With the war years we did five, six shows a day. We toured almost fifty weeks a year in theaters.

No matter how many shows a day we did, we always went to the camps. We always made the hospitals when they started bringing the boys back. We were the only girls allowed in Oak Knoll Hospital when they were brought back from the Solomon Islands. They were known as basket cases.

We were working the Golden Gate Theatre, in San Francisco, when a Red Cross nurse asked us if we'd come out and do a show. She kept us outside for a while. She said it would be something different from whatever we'd seen. The most important thing was that we must not break down. The last thing the boys needed were tears.

We walked into the first ward and it was very quiet. When we were announced, there wasn't any applause at all. It was a very long ward. We were ushered into the middle. There were beds in front of us, beds behind us. We finally looked. The sight was terrible. We saw boys with no arms or legs, with half faces. The three of us held on to each other, because we were afraid we were going to faint. The terrible thing was to hold back the tears.

We sang for about forty-five minutes. I think some of the fellas realized how we were feeling. One of the boys, all clothed in bandages, started to cry. He was crying throughout the numbers. Finally one of the fellas yelled, "Don't pay any attention to him, he's just dreaming about his girlfriend." We stayed there for about three hours, going from ward to ward.

As we were leaving, a male nurse came over to us: "I have a young patient who would love to hear you sing." He asked us to sing something soft. Nice and easy and relaxed. We went down a long hallway and stopped in front of a door that two male nurses were guarding. We were ushered in. We were in a padded cell. The two guards closed the door behind us. We were alone.

In the corner we saw a figure facing the wall. We started to sing "Apple Blossom Time." About halfway through we began to hear this hum. It was discordant and got louder and louder. When we came to the end of the song, we didn't stop. We just kept singing. We repeated it and re-

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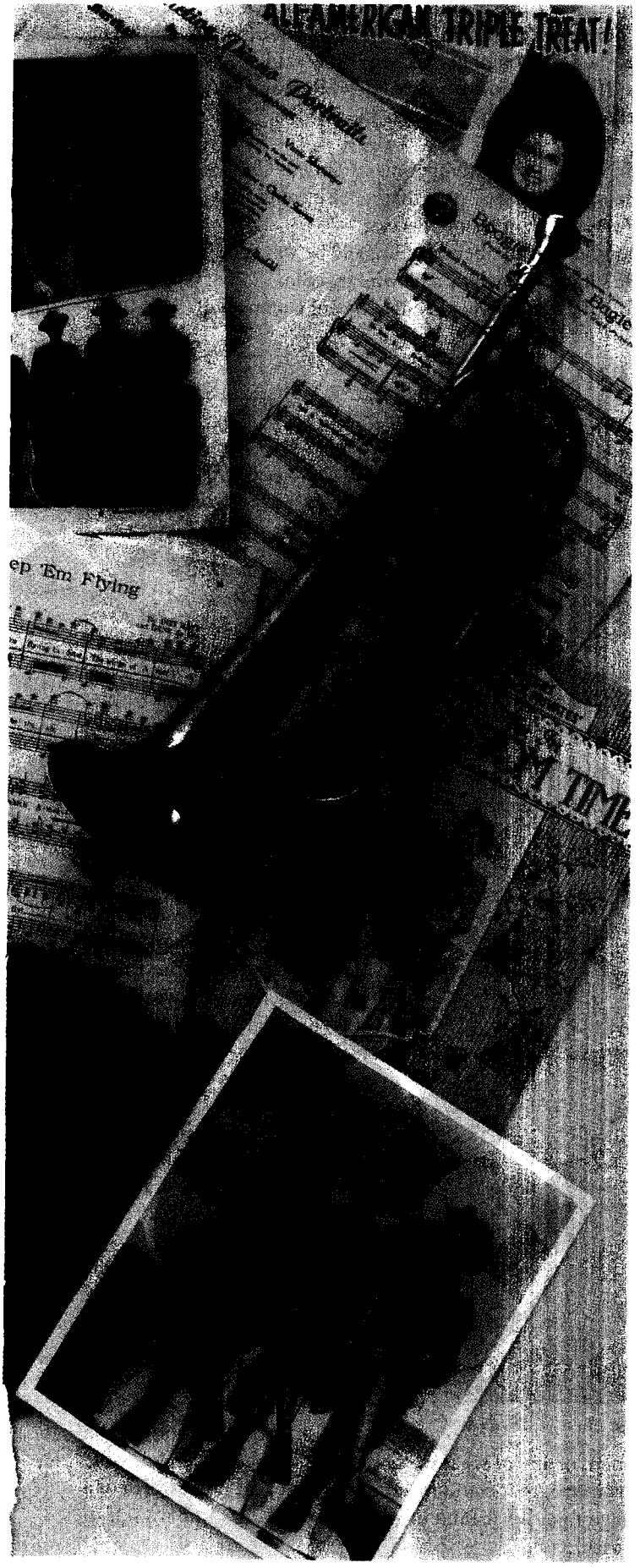

peated it. The figure turned around. He couldn't have been more than nineteen years old. His eyes were looking at us, but he wasn't seeing us. He was lost in another world. He was just humming and humming. He was so handsome and young.

A few months later, at the Golden Gate Theatre, the doorman came to us: "You have a visitor." We were just about to do our last show. In walked a serviceman. On his back was another serviceman, with no arms and no legs. One we had seen in the ward. He had his artificial arms on. He said, "I never asked you for your autograph, because I said that one day I was going to give you mine." He leaned over on the dressing table and he signed his name.

We went overseas for the USO. Our last date was in Naples. We were billeted in Caserta, eighteen miles away. We did all our shows at repo depots, where all the guys were being shipped out. We had one more show to do. It was loaded with about eight thousand of the most unhappy-looking audience you'd ever seen. They were hanging from the rafters. All these fellas were being shipped out to the South Pacific. They hadn't been home for four years and it was just their bad luck. We were trying to put them in good spirits.

We were pretty well through with the show when I heard someone offstage calling me, "*Pst. Pst.*" Patty was doing a little scene with Arthur Treacher. The soldier said to me, "I have a very important message for Patty to tell the audience." I started to laugh, because they were always playing tricks on us. He said, "I'm not kidding. It's from the CO." I said, "I can't do it in the middle of the show." He said, "You're gonna get me in trouble." So I took the piece of paper. I didn't read it. I walked out on the stage, saying to myself, I'm gonna get in trouble with Patty, with Arthur, with the CO. I waited until the skit was over. Patty said, "Stop your kidding. We can't read that here. We've got to finish the show." I shoved the note at her. She finally said, "All right. I'll go along with the gag."

So she said to the fellas, "Look, it's a big joke up here. I have a note supposedly from the CO." Without reading it first, she read it out loud. It announced the end of the war with Japan. There wasn't a sound in the whole auditorium. She looked at it again. She looked at me. It was serious. So she said, "No, fellas, this is from the CO. This is an announcement that the war is over, so you don't have to go." With that she started to cry. LaVerne and I were crying. Still there was no reaction from the guys. So she said it again: "This is the end, this is the end."

All of a sudden all hell broke loose. They yelled and

An Andrews Sisters collection: lobby card from *Buck Privates;* phonograph records, including some V Discs, which were distributed by the War Department for use in Armed Services radio broadcasts and recreational facilities; sheet music; and a bugle given to Maxene Andrews by a group of soldiers she had entertained in Italy (it was later given by Ms. Andrews to Bette Midler)

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screamed. We saw a pair of pants and a shirt come down from above. Following it was a body. He came down and fell on the guys sitting downstairs. Patty said, "You want to go out and get drunk? Or you want to see the show?" "No, no, no, we want to see the rest of the show." We made it very short.

We got into the jeep and all of a sudden it hit us. Oh, heavens, if this is a joke, they're gonna tar and feather us. We'll have to swim all the way back to the States. We suffered until we got to Caserta. They reassured us that the announcement was true.

A few years ago Patty was working someplace in Cleveland. She checked into the hotel and was in the elevator. The elevator man said, "Don't you remember me?" He was a short baldheaded guy. She said, "Should I?" He said, "Yeah, remember Naples? Remember the guy that fell off the rafter? That was me."

• • •

He was a famous trumpet man from out Chicago way,
He had a "boogie" style that no else could play
He was the top man of his craft—
But then his number came up, and he was gone with the draft
He's in the army now a blowin' reveille,
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

JOHN SMITHERMAN

Mulberry, Tennessee, eighty-five miles out of Nashville. It is an old two-story house. A dog barks as you enter. Your host calls from within. You immediately see a large, handsome face. Simultaneously you see that he is legless. It is his left hand, resting on the arm of his automated wheelchair, that draws your reluctant attention. It is at least five times normal size, roughly ridged, corrugated, grayish: it resembles an elephant's trunk.

He is president of the National Association of Atomic Veterans. "About fifteen thousand strong. They were at various test sites. There was forty-two thousand veterans that participated in Operation Crossroads; twenty-seven thousand of 'em are dead."

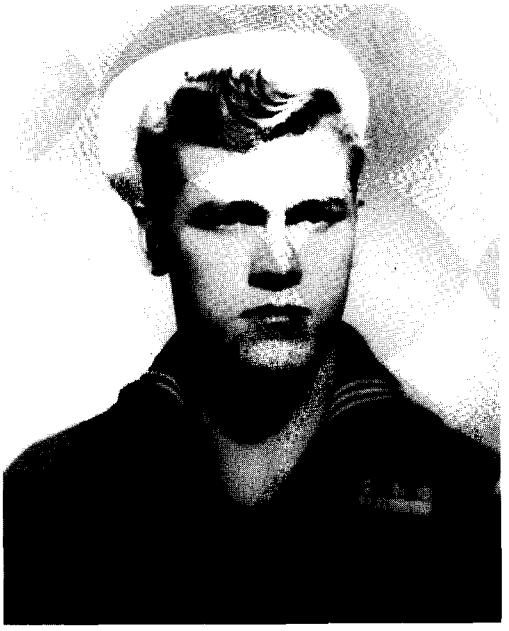
In one corner is an old grandfather clock; the chimes are on the half hour. On a small end table is a photograph of a husky, muscular young man—an athlete, perhaps? He's a cross between a young Jack Dempsey and Robert Mitchum. It is our host, a number of years ago.

His voice is astonishingly gentle. "This is Jack Daniel's territory. Did you get to see it?

"I was a farmer. I was born and raised on the eastern tip of Tennessee, in the Cumberlands. My father was a coal miner for forty-some years."

BEING A YOUNGSTER, SEVENteen years old, I went into the Navy. On my birthday in July of 1945. And spent some of my happy days in the Navy. I'm fifty-five, as of yesterday.

I enlisted in Norfolk, Virginia. The last of July, why, I was shipped out on the aircraft carrier USS *Randall*. We were on our way to England and was hit by a mine. We were transferred onto a destroyer and came through the Canal and went to California. We were headed for Japan when the war was over. We went through two little minor battles in the Philippines, which was nothing major. We came back to Pearl Harbor and on back to the States. Then we got word that we was going back on another test.



Smitherman as fireman first class, U.S. Navy

The big news at that time was everybody was talking about the big bombs that they had dropped on Japan. Nobody knew anything about the big bombs, the two of 'em. that reason, they told us we'd go back. We would probably be involved in two of 'em. The code name of that was called Operation Crossroads. That was in the Marshall Islands and the Bikini atoll. That was the only word that we received. We had no idea. Not only myself but the rest of the young men that was on board. It was a destroyer called USS *Allen M. Sumner*. We were advised there would be nothing harmful. Just a lot of excitement and have a lot of fun.

Who said it?

The PA system on the ship. Oh, yeah, I remember that. I remember also when we got there, before the actual bomb testing, we had to sign what they call a loyalty oath. That oath was not to disclose or talk about any of the explosion of the bomb or any of what we saw on the island. If we had, why, of course, that could mean time spent at Leavenworth or a huge fine. That kind of scared young fellas like myself to death.

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After that, why, on July 1, 1946, the first bomb was dropped from an aircraft. We had been in the bay, running around, and early that morning we went to our flagship, the USS *Mount McKinley*. That's where all the brass were. Also the scientists were on board this ship. We were circling around *Mount McKinley* when the bomb exploded.

Mount McKinley was nine miles away. We were three miles away from *Mount McKinley*. So we could have been six miles or we could have been twelve miles from the blast.

We were standing in shorts. I had a T-shirt on, just like this. I had a little sailor hat on and tennis shoes. The brass on the *Mount McKinley*, they stayed undercover the whole time. They wore heavy clothing all the time. They were protected all the time. They told us it would be a huge bomb, so all us little ol' mountain boys on the ship, we were looking for this big monstrous bomb to fall. All of a sudden we saw this huge ball of fire come from the bottom and go up. I don't know how to describe this ball of fire. We felt the heat, we felt the shock wave. We rode out a way from it.

Within ten hours we were right back at ground zero. And passing by the target ships. The paint had been peeled completely off. Some of the guns were split in the middle and peeled back. Big holes in the bulkheads and there was a fire on the USS *Independence*. There were seventy-five target ships.

I was on the topside and they asked for a couple of volunteers to go on the *Independence* to fight the fire. We went on board and we fought fire for one hour on and two hours off. Maybe sixty, seventy guys.

Did they say anything about it being dangerous?

Nah, no. They wanted to make sure the fire was out, because they wanted to check the animals that they had on board. I fought fire for three hours. We went back on the LST while we had came to what they call a checkpoint. A scientist was there with Geiger counters, checking us as we come by, if we picked up any radiation.

Did the scientists say anything?

Oh, no. We didn't know what they was checking us for, had no idea. They never did tell us. During those few days we were allowed to walk around, swim. We were drinking the water that came through the distilleries aboard the ship. Washing our clothes in it. After we got back on the *Sumner*, we drank water that came from the lagoon there. We swam. We had no restrictions whatsoever. Nothing was ever said to us at all.

I was one of the guys on Bikini that was helping them bring down the cameras from the towers. The tower was steel and it was hot from the sun hitting it. I didn't know that radiation would hang around steel like that. I had no knowledge. In fact, radiation was never mentioned the whole time we were there.

On July twenty-fifth we were told they were gonna detonate another bomb. This was planted ninety feet under the water. We made it out to the *Mount McKinley* and started circling. We saw the bomb go off. The code name was Baker. Now, that was larger. When this bomb went off, it had a sort of vacuum to it. It looked just like a mushroom starting from the ocean. It just went right up into the air pulling sand, water, and debris from the ocean. And that formed a huge cloud above us. We were caught in the downwind of that, and the spray from that came aboard our ship. We had to be washed down because of it.

The scientists came aboard with their Geiger counters. We still didn't know what they were doing. In ten hours we were right back again on ground zero. There was a lot of confusion going on. There's a bunch of guys got caught going swimming the second day, and they were punished for it. But again there was no restrictions for us. We had a lot of fun over there, we really did. We didn't think of anything wrong.

Along about the last of August I discovered some red burns about the size of a silver dollar. Five or six of 'em, on both feet and legs. I went to first aid and they put a white salve on with a tongue depressor. And put a little piece of gauze on every one of 'em and they give me bed rest. That disappeared. About a week later both feet and legs begin to swell. They give me bed rest again. And that went away. But it kept coming back on me while I was aboard ship. I was still unable to wear my shoes, because of the swelling of feet and legs.

We came back to Pearl Harbor sometime the last of November. I was admitted to the hospital. They started running further tests on me and said I had kidney problems. They transferred me to California; that was in 1947. I was given a medical discharge.

They told me to go home and if the swelling continues, just get in bed and elevate my feet and legs until the swelling goes down. But the swelling continued to get a little worse each time. It would come up on my leg a little further. Until they got so severe, why, I was admitted to the VA hospital, in 'seventy-six.

In March of 'seventy-seven they removed my left leg, because it had bursted open so many places that it was so painful. One month later, after being discharged, I was admitted to the hospital with a swelling of the right leg. In August of 'seventy-seven my right leg had bursted open from the knee down to the ankle bone. Then it had to be removed. Immediately before I left the hospital, my left arm began to swell on me.

Within the last two years they've been trying to get me to come up and have my left arm amputated. The last six, seven months I've been ill all over again. Coming back from Washington, D.C., in March, I tried to go to the VA hospital to see a doctor. They refused to admit me or refused to allow me to see a doctor. Because I wasn't there on a scheduled appointment.

I entered a private hospital down here. After being operated on twice emergency surgery here, within thirty days apart, they found cancer of the colon and liver, and it's terminal. Meantime, I've been fighting with the Veterans Administration to gain service connection out of this whole thing. They have turned me down for the sixth time.

They admit that I was exposed to radiation while over

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there, but not enough to have created my problem. Their one doctor said it was impossible for me to have been exposed to enough radiation to cause my problem. Three doctors on my behalf said I was exposed to anywhere from a thousand to eighteen hundred rads. Their doctor, from Stanford University, said that the swelling I had in the service was not the same swelling I had today.

I'm not angry about it. I forgive 'em. But I don't understand why they didn't find the cancer in me. Cancer doesn't come on you just overnight. I had really a lot of faith there for a while in the veterans' hospital. But they treat you up there like you're one of two: you're either an alcoholic or a drug addict. I don't drink alcohol. I'm what you call a good Christian man. I know I haven't been all my life, but nevertheless, I haven't drank in the last fifteen years. I have been in the VA hospital since 1976; if they would have found cancer on me at that time, I could have probably had a few days more to stay on this ol' earth.

No, I'm not bitter. I'm proud the way we live. I'm proud of our Constitution, and I'd fight for that any day. If they called me tomorrow, I would go and fight. That's not my point. My point is the Veterans Administration promised all the veterans that they would be taken care of if they became ill or down and out.

The doctors in veterans' hospitals are overworked, underpaid, and they have such a bitter attitude against the government if you talk to them privately. You can't condemn the doctors. I feel they will do what they can. But they're not going to overdo. There you're a number. Or, again, you're either a drug addict or an alcoholic.

I fault the Veterans Administration and Congress. Congress hasn't bothered to change the law since 1946. 'Cause I don't know if they're afraid to get into a bucket of worms that would create other problems. All the atomic veterans want is a little treatment for ones that are sick, a little justice.

I draw what they call a non-service-connection disability of five dollars a month.

Five dollars a month?

The reason is, 'cause my wife works and she makes over the maximum of four thousand eight hundred dollars a year.

The loss of your two legs is not service-connected?

That's a fact. Now they want my left arm removed because it was swollen five times larger than it is now. It was heavy, awful heavy. And it was distorted so ungodly-looking. Now I'm watching it very close, afraid that gangrene is setting in, because I'm losing a lot of weight. I've lost eighty pounds in that last deal. I was a big husky young fellow, barrel-chested. Six foot even, two hundred twenty-five pounds. Now I weigh a hundred and twenty-three pounds.

When they turned me down from getting into Bethesda, the Japanese people heard about this. I received a letter from a doctor in Japan stating that if I could find my way over there, they would treat me the best they could and the best they knew how. The newspapers locally here and the radio station got ahold of that. They started a collection: We're gonna send John Smitherman to Japan. The people of Lincoln and Moore County did their best in sending in donations. They ended up with about eight thousand two hundred dollars.

On July twenty-eighth of 'eighty-two I flew to San Francisco and met with a lady doctor from the radiation research center. They had raised enough money on the California side to send her along with me and learn some of their methods of treatments. I stayed over there for thirty-one days and got, oh, a total of twenty-two treatments.

I was called a *hibakisha* while I was there. In Japan a *hibakisha* is a survivor of the bomb. I met many of the *hibakisha* while I was there. They were laying in various types of beds. Some of 'em similar to my condition, some of 'em with severe burns, some of 'em blind. Some of 'em half the body was gone, but they was still maintaining life.

The *hibakisha* were so kind to me. The ones that could stand, they stood. The ones that could sit up, they did. And the ones that could raise their hands and wave at me, they did. The others just laid there in the bed and looked at me. It was a real choking, breathtaking situation. And made me proud to line up.

I don't believe the President of the United States could have been treated any better than I was while I was there. People would see me coming down the street, they would run across just to touch me. There were several honors bestowed on me when I was there. But the big honor was that I was the first American veteran to go to Japan and receive treatments. They had a boat called the *Lucky Dragon* that some of the sailors was caught in the downwind of that and they died. All the fish they had on board were highly exposed. They had me sign the ship's log and made me an honorary seaman of that boat. The mayor of Hiroshima allowed me some forty-seven minutes, an interview.

Back home even the governor of this state of Tennessee hasn't recognized me. It is difficult to understand why we would have to go to the very country that we tried to destroy and receive those type of benefits without having any animosity at all thrown against me, none.

I took the same kind of treatment they were taking. When I came back from Japan, the doctors over there told me it would be shameful if I weren't allowed to continue those treatments over here. Because if I waited six months after that, the treatments I received over there wouldn't do me any good. After coming back, they tried to get me into several hospitals for this treatment, UCLA, Mayo Clinic. But the government would not allow that, because if I was admitted and treated in this country for radiation exposure, I'd win my case. It would be an admission of liability.

Part of that problem is due to a gentleman whose name is Taft. In his statement before Congress that passed Public Law Bill 9772, which helps Vietnam veterans, there was an amendment tacked on that would help the atomic veterans. He said it would be a detriment to our overseas operations. If they caught wind of it over there, they would have to remove all their nuclear missiles.

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I'm not bitter at the government. I volunteered because I wanted to be a proud sailor. But at the same time I'm angry, because they should have advised us of the hazards. I'm proud of our government. I'm proud of the freedom we have. I'm proud of the people. You can go to a church of your choosing. You have so many rights. I can drive the automobile without getting permission. I'm just proud of our society, and I would fight every day to protect that society. I have two girls and two grandchildren. I would certainly protect their rights, like my forefathers fought to protect mine. Regardless of what they're doing to us now.

In the last four, five months we've found definite proof that was hidden in the vault of a library of one of the Los Angeles branches, of the men that were in Operation Crossroads. The scientists that were there stated there's gonna be a lot of repercussions from the men involved in this testing. We submitted this to a judiciary committee in Washington and it didn't get any publicity whatsoever.

Those men that did get exposed to radiation, it was just as if the enemy had pointed at you point-blank and shot you with a gun. Our injuries didn't show up until thirty, forty years later. It is now hard for me to go back and say, Uncle Sam, hey, you did me wrong as a kid by exposing me to all that radiation. It's settled in my body and been in my body all this time. See, I had a chromosome test in Japan. The blood cells, they found it. Why don't they run chromosome tests here in the United States on the atomic veterans?

I've written to the President. I've never gotten a reply from him, because he always throws it back to the Veterans Office. The Veterans Office says, Let's throw it back to the local Veterans Administration.

The Bible teaches you not to be bitter. It also says to turn the other cheek. I thought several times before turning that other cheek. Was I wrong to? I did a lot of soul-searching. I don't believe that I was wrong. I did what I was told to do while I was in the service. My record reflects that. You won't find a blemish on my record, as far as having court martials or getting out of order in any way.

I've been a little country boy from the mountains. When my Uncle Sam told me to do something, I did it. I signed the loyalty oath, yes, sir. We never did mention any of this. When I came back, I didn't even tell my wife. I didn't tell my mother about it. But when I started having the problems, I said to myself, What could he do to me now that he hasn't already done? So I let it all come out. I feel that Uncle Sam has a duty to protect the veterans.

If my dog that you saw coming barking at you when you came into the house would have bitten you, I would have an obligation to take care of you. I, for a fact, knew that my dog wouldn't bite you. But if he had, I would have had an obligation. Now, if Uncle Sam has this monster locked up and he gets out and he harms people, why shouldn't they have the same obligation? I'm not immune to it, but they are.

They knew their dog would bite?

Oh, yes. No question. The very first bomb they tested was in New Mexico in 1945. It was on July sixteenth. That bomb was so wild, they really didn't know what they exploded. Here again, just one month later, they detonated two more bombs. Those bombs that destroyed two cities didn't destroy any military installations, but old men, women, and children. Then seven, eight months later, without getting too much data, went right in and detonated two more. They didn't even have the proper equipment to gauge the beta or the alpha radiation that I was exposed to. These tests were certainly not on behalf of any of the men involved. I feel personally we were all used as guinea pigs.

He indicates a painting on the far wall. "You'll notice the picture hanging above the television there. You see who it's signed by? My wife did that." A proud husband.

A small gold statuette is on the mantelpiece. It is John Smitherman, snappy, standing with his legs crossed. The inscription below reads: "My first solo flight, September 9, 1965."

I'm proud to have met my wife and taken her on as a partner. I'm proud to be living here in this old 1820 home. I'm proud of the fact that the doors are wide and I can get from room to room in my wheelchair. I'm awfully proud to see her walk in that door. And I'm proud that I can wake up each morning that I have been and smile and get the same smile from her. But when I'm gone, then what will she do? For that reason, with every ounce and up to the very last breath I draw in my body, I will be fighting to try to overturn what they're doing to me and the other veterans out there that's in far greater pain than I am.

If Uncle Sam don't pick up and give my wife, and all the other wives, some benefits before I leave this ol' earth, I think he will have sinned so much that he will answer some of these days to somebody a little higher.

John Smitherman died on September 11, 1983. □

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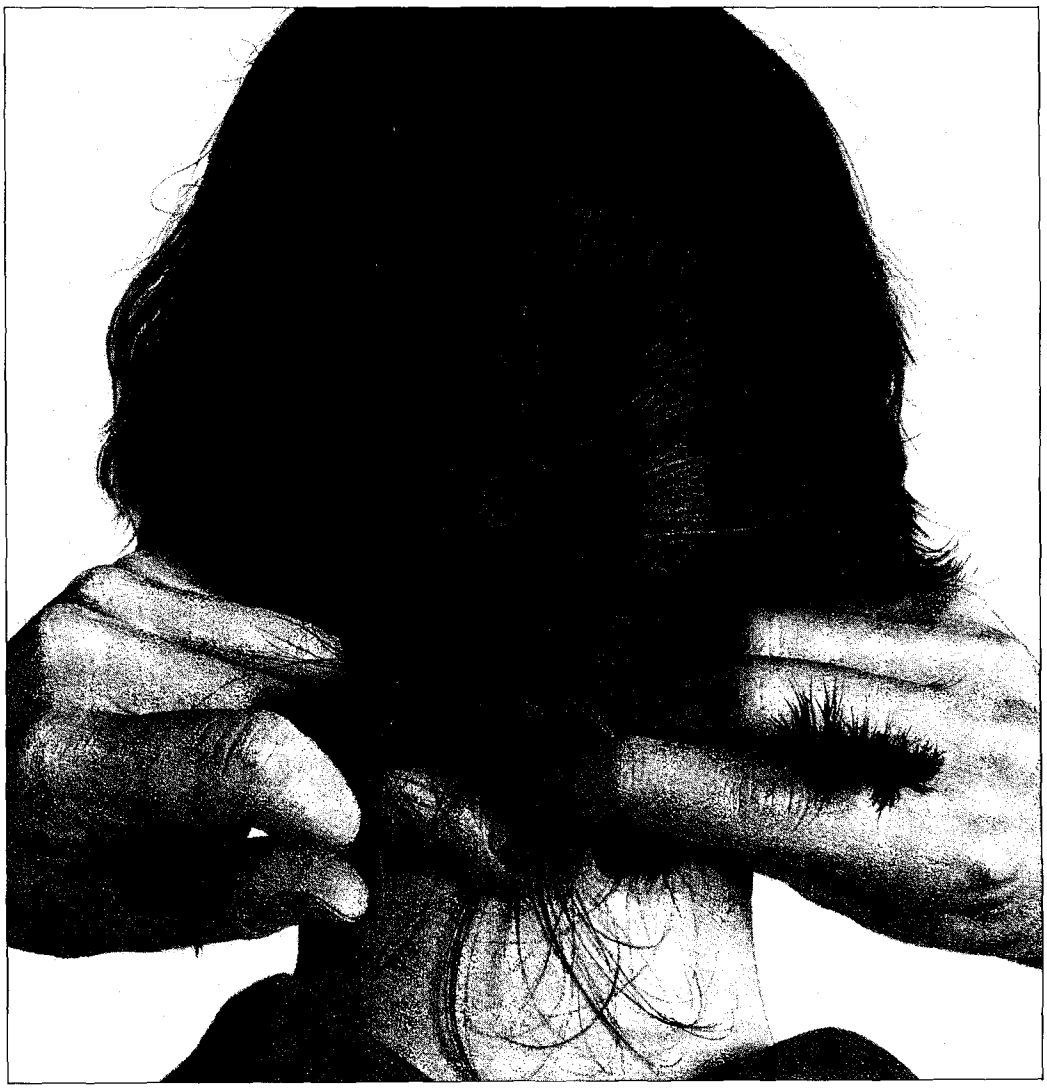

A Short Story

LILY

BY JANE SMILEY

CAREERING TOWARD LILY STITH IN A GREEN FORD Torino were Kevin and Nancy Humboldt. Once more they gave up trying to talk reasonably; once more they sighed simultaneous but unsympathetic sighs; once more each resolved to stare only at the unrolling highway.

At the same moment, Lily was squeezing her mop into her bucket. Then she straightened up and looked out the window, eager for their arrival. She hadn't seen them in two years, not since having won a prestigious prize for her poems.

She was remarkably well made, with golden skin, lit by the late-afternoon sun, delicately defined muscles swelling over slender bones, a cloud of dark hair, a hollow at the base of her neck for some jewel. She was so beautiful that you could not help attributing to her all of your favorite virtues. To Lily her beauty seemed a senseless thing, since it gained her nothing in the way of passion, release, kinship, or intimacy. Now she was looking forward, with resolve, to making the Humboldts confess really and truly what was wrong with her—why, in fact, no one was in love with her.

A few minutes later they pulled up to the curb. Nancy climbed the apartment steps bearing presents—a jar of dill pickles she had made herself, pictures of common friends, a cap knitted of rainbow colors for the winter. Lily put it on in spite of the heat. The rich colors Nancy had chosen lit

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up Lily's tanned face and flashing teeth. Almost involuntarily Nancy exclaimed, "You look better than ever!" Lily laughed and said, "But look at you! Your hair is below your hips now!" Nancy pirouetted and went inside before Kevin came up. He, too, looked remarkable, Lily thought, with his forty-eight-inch chest on his five-foot-nine-inch frame. Because of Nancy's hair and Kevin's chest, Lily always treasured the Humboldts more than she did her current friends. Kevin kissed her cheek, but he was trying to imagine where Nancy had gone; his eyes slid instantly past Lily. He patted her twice on the shoulder. She cried, "I've been looking for you since noon!" He said, "I always forget how far it is across Ohio," and stepped into the house.

That it had been two years—two years!—grew to fill the room like a thousand balloons, pinning them in the first seats they chose and forbidding conversation. Lily offered some food, some drink. They groaned, thinking of all they had eaten on the road (not convivially but bitterly, snatching, biting, swallowing too soon). Lily, assuming they knew what they wanted, did not ask again. Immediately Kevin's hands began to fidget for a glass to jiggle and balance and peer into, to turn slowly on his knee. Two years! Two days! Had they really agreed to a two-day visit?

Although the apartment was neat and airy, the carpet vacuumed and the furniture polished, Lily apologized for a bowl and a plate unwashed beside the sink. Actually, she often wondered whether cleanliness drove love away. Like many fastidious people, she suspected that life itself was to be found in dirt and disorder, in unknown dark substances that she was hesitant to touch. Lily overestimated her neatness in this case. The windowsills, for example, had not been vacuumed, and the leaves of the plants were covered with dust. She began to apologize for the lack of air-conditioning, the noise of cars and trucks through the open windows, the weather, the lack of air-conditioning again; then she breathed a profound sigh and let her hands drop limply between her knees.

Nancy Humboldt was moved by this gesture to remember how Lily always had a touch of the tragic about her. It was unrelated to anything that had ever happened, but it was distinct, always present. Nancy sat forward and smiled affectionately at her friend. Conversation began to pick up.

After a while they ate. Lily noticed that when Kevin carried his chest toward Nancy, Nancy made herself concave as she sidestepped him. Perhaps he did not exactly try to touch her; the kitchenette was very small. Jokes were much in demand, greeted with pouncing hilarity; a certain warmth, reminiscent of their early friendship, flickered and established itself. Conversation ranged over a number of topics. Nancy kept using the phrase "swept away." "That movie just swept me away!" "I live to be swept away!" "I used to be much more cautious than I am now; now I just want to be swept away!" Kevin as often used the word "careful." "I think you have to be really careful about your decisions." "I'm much more careful now." "I think I made mistakes because I wasn't careful." Lily listened most of the time. When the discussion became awkwardly heated, they leaped as one flesh on Lily and demanded to know about her prizewinning volume, her success, her work. Nancy wanted to hear some new pieces.

Lily was used to reading. Finishing the fourth poem, she wondered, as she often did, why men did not come up to her after readings and offer love, or at least ask her out. She had won a famous prize. With the intimacy of art she phrased things that she would not ordinarily admit to, discussed her soul, which seemed a perfectly natural and even attractive soul. People liked her work: they had bought more copies of her prizewinning volume than of any other in the thirteen-year series. But no one, in a fan letter, sent a picture or a telephone number. Didn't art or accomplishment make a difference? Was it all invisible? Lily said, "I think Kevin was bored."

"Not at all, really."

"I wasn't in the slightest," Nancy said. "They're very good. They don't have any leaves on them." Nancy grinned. She rather liked the occasional image herself.

Now was the time to broach her subject, thought Lily. The Humboldts had known her since college. Perhaps they had seen some little thing, spoken of it between themselves, predicted spinsterhood. Lily straightened the yellow pages and set them on the side table. "You know," she said with a laugh and a cough, "I haven't gone out in a month and a half. I mean, I realize it's summer and all, but anyway. And the last guy was just a friend, really, I—" She looked up and went on. "All those years with Ken, nobody even made a pass at me in a bus station. I didn't think it was important then, but now I've gotten rather anxious."

Kevin Humboldt looked straight at her, speculating. Yes, it must be the eyes. They were huge, hugely lashed, set into huge sockets. They were far more expressive and defenseless than anything else about her. The contrast was disconcerting. And the lids came down over them so opaquely, even when she blinked but especially when she lowered her gaze, that you were frightened into changing any movement toward her into some idle this or that. Guys he'd known in college had admired her from a distance and then dated plainer women with more predictable surfaces.

"Do you ever hear from Ken?" Nancy asked.

"I changed my number and didn't give him the new one. I think he got the message."

"I'll never understand why you spent—"

"Nine years involved with a married man, blah blah blah. I know."

"Among other things."

"When we were breaking up, I made up a lot of reasons, but now I remember what it was like before we met. It was just like it is now." Kevin thought of interrupting with his observation. He didn't.

Jane Smiley's most recent novel is Duplicate Keys. *She is at work on a new novel about medieval Greenland.*

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"Everyone has dateless spells, honey," said Nancy, who'd had her first dateless spell after her marriage to Kevin. She had always attributed to Lily virginal devotion to her work. Nancy thought a famous prize certainly equaled a husband and three children. Love was like any activity, you had to put in the hours, but as usual Kevin was right there, so she didn't say this and shifted with annoyance in her chair. "Really," she snapped, "don't worry about it."

Kevin's jaws widened in an enormous yawn. Lily jumped up to find clean towels, saying "Does it seem odd to you?" Kevin went into the bathroom and Nancy went into the bedroom with her suitcase. Lily followed her. "I have no way of knowing," she went on, but then she stopped. Nancy wasn't really listening.

IN THE MORNING NANCY BRAIDED AND WOUND UP HER hair while Lily made breakfast. Kevin was still asleep. Nancy had always had long, lovely hair, but Lily couldn't remember her taking such pride in it as she was now, twisting and arranging it with broad, almost conceited motions. She fondled it, put it here and there, spoke about things she liked to do with it from time to time. She obviously cherished it. "You've kept it in wonderful shape," Lily said.

"My hair is my glory," Nancy replied, and sat down to her eggs. She was not kidding.

When Kevin staggered from bedroom to bathroom an hour later, Nancy had gone out to survey the local shops. Kevin looked for her in every room of the apartment and then said, "Nancy's not here?"

"She thought she'd have a look around."

Kevin dropped into his seat at the table and put his head in his arms. A second later he exclaimed, "Oh, God!" Lily liked Kevin better this visit than she had before. His chest, which had always dragged him aggressively into situations, seemed to have lost some of its influence. He was not as loud or blindingly self-confident as he had been playing football, sitting in the first row in class, barreling through business school, swimming two miles every day. Thus it was with sympathy rather than astonishment that Lily realized he was weeping. He wiped his eyes on his T-shirt. "She's going to leave me! When we get back to Vancouver, she's going to leave me for another guy!"

"Is that what she said?"

"I know."

"Did she say so?"

"I know."

"Look, sit up a second and have this piece of toast."

"He's just a dumb cowboy. I know she's sleeping with him."

She put food in front of him and he began to eat it. After a few bites, though, he pushed it away and put his head down. He moaned into the cave of his arms. Lily said, "What?"

"She won't sleep with me. She hasn't since Thanksgiving. She never says where she's going or when she'll be back. She can't stand me checking up on her."

"Do you check up on her?"

"I call her at work sometimes. I just want to talk to her. She never wants to talk to me. I miss her!"

"What do Roger and Fred say?" Roger and Fred were friends from college who also lived in Vancouver.

"They don't understand."

Lily nodded. Unlike Lily, Roger and Fred had wavered in their fondness for Nancy. Many times she had been selfish about certain things, which were perhaps purely feminine things. She thought people should come to the table when dinner was hot in spite of just-opened beers and half-smoked cigarettes or repair projects in the driveway. She had screamed, really screamed, about booted feet on her polished table. Roger and Fred especially found her too punctilious about manners, found her slightly shrill, and did not appreciate her sly wit or her generosity with food and lodging and presents (this liberality they attributed to Kevin, who was, simultaneously, a known tightwad). And they overlooked her capacity for work—willing, organized, unsnobbish bringing home of the bacon while all the men were looking for careers and worrying about compromising themselves. Lily and Kevin at least agreed that Nancy was a valuable article.

"Okay," Lily said, "who's just a dumb cowboy?"

"His name is Hobbs Nolan. She met him at a cross-country ski clinic last year. But he's not really outdoorsy or athletic; he just wears these pointy-toed cowboy boots and flannel cowboy shirts. Out there guys like him are a dime a dozen. . . ."

"You know him?"

"I've seen him. He knows people we know. They think he's a real jerk."

"You blame him for all of this, then?"

Kevin glanced at her and said, "No." After a moment he exclaimed "Oh, God!" again, and dropped his head on his arms. His hair grazed the butter dish, and Lily was suddenly repelled by these confidences. She turned and looked out the window, but Nancy was nowhere in sight. The freshness of the morning was gone, and the early blue sky had whitened. She looked at her watch. It was about ten-thirty. Any other morning she would already have sat down to her work with an apple and a cup of tea, or she would be strolling into town with her list of errands. She glanced toward the bedroom. The blanket was half off the bed and a corner of the contour sheet had popped off the mattress. Nancy's and Kevin's clothes were piled on the floor. They had left other items in the living room or the kitchen: Nancy's brush, a scarf, Kevin's running shoes and socks, two or three pieces of paper from Nancy's purse, the map on which they had traced their route. But hadn't she expected and desired such intimacy? He sat up. She smiled and said, "You know, you're the first people to spend the night here in ages. I'd forgotten—"

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"I don't think you should worry about that. Like Nancy said, we all go through dry spells. Look at me, my—"

"Oh, that! I wasn't referring to that."

"My whole life was a dry spell before Nancy came along."

Lily sat back and looked at Kevin. He was sighing. "Hey," she said, "you're going to have a lot better luck if you lighten up a little."

"I know that, but I can't." He sounded petulant.

Lily said, "Well—"

"Well, now I'd better go running before it gets too hot." Kevin reached for his shoes and socks. But Nancy walked in and he sat up without putting them on. Nancy displayed her packages. "There was a great sale on halter tops, and look at this darling T-shirt!" She pulled out an example of the T-shirt Lily had seen on everyone all summer. It said, "If you live a good life, go to church, and say your prayers, when you die you will go to OHIO." Lily smiled. Nancy tossed the T-shirt over to Kevin, saying, "Extra extra large. I'm sure it will fit."

He held it up and looked at it and then said, glumly, "Thanks."

"Are you going for your run now?"

"Yeah."

But he didn't make a move. Everyone sat very still for a long time, maybe five minutes, and then Lily began clearing plates off the table and Nancy began to take down her hair and put it back up again. Kevin seemed to root himself in the chair. His face was impassive. Nancy glared at him, but finally sighed and said, "I got a long letter from Betty Stern not so long ago. She stopped working on her Chinese dissertation and went to business school last year."

"I heard that Harry got a job, but that it was in Newfoundland or someplace like that," Lily said.

"Who'd you hear that from?" Refusing even to look in Kevin's direction, Nancy combed her hair.

"Remember Meredith Lawlor? Did you know she was here? She's teaching in the pharmacy school here in Columbus. She raises all these poisonous tropical plants in a big greenhouse she and her husband built out in the country."

"Who's her husband?"

"She met him in graduate school, I think. He's from Arizona."

"I'd like to raise plants for a living. I don't know necessarily about poisonous ones." Nancy glanced at Kevin. Lily noticed that she had simply dropped her packages by her chair, that tissue paper and sales slips and the halter tops themselves were in danger of being stepped on. In college they had teased Nancy relentlessly about her disorderly ways, but Lily hadn't found them especially annoying then. Kevin said, "Why don't you pick that stuff up before you step on it?"

"I'm not going to step on it!"

"Well, pick it up anyway. I doubt that Lily wants your mess all over her place."

"Who are you to speak for Lily?"

"I'm speaking for society in general, in this case."

"Why don't you go running, for God's sake?"

"I'd rather not have a heart attack in the heat, thank you."

"Well, it's not actually that hot. It's not as hot as it was yesterday, and you ran seven miles."

"It's hot in here."

"Well, there's a nice breeze outside, and this town is very shady. When you get back we can have lunch after your shower. We can have that smoked turkey we got at the store last night. I still have some of the bread I made the day we left."

Kevin looked at her suspiciously, but all he said finally was, "Well, pick up that stuff, okay?"

Nancy smiled. "Okay."

Still Kevin was reluctant to go, tying his shoes with painful slowness, drinking a glass of water after letting the tap run and run, retying one of his shoes, tucking and untucking his shirt. He closed the door laboriously behind him, and Nancy watched out the window for him to appear on the street. When he did, she inhaled with sharp, exasperated relief. "Christ!" she exclaimed.

"He doesn't seem very happy."

"But you know he's always been into that self-dramatization. I'm not impressed. I used to be, but I'm not anymore."

Lily wondered how she was going to make it to lunch, and then through the afternoon to dinner and bedtime. Nancy turned toward her. "I shouldn't have let all these men talk to you before I did."

"What men?"

"Kevin, Roger, Fred."

"I haven't talked to Roger or Fred since late last winter, at least."

"They think I ought to be shot. But they really infuriate me. Do you know what sharing a house with Roger was like? He has the most rigid routine I have ever seen, and he drives everywhere, even to the quick shop at the end of the block. I mean, he would get in his car and drive out the driveway and then four houses down to pick up the morning paper. And every time he did the dishes, he broke something we got from our wedding, and then he would refuse to pay for it because we had gotten it for free anyway."

"Fred always said that being friends with Roger showed you could be friends with anyone."

"Fred and I get along, but in a way I think he's more disapproving than Roger is. Sometimes he acts as if I've shocked him so much that he can't bear to look at me."

"So how have you shocked him?"

"Didn't Kevin tell you about Hobbs Nolan?"

"He mentioned him."

"But Hobbs isn't the real issue, as far as I'm concerned. Men always think that other men are the real issue. You know, Roger actually sat me down one night and started to tell me off?"

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"What's the real issue?"

"Well, one thing I can't bear is having to always report in whenever I go somewhere. I mean, I get in the car to go for groceries, and if I decide while I'm out to go to the mall, he expects me to call and tell him. Or if I have to work even a half hour late, or if the girl I work with and I decide to go out for a beer after work. I hate it. I hate picking up the goddamned telephone and dialing all the numbers. I hate listening to it ring, and most of all I hate that automatic self-justification you just slide into. I mean, I don't even know how to sound honest anymore, even when I'm being honest."

"Are you—"

"No, most of all I hate the image I have of Kevin the whole time I'm talking to him, sitting home all weekend with nothing to do, whining into the phone."

"I think Kevin is mostly upset because you don't sleep with him."

"Well—"

"I really don't see how you can cut him off like that."

"Neither does he."

"Why do you?"

"Don't you think he's strange-looking? And everything he does in bed simply repels me. It didn't used to but now it does. I can't help it. He doesn't know how big or strong he is and he's always hurting me. When I see him move toward me, I wince. I know he's going to step on me or poke me or bump into me."

"Well, you could go to a therapist. You ought to at least reassure Kevin that you're not sleeping with this other guy."

"We did go to a therapist, and he got so nervous he was even more clumsy, and I am sleeping with Hobbs."

"Nancy!"

"Why are you surprised? How can this be a reason for surprise? I'm a sexual person. Kevin always said that he thought I was promiscuous until I started with him, and then he just thought that I was healthy and instinctive."

"Well, Nancy—"

"I have a feeling you aren't very approving either."

"I don't know, I—"

"But that's all I want. I realized on the way here that all the time I've known you I've wanted you to approve of me. Not just to like me, or even respect me, but to approve of me. I still like being married to Kevin, but all of us should know by now that the best person for being married to isn't always the best person for sleeping with, and there's no reason why he should be." She glanced out the window. "Anyway, here he comes." A moment later the door slammed open. Lily thought Kevin was angry, until she realized that he had simply misjudged the weight of the door. Sweat was pouring off him, actually dripping on the carpet. Nancy said, "Jesus! Go take a shower." Lily wanted to tell him not to drip over the coffee table, with its bowl of fruit, but said nothing. He looked at them with studied ingenuousness and said, "Four miles in twenty-five minutes. Not bad, huh? And it's ninety-three. I just ran past the bank clock."

"Great." Nancy turned back to Lily and said, "Maybe I should try to call Meredith Lawlor while I'm here. We were pretty good friends junior year. I've often thought about her, actually." Kevin tromped into the bathroom.

WASHING LETTUCE FOR THE SANDWICHES, LILY watched Nancy slice the turkey. It was remarkable, after all, how the other woman's most trivial mannerisms continued to be perfectly familiar to her after two years, after not thinking about Nancy or their times together for days and even weeks at a stretch. It was as if the repeated movement of an arm through the air or the repeated cocking of a head could engrave itself willy-nilly on her brain, and her brain, recognizing what was already contained in it, would always respond with warmth. In fact, although she did feel this burr of disapproval toward Nancy, and sympathy for Kevin, Kevin's presence was oppressive and Nancy's congenial. Nancy got out the bread she had made, a heavy, crumbly, whole-grain production, and they stacked vegetables and meat on the slices and slathered them with mustard and catsup. The shower in the bathroom went off and Nancy sighed. Lily wondered if she heard herself.

Lily remembered that the kitchen workers in the college cafeteria had always teased Kevin about his appetite. Certainly he still ate with noise and single-minded gusto. His lettuce crunched, his bread fell apart, pieces of tomato dropped on his plate and he wiped them up with more bread. He drank milk. Lily tried to imagine him at work. Fifteen months before, he had graduated from business school near the top of his class and had taken a risky job with a small company. The owner was impressed with his confidence and imagination. In a year he'd gotten four raises, all of them substantial. Lily imagined him in a group of men, serious, athletic, well-dressed, subtly dominating. Was it merely Nancy's conversation about him that made him seem to eat so foolishly, so dependently, with such naked anxiety? To *be* so foolish, so dependent? When he was finished, Nancy asked him whether he was still hungry and said to Lily, "Isn't this good bread? I made up the recipe myself."

"It's delicious."

"I think so. I've thought of baking bread for the health-food store near us. In fact, they asked me to, but I'm not sure it would be very profitable."

"It's nice that they asked you."

"A couple of guys there really like it."

Kevin scowled. Lily wondered if one of these guys was Hobbs Nolan. Nancy went on, "I make another kind, too, an herb bread with dill and chives and tarragon."

"That sounds good."

"It is."

Lily was rather taken aback at Nancy's immodesty. This exchange, more than previous ones, seemed to draw her

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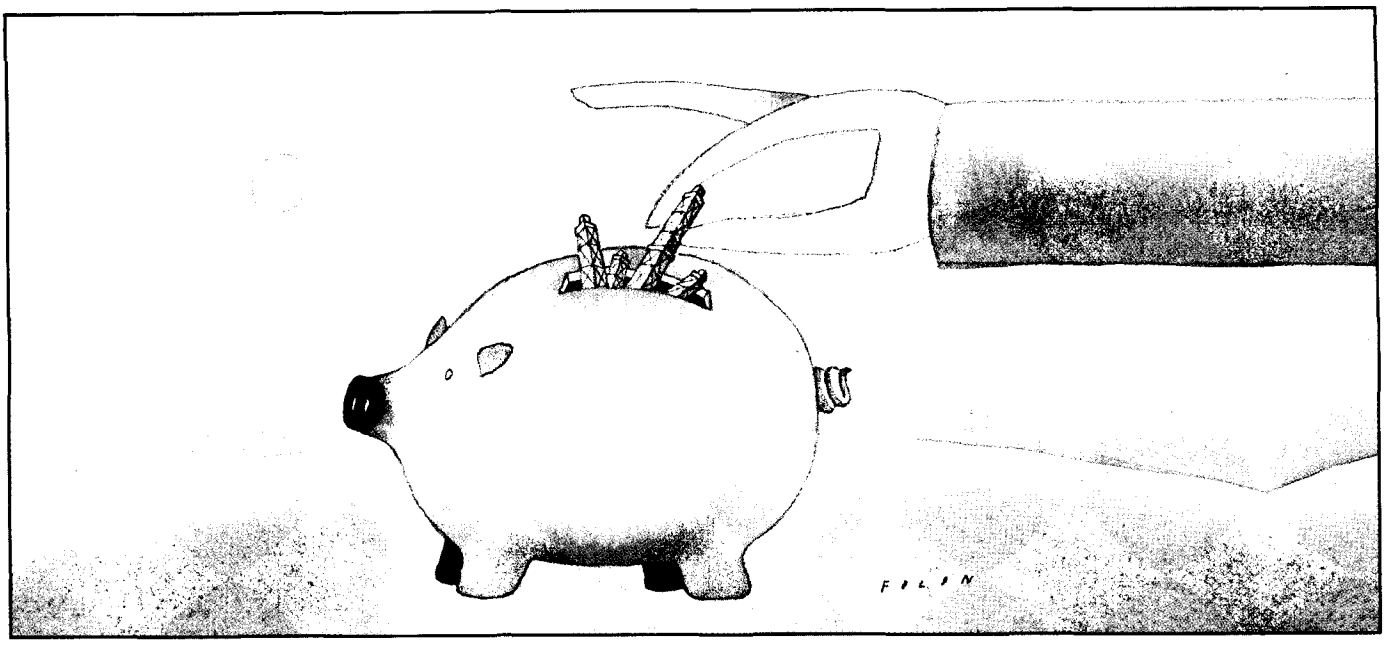

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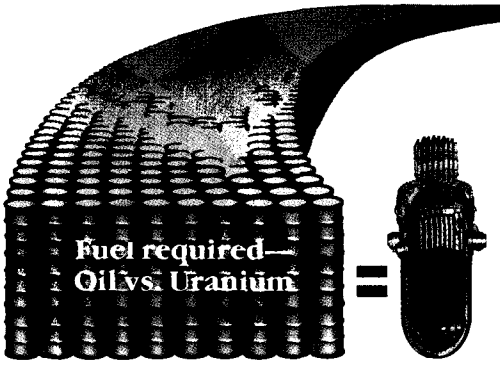

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into the Humboldts' marriage and to implicate her in its fate. She felt a brief sharp relief that they would be gone soon. She finished her sandwich and stood up to get an apple. It was before one o'clock. More stuff—the towel Kevin had used on his hair, Nancy's sandals, Nancy's other hairbrush—was distributed around the living room. Lily had spent an especially solitary summer, with no summer school to teach and many of her friends away, particularly since the first of August. Some days the only people she spoke to were checkers at the grocery store or librarians. Her fixation on the Humboldts' possessions was a symptom that her solitary life certainly was unhealthy, that she was, after all, turning back into a virgin, as she feared. It was true that her apartment never looked "lived in" and that she preferred it that way. Suddenly she was envious of them; in spite of their suspicions and resentments their life together had a kind of chaotic richness. Their minds were full of each other. Just then Kevin said, with annoyance, "Damn!" and Nancy shrugged, perfectly taking his meaning.

"There's a great swimming pool here," Lily said. "I've spent practically the whole summer there. You must have brought your suits?"

KEVIN HAD BEEN DIVING OFF THE HIGH BOARD steadily for at least forty-five minutes. At first, when Nancy and Lily had been talking about Kenneth Diamond and Lily's efforts to end that long relationship, Nancy had only glanced at Kevin from time to time. Lily remarked that she had slept with Ken fewer than twenty times in nine years. Nancy stared at her—not in disbelief but as if seeking to know the unfathomable. Then, for four dives, Nancy did not take her eyes off Kevin. He did a backwards double somersault, tucked; a forward one-and-a-half lay-out; a forward one-and-a-half in pike position; and a double somersault with a half-gainer, which was astonishingly graceful. "I knew he dove in high school," she said, "but I've never seen this." A plump adolescent girl did a swan dive and Kevin stepped onto the board again. Other people looked up, including two of the lifeguards. Perhaps he was unaware that people were looking at him. At any rate, he was straightforward and undramatic about stepping into his dive. The board seemed to bend in two under his muscular weight and then to fling him toward the blue sky. He attempted a forward two-and-a-half, tuck position, but failed to untuck completely before entering the water. In a moment he was hoisting himself out and heading for the board to try again. Nancy said, "It's amazing how sexy he looks from a distance. All the pieces seem to fit together better. And he really is a good diver. I can't believe he hasn't practiced in all these years."

"Maybe he has."

"Maybe. I mean he looks perfect, and no older than twenty-one. That's how old he was when we first met—twenty-one. I was dating Sandy Ritter. And you were dating Murray Freed."

"I could have done worse than stick with Murray Freed. But he was so evasive that when Ken approached me in a grown-up, forthright way, I just gave up on Murray. He's got a little graphics company in Santa Barbara, and I hear he spends two or three months of the year living on the beach in Big Sur."

"Well, don't worry about it. I've always thought leisure and beauty were rather overrated, myself." She grinned. "But look at him! He did it! That one was nearly perfect, toes pointed and everything."

"I guess I'm sort of surprised that you think he's funny-looking. Everybody always thought he was good-looking in college."

"Did they? It's hard to remember what he looks like, even when I'm looking at him. I mean, I know what he looks like, but I don't know what I think about it. This diving sort of turns me on, if you can believe that."

"Really?" But Lily realized that she was vulnerable, too, and when Kevin came over, dripping and fit, toweling his hair and shoulders with Lily's own lavender towel, his smile seemed very white, his skin very rosy, and his presence rather welcome.

Actually, it was apparent that they all felt better. Lily had swum nearly half a mile, and Nancy had cooled off without getting her hair wet. Kevin was pleased with the dives he had accomplished and with Nancy's obvious admiration. All three of them had an appetite, and it was just the right time to begin planning a meal. "This is a nice park," Kevin said. "The trees are huge."

"We should get steak," Nancy said.

IN THE BEDROOM, PUTTING ON HER CLOTHES, LILY smiled to hear Nancy's laugh followed by a laugh from Kevin. Really, he was a good-humored sort of person, who laughed frequently. Although she could not have said how the visit had failed that morning, or why it was succeeding right then, she did sense their time filling up with possibilities of things they could do together. She heard Nancy say, "I think the coals must be ready by now," and the slam of the door. She pulled a cotton sweater over her head and went into the kitchen thinking fondly of the Humboldts' driving away the next morning with smiles on their faces and reconciliation in their hearts. She hadn't done anything, really, but something had done the trick. Kevin was sitting at the table wrapping onions and potatoes in foil. Lily opened the refrigerator and took out a large stalk of broccoli, which she began to slice for steaming. Kevin had put on a light-blue tailored shirt and creased corduroy slacks. His wet hair was combed back and he had shaved. He said, "Why did you stick with Diamond all those years? I mean"—he looked at her cautiously—"wasn't it obvious that you weren't going to get anything out of it?"

"I got a lot out of it. Ken's problem is that nobody thinks he's anything special but me. I do think he's quite special, though, and I think I got a good education, lots of atten-

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tion, lots of affection, and lots of time to work. It wasn't what I expected but it wasn't so bad, though I wish there had been some way to practice having another type of relationship, or even just having dates."

"What did he think about your winning the prize?"

"I don't know. I broke up with him right after I applied for it, and I didn't read the letter he sent after I got it."

"Last night, when you were talking—" But the door opened and Nancy swept in. "The coals are perfect! Are these the steaks in here? I'm famished! Guess what? I got three big ears of corn from your neighbor, who was out in his garden. He's cute and about our age. What's his name? He was funny, and awfully nice to me."

"I've never even spoken to the guy," Lily said.

"What do you do? Cross the street when you see an attractive man?" Nancy teased.

"It's not that. It's that some curse renders me invisible. But Kevin was about to say something."

He shrugged.

"Put on you by Professor Kenneth Diamond, no doubt," Nancy said. She handed a potato back to Kevin. "Do that one better. The skin shows. Seriously, Lily"—Kevin took the potato back with a careful, restrained gesture—"you can't keep this up. It's impossible. You're the most beautiful woman anyone we know knows. You have to at least act like you're interested. I'm sure you act like you wouldn't go on a date for a million dollars. You don't prostitute yourself simply by being friendly." Kevin rewrapped the potato and handed it back to Nancy. Then he smiled at Lily and she had a brief feeling that something dramatic and terrible had been averted, although she couldn't say what it was. Nancy ripped the paper off the rib eyes and dropped it on the table.

THE WINE WAS NEARLY FINISHED. KEVIN HAD CHOsen it, a California red that he'd tried in Vancouver. He kept saying, "I was lucky to find this so far east. That isn't a bad liquor store, really." Lily hadn't especially liked it at first because of its harsh flavor and thick consistency, but after three glasses she was sorry to see the second bottle close to empty. She set it carefully upright in the grass. There was a mystery to its flavor that made her keep wanting to try it again. Nancy was talking about the play she had been in, as the second lead, with a small theater group in Vancouver. She had loved everything about it, she said. "The applause most of all," Kevin said, smiling. "She got a lot of it, too. The third night, she got more than anyone in the cast. She was pretty funny."

"I was very funny."

"Yes, you were very funny."

Nancy lay back on the chaise longue. "The director said

CROSSING THE VOID

(for Stanley Kunitz)

I pick my crooked way
across a half-built bridge
past left-behind lunchpails,
rusting wrenches, cables
coiled scattershot
half across the span.
Could my scream be heard?
No, nor anyone catch
a glimpse of a body falling
to the rocks, hammered to pieces
by the brawling stream below.

I count my footsteps toward
the emptiness ahead
with no memory pushing me,
not the milk-scented kisses of childhood,
nor the prickle of revenge
nor the black hounds of grief.
Against my face
droplets of flannel mist
dash tiny explosions.

Misguided by travel,
I know that without ground
I can hear no music, yet
unless I go on I'll be barred
from footing ashore
in rigging, on bridges,
clambering or crossing. As I approach
the vanishing point, I begin to feel
a half-remembered sickness
as when the waterfilled seaboot
pulls down, and then the list,
heave, and plunge
of sinking planking.

—Peter Davison

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that he thought I should take acting classes at the university. They have a very good program. I had never acted before, and they gave me the second lead. You know, there are tons of professional actors in Vancouver."

"It wasn't exactly a professional show. Only the two leads were getting paid, and the guy wasn't even an Equity actor," Kevin said.

"I know that."

Lily took a deep breath. Neither Kevin nor Nancy had changed position in the past five minutes. Both were still leaning back, gazing into the tops of the trees or at the stars, but their voices were beginning to rise. She said, "It must be lovely to live in Vancouver." She thought of it vividly, as if for the first time: thick vegetation, brilliant flowers, dazzling peaks, lots to eat and do, the kind of paradise teaching would probably never take her to.

"It's expensive," Nancy said. "And I've found the people very self-satisfied."

"I don't think that's true," Kevin said.

"I know you don't. Kevin likes it there just fine. But the university is good, and they send acting students off to places like Yale and England and New York City all the time."

"By the time you could get into acting school, you would be thirty-one at the very least." Kevin had sat up now, but casually. He poured the last of the mysterious-tasting wine into his glass.

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, frankly, I don't see how you can quit working for another two years, until I get established." He looked at the wine in the glass and gulped it down. "And maybe thirty-one is a little old to start training for a profession where people begin looking for work before they're out of their teens. And what about having kids? You can't very well have any kids while you're going to school full time. That play had you going eighteen hours a day some days. Which is not to say that it wasn't worth it, but I don't know that you would even want to do it six or eight times a year."

Nancy was breathing hard. Lily leaned forward, alarmed that she hadn't averted this argument, and put her hand on Nancy's arm. Nancy shook it off. "Kids! Who's talking about kids? I'm talking about taking some courses in what I like to do and what some people think I'm good at doing. The whole time I was in that play you just acted like it was a game that I was playing. I have news for you—"

"It was a community-theater production! You weren't putting on Shakespeare or Chekhov, either. And it's not as if Bill Henry has directed in Toronto, much less in New York."

"He's done lights in New York! He did lights on *The Fantasticks*! And on *A Chorus Line*!"

"Big deal."

Nancy leaped to her feet. "I'll tell you something, mister. You owe it to me to put me through whatever school I want to go to, no matter what happens to our relationship or our marriage. I slaved in the purchasing department of that university for three years so that you could go to business school full time. I lived with those crummy friends of yours for four years so we could save on mortgage—"

Lily said, "Nancy—"

Kevin said, "What do you mean, 'no matter what happens to our relationship'? What do you mean by that?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean! Lily knows what I mean, too!"

Lily pressed herself deep into her chair, hoping that neither of them would address her, but Kevin turned to face her. In the darkness his deep-set eyes were nearly invisible, so that when he said, "What did she tell you?" Lily could not decide what would be the best reply to make. He stepped between her and Nancy and demanded, "What did she say?"

"I think you should ask her that."

"She won't tell me anything. You tell me." He took a step toward her. "You tell me whether she still loves me. I want to know that. That's all I want to know." The tone of his voice in the dark was earnest and nearly calm.

"That's between you and Nancy. Ask her. It's not my business."

"But you know. And I've asked her. She's said yes so many times to that question that it doesn't mean anything anymore. You tell me. Does she still love me?"

Lily tried to look around him at Nancy, but seeing the movement of her head, he shifted to block any communication between them. "Does she?"

"She hasn't told me anything."

"But you have your own opinion, don't you?"

"I can't see that that's significant in any way."

"Tell me what it is. Does she still love me?"

He seemed, with his chest, to be bearing down on her as she sat. She had lost all sense of where Nancy was, even whether she was still outside. Wherever she was, she was not coming to Lily's aid. Perhaps she too was waiting for Lily's opinion. Lily said, "No."

"No, what? Is that your opinion?"

Surely Nancy would have stepped in by now. "No, it doesn't seem to me that she loves you anymore." Lily broke into a sweat the moment she stopped speaking, a sweat of instant regret. Kevin stepped back and Lily saw that Nancy was behind him, still and silent on the chaise longue. "Oh, Lord," said Lily, standing up and taking her glass into the house.

THE HUMBOLDTS STAYED OUTSIDE FOR A LONG time. Lily washed the dishes and got ready for bed; she was sitting on the cot in the guest room winding her clock when Nancy knocked on the door and came in. "We had a long talk," she said, "and things are all right."

"Did you—"

"I don't want to talk about it anymore. This may be the best thing. At least I feel that I've gotten some things off my chest. And I think we're going to leave very early in the morning, so I wish you wouldn't get up."

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"But I—" Lily looked at Nancy for a moment, and then said, "Okay, I won't. Thanks for stopping."

"You can't mean that, but I'll write." She closed the door and Lily put her feet under the sheet. There were no sounds, and after a while she fell asleep. She awoke to a rhythmic knocking. She thought at first of the door, but remembered that Nancy had closed it firmly. Then she realized that the blows were against the wall beside her head. She tried to visualize the other room. It would be the bed, and they would be making love. She picked up her clock and turned it to catch light from the street. It was just after midnight. She had been asleep, although deeply, for only an hour. The knocking stopped and started again, and it was irregular enough to render sleep unlikely for the time being. She smoothed her sheet and blanket and slid farther into the bed. Even after her eyes had adjusted, the room was dark: the streetlight was ten yards down, and there was no moon. Nancy and Kevin's rhythmic banging was actually rather comforting, she thought. She lay quietly for a moment, and then sat up and turned on the light. She felt for her book under the bed. The banging stopped and did not start again, and Lily reached for the light switch, but as her hand touched it, Nancy cried out. She took her hand back and opened her book, and Nancy cried out again. Lily thought of the upstairs neighbor, whom she hadn't heard all evening, and hoped he wasn't in yet. The bed in the next room gave one hard bang against the wall, and Nancy cried out again. Lily grew annoyed at her lack of consideration, and then, inexplicably, alarmed. She put her feet on the floor. Once she had done that, she was afraid to do anything else. It was suddenly obvious to her that the cries had been cries of fear rather than of passion, and Lily was afraid to go out, afraid of what she might see in the next room. She thought of Nancy's comments about Kevin's strength, and of Nancy's carelessness about Kevin's feelings. She opened the door. Lights were on everywhere, shocking her, and the noise of some kind of tussle came from their bedroom. Lily crept around the door and peeked in. Kevin had his back to her and was poised with one knee on the bed. All the bedcovers were torn off the bed, and Nancy, who had just broken free, was backed against the window. She looked at Lily for a long second and then turned her head so that Lily could see that her hair had been jaggedly cut off. One side was almost to her shoulder, but the other side stopped at her earlobe. The skein of hair lay on the mattress. Lily recognized it now. Seeing Nancy's gaze travel past him, Kevin set down a pair of scissors, Lily's very own shears, that had been sitting on the shelf above the sewing machine. Lily said, "My God! What have you been doing?"

Looking for the first time at the hair on the bed, Nancy began to cry. Kevin bent down and retrieved his gym shorts from under the bed and stepped into them. He said to Lily rather than Nancy, "I'm going outside. I guess my shoes are in the living room."

Nancy sat on the bed beside the hair, looking at it. It was reddish and glossy, with the life of a healthy wild animal, an otter or a mink. Lily wished Nancy would say that she had been thinking of having it cut anyway, but she knew Nancy hadn't been. She thought of saying herself that Nancy could always grow it back, but that, too, was unlikely. Hair like that probably wouldn't grow again on a thirty-year-old head. Lily picked up the shears and put them back on the shelf above her sewing table and said, "You were making love?"

The door slammed. Nancy said, "Yes, actually. I wanted to. We decided to split up, earlier, outside." She looked at Lily. "And then when I got in bed I felt happy and free, and I just thought it would be nice."

"And Kevin?"

"He seemed fine! Relieved, even. We were lying there and he was holding me."

"I can't believe you—"

At once Nancy glared at her. "You can't? Why are you so judgmental? This whole day has been one long trial, with you the judge and me the defendant! What do you know, anyway? You've never even lived with anyone! You had this sterile thing with Kenneth Diamond that was more about editing manuscripts than screwing and then you tell my husband that I'm not in love with him anymore! Of course he was enraged. You did it! You hate tension, you hate conflict, so you cut it off, ended it. We could have gone on for years like this, and it wouldn't have been that bad!"

"I didn't say I knew anything. I never said I knew anything."

Nancy put her face in her hands and then looked up and said in a low voice, "What do I look like?"

"Terrible right now—it's very uneven. A good hairdresser can shape it, though. There's a lot of hair left." Nancy reached for her robe and put it on; she picked up the hair, held it for a moment, and then, with her usual practicality, still attractive, always attractive, dropped it into the wastebasket. She glanced around the room and said, "Well, let's clean up before he gets back, okay? And can you take me to the airport tomorrow?"

Lily nodded. They began to pick things up and put them gingerly away. When they had finished the bedroom, they turned out the light in there and began on the living room. It was difficult, Lily thought, to call it quits and go to bed. Kevin did not return. After a long silence Nancy said, "I don't suppose any of us are going to be friends after this." Lily shrugged, but really she didn't suppose so either. Nancy reached up and felt the ends of her hair, and said, "Ten years ago he wouldn't have done this to me."

Had it really been ten years that they'd all known each other? Lily looked around her apartment, virginal again, and she was frightened by it. She felt a sudden longing for Kevin so strong that it approached desire, not for Kevin as he was but for Kevin as he looked—self-confident, muscular, smart. Her throat closed over, as if she were about to cry. Across the room Nancy picked up one of her hairbrushes with a sigh—and she was, after all, uninjured, unmarked. Lily smiled and said, "Ten years ago he might have killed you." □

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FIRST ENCOUNTERS

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND ORSON WELLES

ORSON WELLES ALWAYS denied that *Citizen Kane* was the story of William Randolph Hearst, but, of course, it was. The parallels are obvious. Both Hearst and Charles Foster Kane were born in 1863, were symbiotically attached to their mothers, were kicked out of Harvard, and went on to amass newspaper empires. Both ran for political office and lost, although Hearst ran and lost more often (including a bid for the Democratic presidential ticket in 1904). Xanadu was a carbon copy of San Simeon, and Susan—with her blonde hair, artistic aspirations, and addiction to jigsaw puzzles—a caricature of Marion Davies. Hearst was not amused.

No time was lost mobilizing forces against Welles and RKO. The studio, harassed by the Hearst press—thirty of the most influential papers in the country—found its position vulnerable. A word in the ear of Nelson Rockefeller, and Radio City Music Hall became unavailable; the same thing happened at theaters all over the country. Financial disaster loomed. Hollywood itself was hostile: at twenty-five Welles was already a daring and successful director/producer/star both on stage and in radio, and was far from humble about it. His arrogance made it easy for Louella Parsons to attack the man who attacked her boss. Louis B. Mayer, Hearst's old buddy (MGM produced many Marion Davies films), offered to buy the negative and prints of *Citizen Kane* and destroy them, but RKO finally permitted the film's release on May 1, 1941.

By chance the old lion and the cocky cub crossed paths not long afterward. On the day of the San Francisco opening (as Welles told the story later) the two adversaries found themselves alone together in the elevator of the Fairmont Hotel. Welles could not ignore such potential for drama. Oozing charm, he introduced himself as the son of the publisher's old friend Richard Welles, and invited Hearst to the premiere. His overture was met with stony silence. As Hearst got off at his floor, Welles, rebuffed but unrelenting, delivered his final shot: "Charles Foster Kane would have *accepted*." —*Nancy Caldwell Sorel*

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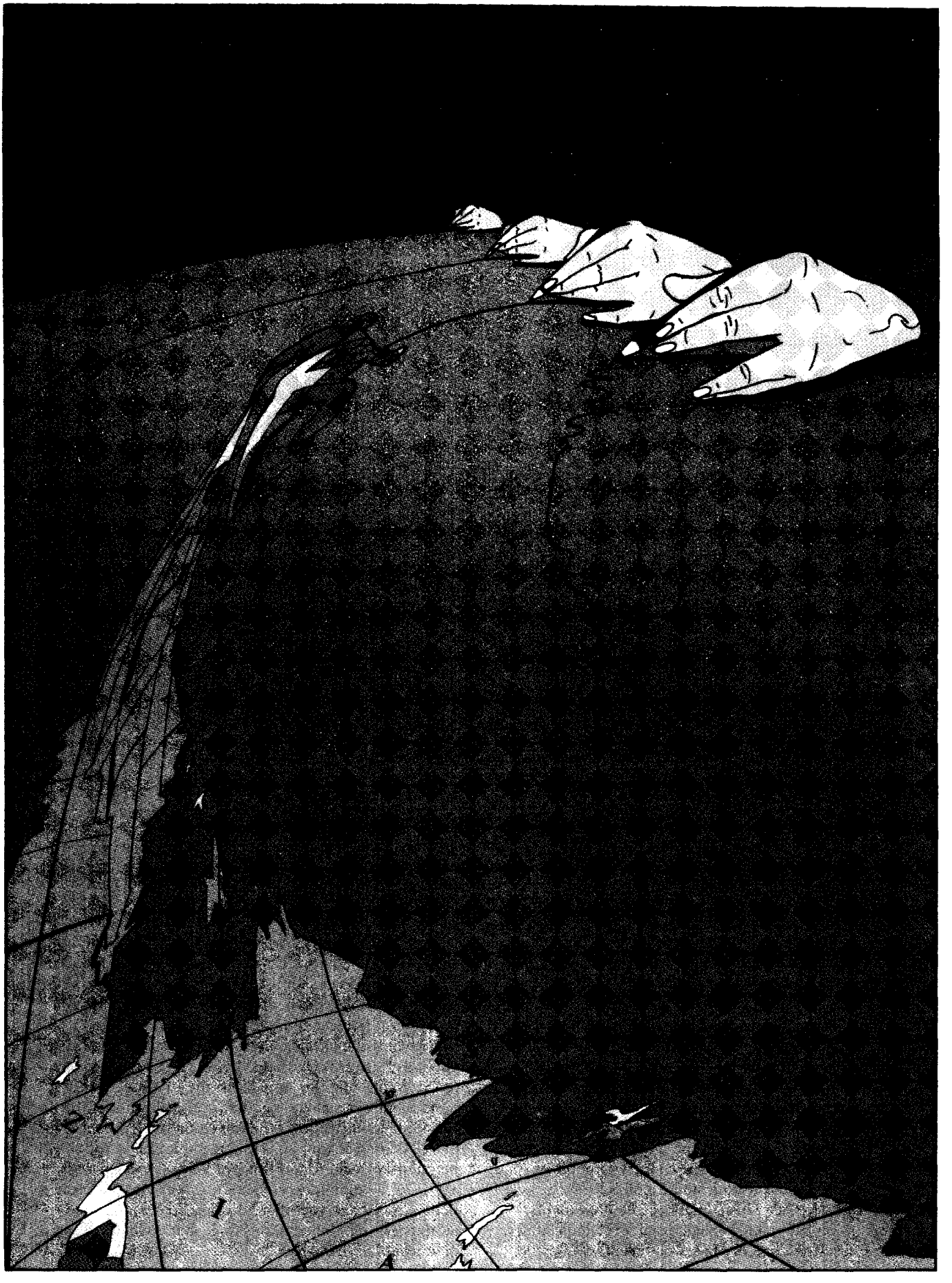

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While attacking UNESCO's shortcomings, the Reagan Administration has ignored its many strengths

UNESCO UNDER FIRE

BY MICHAEL MASSING

LAST DECEMBER, WHEN THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION announced that the United States was withdrawing from the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), its decision was promptly endorsed by many prominent Americans, and not just ones on the right. James Michener and Barbara Tuchman praised the decision. So did Walter Mondale, in the first Democratic candidates' debate, in New Hampshire. With few exceptions the nation's most important newspapers, including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, concurred with the Administration's view that UNESCO is the most poorly managed and anti-American body in the whole United Nations system.

At the same time, the decision was denounced by other prominent Americans, and not just on the left. Congressman Jim Leach, an Iowa Republican, accused the State Department of behaving like "poor losers." Leonard Sussman, a longtime critic of UNESCO who is the executive director of Freedom House, a group that monitors political rights around the world, called on the Administration to stay and fight. Edmund P. Hennelly, a Mobil Oil executive, a Reagan campaign supporter, and the chairman of the U.S. delegation to the UNESCO general conference last fall, described the gathering as "among the least politicized and the most constructive from the U.S. point of view in recent memory." The U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, a body of private citizens that supervises U.S. participation in the organization, voted 41 to 8 in favor of remaining in UNESCO.

The debate, then, has been spirited. Unfortunately, it has often been ill informed as well. Many of the Reagan Administration's charges have been exaggerated, motivated less by UNESCO's actual faults than by political objectives unrelated to them. And the press, which has a direct stake in UNESCO's debates about communications, has often conveyed an image of the organization that suits its own purposes. UNESCO has real problems. But they must be sifted out from the indiscriminate attacks launched against it. Only then will it be possible to evaluate whether the Administration should make the withdrawal final, a decision due by December 31.

UNESCO is one of the largest of the forty UN agencies, serving in effect as the UN's educational and cultural arm. Its "Approved Programme and Budget for 1984–1985" is a 753-page document detailing the agency's hundreds of programs, which extend from the abstract and grandiose (studies on "the social and cultural dimensions of world problems") to the specific and mundane (studies concerning "hydrological processes and parameters for water projects").

One theme runs throughout: development. While certain UNESCO activities directly benefit the West—administering the international copyright convention, for instance, or coordinating regional scientific programs—the organization serves principally as a huge consulting firm for the Third World. Many of its programs seek to apply science and technology to the problems of underdevelopment. For example, UNESCO is studying how micro-organisms might help increase food production and is experimenting with novel uses for agricultural and urban wastes. It provides advice on building low-cost housing and on using computers in economic planning. It has helped set up geological institutes in Africa to locate mineral resources and is funding pilot projects to condense water from mist.

In the field of culture, too, UNESCO is slanted toward the Third World. It is translating little-known literary works from India and Korea into English and French. It is transcribing ancient manuscripts and recording oral traditions on cassettes. UNESCO finances historical research on Slavic and Islamic cultures and publishes dictionaries and grammars for obscure languages. Perhaps its best-known projects are its international campaigns to preserve two dozen historical monuments stretching from Carthage to Katmandu.

Above all, UNESCO is the developing world's chief educational center, and it has been instrumental in combating illiteracy. The agency funds regional educational institutes, holds national teacher-training workshops, and advises governments on setting educational policies. It examines why students drop out of school and how they might find jobs. UNESCO is helping to strengthen educational radio in Thailand, to fund postgraduate engineering courses in India, to send mobile teaching teams to the Maldives, and to teach English as a second language in Sri Lanka. It even offers suggestions on how to make school buildings more resistant to earthquakes.

UNESCO has 161 members, more than any other UN agency; an annual budget of almost $200 million; and a staff of 3,344. More than 2,400 employees work at the majestic headquarters in Paris, which displays works by Picasso, Miro, and Noguchi, and is a regular stop for tourists.

Michael Massing is a writer who lives in New York City.

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

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UNESCO has field offices in thirty-one countries and liaison offices in New York, Washington, Venice, and Geneva. It sponsors approximately 100 conferences, seminars, and workshops a year and coordinates thousands of fellowships for Third World scholars. The agency publishes twenty-five periodicals and it issues on average a book a day, making it perhaps the largest book publisher in the world.

All of this is a long way from the days when UNESCO employed a dozen people in a flat near London's Grosvenor Square. At the time of its founding, in 1946, the organization had only twenty-eight members—half of them from the West—and a budget of not quite $7 million. UNESCO was created out of a desire on the part of the United States and its wartime allies to reconstruct European society and culture and thereby to help banish war. Its constitution, drafted by intellectuals like Archibald MacLeish, Stephen Spender, and Julian Huxley, was a distillation of postwar idealism. It declared a belief in "the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth" and "the free exchange of ideas and knowledge" as means for promoting "mutual understanding and a truer and more perfect knowledge of each other's lives."

Such lofty ideals have made UNESCO an easy target. The same is true of the organization's studies in culture and development, which are often nebulous and filled with terms like "endogenous," "multidimensional," and "interdevelopment" (examples of a jargon that has been dubbed "UNESCO-ese"). UNESCO's image is also not helped by its general conferences, which every two years provide a pulpit and a captive audience to member states large and small.

UNESCO gets its share of appraisals like the following, from the Spring, 1983, issue of *Policy Review*, a Heritage Foundation publication:

> For the permanent, bureaucratic staff in Paris, Unesco is a nice little tax-free enclave, and most employees would like to keep it that way without too much political boat-rocking. They turn out their studies—booklets such as "Cultural Policy in Bulgaria"—which no one, really, is in any danger of reading, and they collect their post adjustment and their tax-free emoluments, they come in at nine and disappear at twelve for their two-hour lunches in the cozy cafes of the seventh arrondissement, so why should they complain?

The daily press has been no less acerbic. *The Chicago Tribune*, for instance, recently asserted that if UNESCO "disappeared tomorrow, nobody would miss it except the army of drones who soak up its bloated budget with high salaries and trips to comfy conferences held in such pleasant places as Paris." UNESCO, declared the *Tribune*, is a "100 percent dead loss."

State Department officials behind the decision to withdraw agree. "UNESCO was founded to foster cooperation and development in education, science, culture, and, later, communications," says Gregory Newell, the assistant secretary of state for international-organization affairs. "But," he says, "the organization has been getting away from its mandate and has really become more of a political forum" in which "the real purposes of a specialized technical agency are threatened." Rather than sticking to basics like literacy programs, Newell says, UNESCO spends much of its time meddling in such irrelevant matters as southern Africa, human rights, and peace and disarmament. Jean Gerard, the U.S. permanent delegate to UNESCO, discerns a "radical, confrontational" philosophy at UNESCO whose "collectivist, statist" orientation serves Soviet ends. "It's always the values of a free press and free enterprise that are under attack," she says, "and not the values of the collectivist, Marxist point of view."

IN ADDITION TO POLITICIZATION, THE STATE DEPARTment charges UNESCO with appalling mismanagement and an insatiable appetite for money. Its current budget—of which the United States pays one fourth—represents an increase of 2.5 or 4 percent over the previous one, depending on who is estimating. The Reagan Administration maintains that this not only violates its standard of zero net growth for international organizations that receive U.S. financial support but also is greater than the increases at most other UN agencies. Most of UNESCO's funds don't even reach the people who need them, according to Elliott Abrams, the assistant secretary of state for human rights and humanitarian affairs and another strong advocate of withdrawal. "It's questionable if UNESCO's programs have any real-world existence," he says. "One third of them never get done at all. The money goes to support a huge bureaucracy in Paris that lives very well. Most of these people haven't seen the economy class of an airplane for decades." Abrams says that UNESCO is "run like a Third World dictatorship," ruled by fear and wallowing in patronage. The Administration had made demands for change, he says, but since these were ignored, the State Department decided that it had no choice but withdrawal. "How can we make the UN system effective without taking a stand against its worst member?" he asks.

Just how bloated is UNESCO's bureaucracy? Abrams cites as evidence that about 75 percent of the agency's budget is spent in Paris rather than in the field. In fact, according to UNESCO's own figures, the proportion is about 78 percent. But UNESCO is not designed to carry out most of its work in the field. Rather, says Herschelle Challenor, director of UNESCO's liaison office in Washington, it is a "catalytic agency" that provides intellectual tools for people who do work in the field. Thus UNESCO does not fight illiteracy by sending brigades of teachers into villages, which it could hardly afford to do. Instead it prepares manuals for teachers, studies ways to improve teaching techniques, and suggests changes in curricula. Similarly, UNESCO does not build TV transmitters, but it does advise governments on how TV might be used for educational purposes. It does not construct water systems, but it does test experimental cisterns for collecting rainwater. UNESCO's chief activities—research, publishing, sponsoring

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meetings—are, Challenor says, "best performed by a centralized staff."

UNESCO will spend $187 million this year. Its budget has grown remarkably fast. As recently as 1975 it spent only $90 million. The increase reflects a scramble to meet a flood of demands for help from UNESCO's member states. Paul Baker, the head of the anthropology department at Pennsylvania State University and the chairman of the U.S. division of "Man and the Biosphere," a highly successful UNESCO environmental program, points out that the agency actually spends less each year than a big American university: Penn State, for instance, has an annual budget of more than $600 million. "While it might seem like a fairly large budget," Baker says, "when you consider that the group is trying to treat the world's scientific and social problems, it doesn't seem like that much." This year UNESCO will spend slightly more money than the Ford Foundation.

Furthermore, the difference between UNESCO's 1984–1985 budget and the no-growth budget demanded by the United States was not very great—about $10 million a year. The UNESCO Secretariat originally requested $386 million for two years, in contrast with $354 million recommended by the United States. At the general conference last year, however, UNESCO accepted a compromise of $374 million, which was generally regarded as a good-faith effort to accommodate the Reagan Administration. In the end, the United States was the only one of UNESCO's 161 members to vote against the budget.

It is hard to say how much return UNESCO gets on its money. Because of the nature of its work, the agency cannot, for instance, report how many people it inoculates each year, as the World Health Organization can. But there are indications that the quality of its work has suffered as a result of a management crisis that has developed at the Secretariat over the past two or three years. "UNESCO is not a very happy place to work," says Judson Gooding, who until recently served as counselor to the U.S. delegation in Paris. "I've never seen so many gloomy-looking people in my life." According to a recent poll, only three percent of all staff members believe that hirings and promotions are based on merit. Recently several high-ranking staff members have fled the agency, complaining of intolerable working conditions. One such refugee, from Switzerland, referred in his resignation letter to a "climate of suspicion, prejudice, intolerance, incoherence, arbitrariness, fear, and servility."

Charges of mismanagement inevitably focus on one man—Director-General Amadou Mahtar M'Bow. The head of the organization for the past decade, M'Bow unfailingly provokes strong feelings in those who work with him. He is variously described as proud, temperamental, arrogant, charming, vain, manipulative, and brilliant. In many ways M'Bow *is* UNESCO, and his traits show up in one form or another in the organization he rules. "I have reservations about the whole UN system, but what makes UNESCO particularly pernicious is M'Bow," says Owen Harries, a former Australian ambassador to UNESCO who, since joining the Heritage Foundation last fall, has been the most outspoken critic of UNESCO. He has written that M'Bow is "confrontational and combative" and "has created an atmosphere in which conflict is maximized." Judson Gooding says, "M'Bow is very tyrannical. He governs the place by fear. It's a one-man show."

UNESCO is said to function like a court, with an inner circle tending to the king's needs; loyalty is often valued over competence. Most employment contracts are limited to one or two years, allegedly to keep employees on a short leash. M'Bow has been accused of keeping a fleet of six official cars, maintaining a luxurious rent-free apartment, and traveling with an entourage three times as big as the UN secretary-general's. Worse, M'Bow has been accused of rewarding friends and relatives with jobs, keeping posts vacant and using the money thus saved for his own projects, and obscuring bookkeeping practices to the extent that only he knows how funds are actually spent. The U.S. Congress has commissioned a team of experts to review management practices at UNESCO; its findings are due by the fall.

M'Bow dismisses charges of tyranny as attempts to discredit him made by resentful people who have left the organization. "Working at UNESCO is hard work for everybody," he says. "I do acknowledge that I'm demanding of the work of my colleagues. When I spot inefficiencies, I'm in the habit of talking about them." Only those who "don't do their job properly," he adds, "have reason to be afraid." He says that UNESCO's staff has been "remarkably stable," and that only a handful of the people who work in Paris have been critical.

To be fair, any review of UNESCO's activities must take into account the special nature of the institution. Consider this description of the Director-General's performance:

> His style was that of a little Napoleon . . . he could be a quite dreadful autocrat. At the height of his regime, bossing and bullying had become part of the normal order within UNESCO. He could fly into violent rages with senior men, threaten to send them home the moment their present contracts expired, demand immediate improvements and leave them literally shaking with the violence of his assault and fear for their own futures.

The vignette describes not M'Bow but his predecessor, Réné Maheu, a Frenchman who held the job for eleven years before retiring in 1974. The passage comes from a book titled *An Idea and Its Servants: UNESCO From Within*, by Richard Hoggart, a British educator who served as an assistant director-general in the early 1970s. As he observes, UNESCO's suffocating centralization began under Maheu and in part reflected an effort to control a monstrously unwieldy bureaucracy.

Clearly, the centralization has increased under M'Bow. According to some UNESCO observers, it has stifled creativity. M'Bow gets high marks, however, for his ability to draw order from UNESCO's chaos, even if he must resort to high-handed tactics to do it. Leonard Sussman, of Free-

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dom House, says that the serious charges against M'Bow notwithstanding, he is "a very astute politician" who has to satisfy the Soviets, the Americans, and fifty-one African countries, among others. "He has a lot of balls to juggle—and has managed to keep them all in the air." Edmund Hennelly, of the U.S. delegation to UNESCO, says that M'Bow is "a man of unsurpassed talent—the Horatio Alger of the emerging world." He continues, "From my vantage point, he's a very intelligent, sincere person who nevertheless makes use of the perquisites his body bestows on him. At no time did I or any of my delegation have reason to believe that he was a man of bad character."

M'Bow is so controversial not only because of his managerial style but also because he is unequivocally a man of the Third World. The son of a Senegalese shepherd, he studied at the Sorbonne and eventually became Senegal's minister of education and culture. In 1968 he resigned, because of growing repression in the country, and two years later he was appointed the head of UNESCO's education division. In 1974 M'Bow was elected the first (and only) black African head of a UN specialized agency. He was unanimously re-elected for a second term in 1980, and if he survives the current furor he will serve until 1987.

M'Bow's rise to the top of UNESCO reflects the post-colonial influx of newly independent nations into the organization over the past two decades, a change that has shifted UNESCO's locus of control from the West to the developing countries. M'Bow's unabashed championing of the Third World has made him unpalatable to most of those who advocate an American withdrawal. Owen Harries, for instance, has written that M'Bow is "openly and militantly a spokesman for the radical wing of the Third World" who works hand in hand with the Soviet Union to make UNESCO "the most virulently anti-American member of the UN system."

Others disagree. "UNESCO is seen in East–West terms only because we prefer to see the East in everything that happens," says Samuel De Palma, a former assistant secretary of state and a senior adviser to several U.S. delegations. In fact, he says, "the division is largely North–South. UNESCO is a place where the Third World is struggling for a way to get on with itself." De Palma adds, "Of course the Russians make hay where they can, but they are not a great factor in UNESCO as such. They get a free ride."

THE QUESTION OF IDEOLOGICAL TILT GETS TO THE heart of the Reagan Administration's objections to UNESCO. Has the organization "extraneously politicized virtually every subject it deals with," in a way hostile to American interests, as the State Department claims?

Israel is a good place to begin. UNESCO's attacks on Israel are frequently cited as an example of its thorough politicization; for instance, William Safire, the *New York Times* columnist, recently described the agency as "a center of attempts to de-legitimize Israel." That perception largely dates from the 1974 general conference, when UNESCO censured Israel for alleged misbehavior in the occupied territories, denied it funds, and refused to admit it to a regional subgroup of European nations. The West condemned these measures, and the United States withheld its contribution to UNESCO for two years. It resumed funding UNESCO in 1977, when UNESCO lifted the sanctions against Israel and permitted it to join the European subgroup. Since then UNESCO has maintained a program to monitor Israel's activities in the occupied territories; it also provides several hundred thousand dollars a year to assist Palestinian refugees and to support PLO educational activities. (The United States withholds from its contribution to UNESCO an amount proportionate to UNESCO's support of such projects.)

In the past few years, however, many observers have been impressed by how muted UNESCO's rhetoric against Israel has become—owing in no small part to pressure from the Reagan Administration. At a congressional hearing in February, Assistant Secretary Newell himself acknowledged that Israel did not present a major problem for the United States at UNESCO and was not a reason for the decision to withdraw. In fact, during the general conference last fall Israel's ambassador to UNESCO informed the U.S. delegation that his nation strongly opposed American withdrawal, on the grounds that it might invite renewed attacks.

UNESCO has also come under fire for its peace and disarmament activities. The Soviets and their allies are forever introducing resolutions like "Textbooks must become instruments of peace." Some of these are approved and incorporated into UNESCO's programs. The State Department claims that such programs amount to little more than Soviet propaganda and divert funds from more urgent needs. Newell says that UNESCO spends more on disarmament programs than on eradicating illiteracy among refugees. The 1984–1985 budget bears him out: it allots $949,000 for peace studies and $76,400 for educating refugees. However, UNESCO is spending more than $14 million on literacy programs, as well as $3.7 million on adult education, $2.9 million on rural education, and $2.5 million on promoting educational opportunities for girls and women. Overall, education accounts for 38 percent of UNESCO's expenditures, and peace and disarmament programs account for less than one percent.

Newell asks, "Why should UNESCO be involved with peace and disarmament? It's an appropriate subject, but for different forums," such as, he says, the UN General Assembly and the Conference on Disarmament, in Geneva. However, UNESCO was founded expressly to educate the world in the ways of peace. The most widely quoted line from its constitution reads, "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses must be constructed." Moreover, the 1978 United Nations special session on disarmament specifically called on UNESCO to promote disarmament in its area of competence: education. Most of UNESCO's work in disarmament—producing

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textbooks, conducting research, and the like—falls within that mandate.

UNESCO's peace programs do often seem to have an anti-Western orientation. For instance, the Medium-Term Plan for 1984–1989 calls for studies on "the connections between peace and the elimination of structures of domination, dependence, and exploitation." UNESCO's critics interpret these terms as code words connoting Western imperialism—and they are probably right. But this is only one aspect of UNESCO's work in peace and disarmament. Here, as in other areas, the emphasis is on development. Thus the Medium-Term Plan also says, "The arms race . . . leads to an enormous squandering of human and material resources. It is pursued regardless of the pressing need, in all countries, for investment and expenditure with a view to economic progress and an increase in welfare and social justice." Joseph Coffey, a strategic analyst at the University of Pittsburgh who is familiar with UNESCO's studies, says, "UNESCO's work on peace and disarmament proceeds from a particular base of values and perceptions which look on arms expenditures as costly and better put to alternative uses." Although such work is "frequently critical of the West," which is seen as a major offender, Coffey says, "it's sure as hell not pro-Soviet." More to the point, it is pro-Third World.

NOTHING HAS BROUGHT UNESCO MORE CENSURE THAN the debate on a "new world information order." As reported in the American press, this concept is nothing more or less than an instrument for limiting press freedom. *The New York Times*, for instance, described it in a news account last December as "a code inimical to Western concepts of a free press that would acknowledge governments' right to control the press and set up an international licensing system for journalists as well as a code of press conduct, both administered by the UNESCO Secretariat."

The irony is that most American journalists have gradually accepted many of the assumptions underlying the new information order. Few would dispute its central premise—that a vast imbalance in the global distribution of communications resources exists and must be corrected. As Third World countries have begun to recognize that effective communications are as critical to economic development as roads and dams, they have pressed for even rudimentary infrastructure and training. Most of what they need is in the West, and the West has increasingly shown its willingness to help.

More sensitive have been the charges leveled at the Western press. Critics from Third World countries at UNESCO contend that the big wire services monopolize world news coverage, creating a one-way flow of information from North to South. These critics argue that Western reporters present sensationalized accounts of the developing world, preferring stories about coups and earthquakes to analyses of social and economic conditions. They complain further that the Third World rarely has an opportunity to talk back to the West and give its side of the story.

Western news executives have challenged these assertions as exaggerated and polemical. Nonetheless, the debate has had an undeniable effect—an "enormous impact," in the words of Joseph Rawley, who is the American Newspaper Publishers Association representative to the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO and is a veteran participant in UNESCO's communications debates. "Often when a conference takes place that talks of inequalities, imbalances, and North–South one-way flow," he says, "top representatives of AP and UPI are present—and they're listening."

UNESCO's reputation as an enemy of press freedom comes from its attempts to define social uses for the media and, above all, from its intermittent involvement in the contentious area of protecting—or, to use the more emotive term, licensing—journalists. The protection issue is a

THE BASEBALL PLAYERS

Against the bright
grass the white-knickered
players tense, seize,
and attend. A moment
ago, outfielders
and infielders adjusted
their clothing, glanced
at the sun and settled
forward, hands on knees;
the catcher twitched
a forefinger; the pitcher
walked back of the hill,
established his cap,
and returned; the batter
rotated his bat
in a slow circle.
But now
they pause: wary,
exact, suspended—
while abiding moonrise
lightens the angel
of the overgrown
garden, and Walter Blake
Adams, who died
at fourteen, waits
under the footbridge.

—Donald Hall

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real one, going back to the late 1960s and early 1970s, when Indochina was becoming a graveyard for journalists: seventeen disappeared in Cambodia in 1970 alone. Journalists' associations appealed to several international organizations, including the UN, to draft a safety convention, but nothing came of these efforts. In 1976, after Western journalists had expressed their continuing concern to him, M'Bow announced that UNESCO would help look for solutions. He made his announcement just as Third World nations were beginning to push for a new world information order, and the protection issue was soon joined to the broader debate.

At UNESCO member states eagerly took up the question of the protection of journalists; however, many seemed more concerned with shielding governments from journalists than the other way around. Most protection schemes called for correspondents to receive internationally recognized cards that would identify them in dangerous areas. The problem was that if governments were involved in issuing the cards, they could also revoke them when they felt that reporters had abused their privileges. In short, the cards could easily turn into a licensing system.

That's certainly how it sounded when the issue was discussed by Mustapha Masmoudi, Tunisia's delegate to UNESCO in the late 1970s and the enfant terrible of the Third World communications movement. In one paper Masmoudi proclaimed that the protection of journalists was a "key element" in the new information order and called for the drafting of an international convention that would list "precisely defined infringements" and protect "both the organs of the State and the Nation as such, insofar as its prestige, culture, and values are involved." Should such infringements occur, governments could compel news organizations to run retractions through recourse to an international "right of correction." Furthermore, Masmoudi declared, "each nation should be in a position to choose its information in accordance with its realities and requirements"—a seeming demand for the right of censorship.

Masmoudi's ominous pronouncements caused alarm in the West, and the lines were quickly drawn. A number of influential media organizations in the United States and abroad came together to form the World Press Freedom Committee (WPFC), which declared itself ready to provide "a strong global voice against those who advocate a state-controlled media." The WPFC and its allies soon scored some notable victories. At the 1978 general conference they succeeded in beating back Soviet-led efforts to gain UNESCO's endorsement of government control of the media; the final declaration that emerged from the meeting was adopted unanimously and embraced the principles of a free press.

But the tough stance taken by Western press representatives had some unanticipated side effects. In the first place, it helped polarize the debate. For instance, the insistence on the superiority of the American press model, including an emphasis on the importance of advertising, probably put off some representatives of nonaligned Third World countries who might otherwise have become allies. In addition, the alarmist pronouncements about what was taking place at UNESCO set the tone for press coverage of the organization's activities. After the 1980 general conference, held in Belgrade, A. H. Raskin, the associate director of the National News Council and a former *New York Times* correspondent, wrote a report examining press accounts of the event. "Not one story emanating from the conference," Raskin wrote, "dealt with any of the reports, speeches, or resolutions on UNESCO's basic activities in combating illiteracy, developing alternate energy sources, protecting historic monuments," and so on. Instead, the report stated, coverage "concentrated almost exclusively on Western worries about the UNESCO [communications] initiative, with little presentation of opposing viewpoints." Such an "imbalance," Raskin pointedly concluded, "set a poor example for Third World journalists and other skeptics on what they should find admirable as a model of press freedom."

It was in this atmosphere of mutual suspicion that UNESCO, in February of 1981, made the move that most upset the United States. Governments throughout Latin America and in much of Africa and Asia were stepping up their attacks on journalists—arresting, abducting, and murdering them. At the request of two major journalists' federations, based in Brussels and Prague, UNESCO invited a number of regional press organizations from around the world to meet in Paris to discuss possible solutions. In anticipation of the meeting, UNESCO commissioned a French law professor to draft a paper recommending concrete measures.

No groups from the United States were invited. When the World Press Freedom Committee got wind of the meeting, it expressed outrage; eventually it and other Western groups were allowed to attend. When the American representatives arrived in Paris, they were dismayed by what they found. The French professor proposed setting up a commission that would initially be composed only of professionals but that would ultimately include government representatives. He also called for the establishment of an international code of ethics. A bitter stalemate developed, and the meeting broke up inconclusively.

UNESCO officials denied that the meeting had any sinister purpose, pointing out that UNESCO had merely acted as a sponsor, as it does for scores of meetings held by nongovernmental organizations each year. They also said that the proposal submitted had been just that, a basis for discussion, and furthermore that it made no mention of licensing or even of ID cards. But the WPFC insisted that the meeting had confirmed its worst fears about UNESCO's true intentions in "protecting" journalists.

The West reacted sharply. The WPFC convened a meeting in May of 1981 of more than sixty press representatives, at Talloires, France, to plot a counterstrategy; they issued a stern declaration calling on UNESCO to "abandon attempts to regulate news content and formulate rules for

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the press." In addition, the State Department subtly and successfully pressured the Tunisian government to recall Mustapha Masmoudi. Finally, in August of 1982, President Reagan signed the so-called Beard Amendment, which mandated a cutoff of U.S. funds to UNESCO should it do anything in the future to inhibit press freedom. The United States was clearly prepared to make life uncomfortable for UNESCO.

At the same time, Washington pledged to increase its support of UNESCO's International Programme for the Development of Communications (IPDC). The United States had proposed that the IPDC be established, in 1978, as a way to channel Western money into communications projects in the Third World. The United States hoped thereby to move the debate from the rhetorical to the practical plane and in the process to demonstrate the West's good faith in meeting the needs of developing nations. The first meeting of the IPDC took place in 1981, and Third World delegates were hopeful.

The combination of threat and promise worked, and a mood of reconciliation set in. The State Department took note of the improved climate in its annual report to Congress in February of 1983. "Since the February 1981 meeting," it said, "the subject of protection of journalists has disappeared from UNESCO agendas. Moreover, the Secretariat appears to be taking much greater care over a range of issues to avoid initiatives which might lead to confrontations with the U.S. and its free-press allies." Concluding that UNESCO "has debated but has not implemented policies or procedures of an anti-free-press nature," the State Department report said that there were no grounds for withholding funds from the organization.

The calm became, if anything, more noticeable in the months just before the U.S. decision to withdraw. Last September, in Innsbruck, Austria, a UNESCO-sponsored meeting to discuss implementation of a new information order was almost completely devoid of rhetoric. The meeting concentrated on practical matters such as lowering tariffs on the use of satellites in order to provide greater access for poor nations. The advocates of press freedom also fared relatively well at the general conference last October and November. "There was a very real effort to meet us—if not halfway, at least to meet us," Leonard Sussman says.

Problems remain. The IPDC has yet to fulfill its potential. The Third World has accused the West of reneging on financial pledges to it, and philosophical differences have developed over whether the program should sponsor public- or private-sector projects. Furthermore, the State Department, together with groups like the WPFC, remains concerned because UNESCO's 1984–1985 plan includes programs to study the working conditions of journalists, codes of journalistic conduct, and the "democratization of communication." Such programs, the department claims, pose a continuing potential threat to press freedom. Anti-free-press forces still exist at UNESCO, and it is clear that a withdrawal by the United States would make their job that much easier.

THE LAST GENERAL CONFERENCE IN PARIS CAME AS A surprise to many who participated in it. "I went to Paris with a negative tilt," says Edmund Hennelly, who has long been active in Republican politics in New York State. "But when I saw the progress that was made at the conference and the attempt by the Director-General to listen to U.S. principles, I realized the organization was attempting to accommodate U.S. views." The debate on the invasion of Grenada ended favorably for the United States, and Jean Gerard, the U.S. permanent delegate, was elected vice-president of the executive board.

Most of the United States' allies were similarly heartened. Although they share many of the concerns America has about UNESCO, they object—some strongly—to its leaving. West Germany's representative called the decision "incomprehensible," Spain accused Washington of throwing a "tantrum," and Canada, Holland, Japan, France, and Australia all affirmed their intention to remain in UNESCO. Britain undertook a review of its participation last fall but decided to remain at least through the end of this year, when it will again review its membership. In March a group of twenty-four nations, most of them Western, submitted proposals to M'Bow for reforms in UNESCO, partly with an eye to keeping the United States from departing.

Given the marked improvement in UNESCO's climate, given the opinion of many longtime critics of UNESCO that America should remain in the organization, and given the problems that could emerge in America's absence, what pushed the Reagan Administration to its decision? Elliott Abrams disagrees that the recent general conference represented any real progress. He says, "It seems to me, on the contrary, that this was the best you could expect from UNESCO. Three years of labor had produced a teeny-weeny move. It required an enormous political effort to produce next to nothing. Why do we have to fight to stand still?"

UNESCO's programs, Gregory Newell says, continue to betray the "statist" orientation of the new world economic and information orders. These, he says, hold that "governments can control and best manage the economy, education, culture, and science." As a corollary, Newell adds, there is a continuing campaign to "criticize the free-model economics that has proved workable and effective."

The State Department, then, is not only concerned with such ostensibly politicized programs as peace and disarmament or aid to national liberation movements; it believes that the very role allotted to governments by UNESCO programs constitutes politicization. This view is not universally held. "The Administration claims that UNESCO has politicized virtually every subject," says John Fobes, a former UNESCO deputy director and the former chairman of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO. "This is nonsense." Fobes estimates that no more than five percent of UNESCO programs are subject to politicization. These, he says, are far outweighed by the many programs that are "highly favorable" to the United States.

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Some important political elements of the U.S. decision to withdraw have received little attention. The United States is relatively isolated at UNESCO. "One of the greatest problems is that we have practically no liaison activities," says Samuel De Palma, who advised the U.S. delegation at the general conference last year. "We don't work effectively with our allies, and hardly at all with anyone else." That is partly because of a long American tradition—carried on by the Reagan Administration—of using UNESCO as a place to hand out political plums. For instance, Jean Gerard, who was appointed in late 1981, is a lawyer with no previous experience in international organizations; she has served as president of the Women's National Republican Club and was a Reagan delegate to the 1980 Republican Convention. "I think our effectiveness at UNESCO has been vitiated by the fact that we don't have a professional diplomat doing the job," says Judson Gooding, who served on the U.S. delegation to the general conference.

In particular, Gerard had a very strained relationship with M'Bow, as became apparent last June 20, when she and Gregory Newell met with M'Bow in Paris and presented him with American demands for financial stringency. The meeting was tense. At one point M'Bow exploded and tacitly accused Gerard of talking down to him as if he were an American black. Gerard and Newell were shocked by the outburst. Several weeks later the review process began.

That process took place in the context of growing pressure from the Administration's right-wing supporters as an election year approached. Ever since President Reagan took office they have clamored for some action against the UN system, which they detest. UNESCO offered an easy target. The pressure came principally from the Heritage Foundation. "They're the key to everything," says one person close to the State Department. Since 1982, when the foundation launched its United Nations Assessment Project, Heritage has attacked many UN agencies, but few as relentlessly as UNESCO. To Heritage, no sector has been immune to politicization—not even education, long considered UNESCO's most effective and least controversial area. In characteristically abrasive language Heritage claimed in a 1982 report that "since UNESCO's birth in 1946, its education programs have been biased increasingly toward socialist economies and a utopian strain of internationalism that is unsympathetic (often hostile) to the free enterprise system."

Many dispute this assessment. For example, a study by the U.S. Department of Education prepared as part of the State Department's review of UNESCO activities reported, "UNESCO has done some of its best work in [the education] sector, particularly in its illiteracy and teacher-training programs. The United States has supported a majority of UNESCO's education activities since its creation and the U.S. education community has authored many important UNESCO education programs." In its 1983 report to Congress, issued before the review of UNESCO began, the State Department said that "the majority of UNESCO education projects are based on Western values and methods and are a potential vehicle for the spread of democratic ideals."

That report reached similar conclusions about UNESCO's work in general: "U.S. interests are generally well served by UNESCO programs which are, for the most part, non-political and which can most effectively be pursued through international cooperation." The State Department estimated that 40 percent of the U.S. contribution to UNESCO returns to this country in the form of fellowships, sales of equipment, and fees to consultants. It found that Soviet-bloc countries, by contrast, receive much less return.

UNESCO's supporters are deeply troubled by the management crisis that has developed under M'Bow, by the poor morale at the Secretariat, and by the departure of capable personnel. They agree that many of UNESCO's programs are haphazardly planned and poorly supervised. But they believe that the answer is to remain, not to run. "I think the organization needs help—reorganizing and strengthening," says Cassandra Pyle, a vice president of the American Council on Education and a member of the National Commission. "It is our responsibility to help it do that."

In the process, Pyle says, "it's important not to lose sight of the good UNESCO has done. All things considered, it's remarkable it has accomplished what it has. There are literate people who wouldn't be able to read without UNESCO and teachers who wouldn't have training or manuals. Unfortunately, we never hear testimony from them."

UNESCO, says M'Bow, has helped "sensitize" the international community to the "conditions prevalent in the Third World." That world, he points out, has 800 million illiterates and 123 million school-aged children who have no access to schools; it includes countries suffering from famine and disease. "These countries have a very strong, deeply felt desire to see UNESCO do something to help them overcome such conditions," he says. "UNESCO helps expose these problems and provides assistance in the fields of science, education, and technology, so that these countries can create the conditions necessary to foster their own development."

The Reagan Administration has left open the possibility of staying in UNESCO. Some observers, aware of the successes that Administration pressure has had at UNESCO to date, suspect that the announced decision to withdraw is a tactic to win more reforms.

But the dissatisfaction with UNESCO runs deep: when the Administration looks at the organization, it sees the hand of the state everywhere, and equates this with politicization and anti-Americanism. In fact, the State Department's displeasure seems directed less at UNESCO itself than at the very process of development as it has unfolded throughout the Third World. If that is the case, no amount of reform at UNESCO will satisfy the Administration, and the United States might remain outside the organization for a long, long time. □

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HOW TO WEAR A SEAT BELT

YOU CAN BE BOTH SECURE AND COMFORTABLE IN YOUR CAR.

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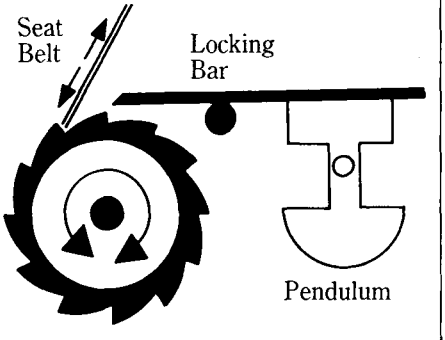
The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place. The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt in many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt. Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

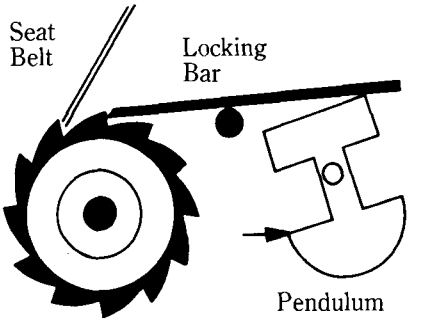
Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

How the inertial reel works. *Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.*



Ratchet Mechanism

Under normal conditions, *the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the seat belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreels.*



Ratchet Mechanism

In emergencies, *such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the seat belt restrains you.*

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

What if you are pregnant? The American Association for Automotive Medicine says the dangers of being unbelted in a collision during pregnancy are far greater than the slight chance of injury caused by wearing the belts.

Other advantages of belts. By holding you in a proper driving position, the lap belt provides a feeling of control, keeping you in place on rough or curved roads or in an emergency maneuver. Some people even find that the added support makes driving easier on their backs.

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TELEVISION

ROCK-AND-ROLL VAUDEVILLE

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

THE FIRST VIDEO shown on MTV, or Music Television, when it began three years ago was a song called "Video Killed the Radio Star," by the Buggles. The title was wishful thinking, a prophecy that rock-and-roll singers who couldn't hold the camera's attention would go the way of silent-movie actors with cartoon-character voices. Anyone who took the lyrics at their word and assumed that this new form posed a threat to pure music had only to look at the video itself, which showed the Buggles in an airless, all-white TV studio, surrounded by a lot of futuristic-looking synthesizers and state-of-the-art equipment, lip-synching their hearts out. Every now and again a girl in a tight skirt and spike heels (all the women in music videos wear spike heels) wandered across the screen. That was it. Radio stars had nothing to fear here.

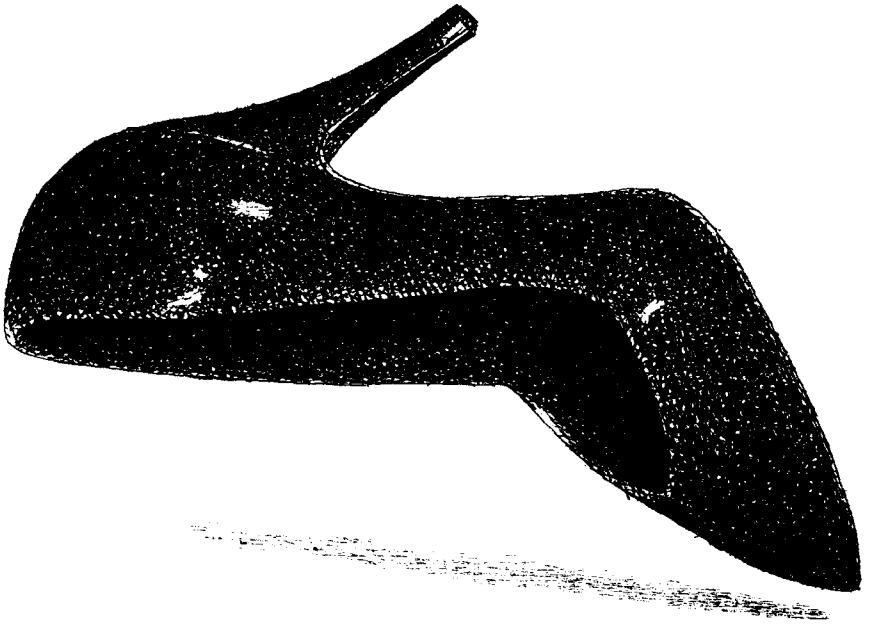
Since then music videos have come a long way, though not nearly far enough. Videos now play a large part in selling records, and singers are under pressure from their record companies to make videos, just as fifteen years ago they were obliged to go on tour. Even Dean Martin has gotten into the act, sitting poolside in his tuxedo and singing "Since I Met You Baby."

"Beat It," made in 1983, wasn't the first good video, but it may have been the first great one. Michael Jackson epitomizes the form at its best—intense and brief. "Beat It" is one of the few videos that actually improve on their songs, which is what a video ought to do, and the song is pretty good to begin with. But the music alone lacks the breakneck momentum that the video has. Where the song is merely agitated, the video is all worked up. The lyrics are about macho pride and territorial rights, and Jackson grunts and whoops between the lines, accompanying himself. We watch members of two rival gangs leave their hangouts, a sleazy luncheonette and a pool hall, and head for the scene of a fight, a warehouse loading dock. The video cuts back and forth from one gang to the other to Jackson. He stops by the luncheonette, slams the doors open—empty—does a little dance at the counter, a preview of what's to come, and then heads on out. The camera cuts pick up speed and the suspense builds until we finally arrive at the big number. When Jackson comes bouncing down a flight of stairs, snapping his fingers double time, breaking up a knife fight like an agent of divine intervention through dance, we feel like cheering. He parts the gangs, steps to the front, and bursts out dancing, and the tough guys fall in behind, in a finale that goes to show how much better a place the world would be if everybody danced.

"Beat It" was a breakthrough. Slick and well made, dramatic, concise, it showed everybody how good music videos could be and inspired a long line of imitations. Suddenly all the people on MTV were dancing, whether they could or not. There was "Uptown Girl," with Billy Joel and the Lockers, set in a garage. Stevie Nicks galumphed her way through "If Anyone Falls." A big finale was part of the formula. Donna Summer belted "She Works Hard for the Money" from a fire escape overlooking the street, where a squadron of waitresses, nurses, cleaning ladies, and lady cops rolled their hips and churned a dance routine in unison. Bob Giraldi, who directed "Beat It," went on to make Pat Benatar's "Love Is a Battlefield," another video with a miniature plot that culminates in a big dance finish. Benatar leaves home, in what looks like a small town in New Jersey, and rides the bus into Manhattan, where she walks 42nd Street and winds up a hooker—though you would think that she had joined a sorority: the other girls look on indulgently as she writes a letter to her little brother. The finale takes place in a bar, where a sinister-looking Latin type (Gary Chryst, formerly of the Joffrey Ballet) stares Benatar down and provokes her into dancing with him, to no real avail. Benatar is not what you would call a natural dancer. She's concentrating so hard that you can read the choreography as it crosses her mind: shimmy two three four, walk, walk, turn . . .

Even Michael Jackson went on to plagiarize his own performance in "Beat It" with "Thriller," in which he leads a phalanx of dancing ghouls. Weird Al Yankovic has done a "Beat It" parody, called "Eat It," in which the tough guys wear Happy Face T-shirts and he reproduces Michael Jackson's moves, verbatim.

Aside from "Beat It" and its sequels, there is a certain sameness to music videos. Most are set in a new-wave never-never land, where logic and the law of



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEL FURUKAWA

Holly Brubach is a staff writer for The Atlantic.

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gravity don't apply. Now that acid rock has given way to coke rock, the corresponding images have gone from psychedelic to surrealistic. A sequence of pictures or events that makes no apparent sense teases the viewer, who keeps watching, waiting for the piece that will explain the entire puzzle; the piece is usually missing. Rooms furnished with a single chair, long billowing curtains, corridors with no exit, empty swimming pools, forests of old gas pumps in the middle of the desert—these are standard features of the landscape, typically lit by a single bare bulb, or a full moon, or the sun's flat brightness.

The women are long-stemmed, with sexy bodies and baby faces. They wear lots of lipstick, leather clothes, and, when their clothes are off, lingerie that makes them look vaguely sadistic. The men are less attractive, but then they're the ones who write the songs.

The vast majority of videos look as if they had been directed by the same two or three people, all of whom you would guess to be seventeen-year-old boys. The screen is overrun with fantasies of wide-open spaces and wicked girls. Parents get their comeuppance. Everyone drives sexy cars—stretch limos, Chevy convertibles, and Thunderbirds. "I'm in love with a working girl," the Members sing, wearing sleeveless black leather jackets and jeans, as they guzzle champagne paid for by gorgeous, expensively dressed career women. In Huey Lewis and the News' "I Want a New Drug" Lewis falls for a pretty fan in the front row, thereby staging his fantasy of what it's like to be a rock-and-roll star and every groupie's fantasy of what could happen at a concert.

Compare these predominantly male notions of a good time with Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun," a *Bye Bye Birdie*–style romp in which she dances up and down the street, sings on the phone to her friends, and throws a party in her room, and men begin to look like an awfully self-important, dull bunch. Whether or not girls just want to have fun, they appear to be the only ones who know how.

VIDEOS DIVIDE FAIRLY neatly into two broad categories. The first is performances—either in a studio, where the director has more control and can devise some fancy effects with lights and cameras, or in concert, where the band is seen in its full glory, at the height of an adrenalin rush, in front of a sellout audience going wild. These are some of the dullest, most gratuitous videos on the screen, and they all tend to look alike, even when the monotonous frenzy of the performance is alleviated by intermittent glimpses of beautiful girls or exotic landscapes. Unfortunately, good singers are not necessarily interesting performers, and music videos consistently expose this in a way that concerts, which get by on being events, almost never do. Furthermore, there is probably nothing to redeem a concert video if you don't like the song in the first place. While Def Leppard, a heavy-metal band I am not fitted to appreciate, beats its music to a pulp, there is not much to look at, unless it's the drummer dressed in briefs made out of a Union Jack. The Scorpions sing "Rock You Like a Hurricane," a song that isn't bad, behind bars, surrounded by an audience. This scene, with the fans getting carried away and shaking the bars in time to the music, is intercut with images of girls in cages. The video ends with the girls and the band members lying down in glass boxes and the lids slamming shut. Despite its use of such loaded images, this video does not purport to mean anything.

Prince and David Bowie are better in concert situations. In "Little Red Corvette" Prince curls his upper lip and half-closes his eyes, coming on to the camera in closeup. This is the kind of shot that a lot of singers attempt but few carry off, and the ones who don't look ludicrous. (David Lee Roth, the lead singer for Van Halen, flexing his pelvis and crawling on all fours toward the camera, should have been saved from himself.) David Bowie, in "Modern Love," doesn't even acknowledge the camera, but he's riveting to watch and sexy without trying to be. With his hollow-cheeked, hungry look and his loose-jointed restlessness he captures the song's nervous energy.

Videos that aren't performances are referred to as "concept" videos, which may be giving a lot of directors the benefit of the doubt. Nearly all concept videos include shots of the singer singing, but they differ from performance videos in that there's something else going on and the goings-on dominate the video. Some concepts are better than others, and some are pretty obscure. You wonder, for instance, why there is a gymnast vaulting over and around video monitors on which Asia is seen singing "Only Time Will Tell." A lot of the weakest videos on MTV seem to be the work of so-called visual people who are careful not to let their minds get in the way of their creativity.

The more successful concept videos are those that are based, however loosely, on a plot: there are characters, a situation is established, and something happens. Bowie's "China Girl," a fairly straightforward love story, is a good example. One of the most common devices is to follow two parallel plots simultaneously, cutting from one to the other, until they come together in the final scene. Elton John's "That's Why They Call It the Blues" does this, keeping track of a boy in boot camp and his girl back home; in the end the sweethearts are reunited. In the Rolling Stones' "Undercover" the action alternates between a suburban rec room, where a teenage couple sits watching TV, and some Central American–looking country in the throes of violent revolution, where a truck drives into a cathedral and a man is marched onto a bridge and shot. These two stories converge in the rec room when the girl's parents walk in on her and her boyfriend making out: the father is wearing an army general's uniform. In the alternative version of this two-track plot the camera cuts from a story or a dramatic situation to the band playing and in the end the band steps into the plot. Even when there's a story to be told, it seems, rock bands insist on being the stars of their own videos.

The few exceptions are notable. Bruce Springsteen's "Atlantic City" serves as the soundtrack for a series of desolate black-and-white scenes in which no one, not even Springsteen, appears. One of the most inventive music videos to date is Barnes and Barnes's "Fish Heads," an offbeat, amusing, unpretentious sequence of events that dignifies a silly song ("You can ask fish heads anything you want to;/They won't answer, they can't talk"). No description of these scenes of real fish heads dressed in miniature turtleneck sweaters, propped up in plush theater seats or gathered around a table at a birthday party, can do this bizarre gem justice. "Fish Heads" proves that imagination can take a video a long way, further than closeup shots of celebrity singers or an elaborate, high-budget production can.

Some videos are up to nothing more than entertainment, song-and-dance sales pitches to the camera. ABC, a band with a reputation for inventive video productions, is mastering this form: in

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July report on

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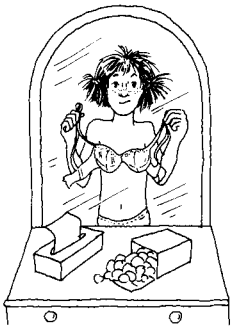

Most of us regard our early teens with retrospective despair. The anguish of shyness, the mean tricks our bodies suddenly played on us, school, sex, learning to drive, the first bra—God, it was awful!

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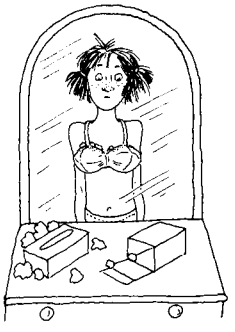

SHOULD YOU SHUT YOUR EYES WHEN YOU KISS?
by Carol McD. Wallace
a co-author of
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LITTLE, BROWN

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 117.

"Look of Love" its members roam around a bright-colored fantasyland version of Central Park—steep rolling hills, bridges, and lampposts squeezed onto a tiny sound stage—with such ingenuous conviction that you expect Danny Kaye to turn up and join in.

After watching a lot of music videos, it's hard to escape the conclusions that no one has the nerve to say no to a rock-and-roll star and that most videos would be better if someone did. A lot of these people ought to be told that they're not irresistible, or that they can't dance, or that their concept is dumb. Culture Club, for instance, makes dopey videos that do its music, which is pleasant and intelligent, a disservice.

GOOD VIDEOS WORK for various reasons. Despite the conventions that exist already, there is no surefire formula, but the fact remains that dancing can make a video take off. This happens when the choreography is decent and well shot, the performance is good, and the images are edited according to the rhythm of the song. But it doesn't happen often enough. Judging from most music videos, you would think that dance on television hadn't come very far. Toni Basil is considered one of the best rock-and-roll choreographers, but her cheerleading routine in "Mickey" doesn't look any better than my memories of *Shindig* and *Hullabaloo*.

The mystery is why music videos aren't enlisting the best talents in dance today. We know that more interesting possibilities for choreography to rock music exist and that they are surprisingly varied, because we've seen them on stage, in works by Twyla Tharp, William Forsythe, Marta Renzi, Karole Armitage, and others. Twyla Tharp's choreography for *The Golden Section*, set to the marked rhythms of David Byrne's music, has a jittery lyricism. In *Love Songs*, at the Joffrey Ballet, William Forsythe lays bare the obsession and violence inherent in love relations, with highly dramatic choreography that alternates between tender gestures and brutal attacks, set to a score of songs by Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick. By comparison the choreography in music videos looks tame and stale.

If this new form is going to justify itself, it might well be by giving us dance performances that we can't see anywhere else. Though it looks to me as if there is more dancing in recent music videos, it's astonishing how slow directors have been to catch on to the thrill of watching somebody like Mick Jagger or Michael Jackson cut loose to a good song.

In "Going to a Go-Go" Mick Jagger makes a spectacle of himself, and it's the spectacle that is impossible to turn away from. You marvel at how he manages to look so magnificently peculiar and ridiculous. He slithers along, sticking his neck out, jerking his knees in a hyperactive, Egyptian-looking style of movement. It's hard to believe that anyone can be so completely uninhibited in front of an audience. Jagger furthers his songs by losing himself in his music.

Michael Jackson never lets go the way Mick Jagger does, but watching him is a more kinesthetic experience. The audience gets keyed up, waiting for the dancing that is his release. Unlike Fred Astaire or Peter Martins, Michael Jackson doesn't feign effortlessness. He has taken the concertgoer's urge to tap his foot in response to good music and the willpower it takes to keep that urge in check and magnified the tug-of-war between them, so that you can see it all over his body: this is the basis of his performance. When he can't contain the music inside him any longer, he blurts out the steps that have been building up for the past eight or sixteen bars.

It looks as if Michael Jackson has only ten or twelve steps in his repertory and the rest are variations on those. Even so, his ten steps are better than most dancers' whole vocabularies. One is a staccato kick, a chest-high punch with his foot. Another is a special way of snapping his fingers, with a sideways flick of the wrist, as if he were dealing cards. Another is a high-speed spin: he crosses his knees, wraps one foot around the other, and turns to unwind his legs. His dancing owes something to break dancing, robotics, and mime, but his style is more sophisticated than any of these.

Performances like his are all too rare. You tune in to MTV for a few minutes and you're still there two hours later, seduced by the rapid turnover into hoping that the next video will be a good one. It isn't long before you've grown weary of the innumerable scenes that feature a rock-and-roll singer lying on a psychiatrist's couch, intended as an excuse for the fantasies that follow. On the evidence of music videos, most people's wildest dreams come down to the same few basic themes—vanity, greed, debauchery, retaliation, and sex—and the forms they take are disappointingly similar. □

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MUSIC

GIVING WHITEMAN HIS DUE

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

HISTORY HAS NOT dealt kindly with Paul Whiteman. The pioneering jazz historians of the late 1930s and the 1940s saw it as their mission to tell the American people that real jazz, the only jazz worthy of the name, was an improvised music created spontaneously by black musicians. What then passed for jazz—the music of large, commercially successful white bands like those of Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey, music not improvised but read from arrangements—was a slick and sleazy ersatz product, to be dismissed with contempt. The public had thus been misled, and Whiteman, the most successful and critically acclaimed bandleader of the 1920s, was seen as the instigator of the conspiracy to mislead it. Though widely known as "The King of Jazz," Whiteman was accused of having diluted a vital musical impulse by incorporating arrangements bearing some superficial characteristics of jazz into his vast repertoire of pseudo-symphonic pieces, waltzes, tangos, and other coyly mannered dance music. Whiteman was also suspected of having contributed to the destruction of the greatest of white jazz musicians, the cornetist Bix Beiderbecke, whom he had hired in 1927. Apparently feeling lost and stifled in the gargantuan Whiteman organization, Beiderbecke had turned to the bottle and, at the appallingly early age of twenty-eight, had died of alcoholism in 1931.

Whiteman's reputation has fared little better with critics oriented toward classical or concert music. His commissioning of works from American composers who were considered avant-garde in the 1920s—Deems Taylor, Leo Sowerby, John Alden Carpenter, George Gershwin—seemed of trifling importance once American listeners became acquainted with European avant-garde composers of the period: Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, Bartók, post-*Sacre* Stravinsky.

But in the past fifteen years or so the pendulum has begun to swing back toward Whiteman. Last winter the first full-length biography appeared: Thomas A. DeLong's *Pops: Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz* (New Century Publishers). And on February 12, at New York's Town Hall, Maurice Peress, a professor at City University of New York's Aaron Copland School of Music, staged a virtually complete re-creation of the famous "Experiment in Modern Music" concert that Whiteman had given exactly sixty years earlier, at the now-defunct Aeolian Hall, just down the street—the concert at which Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* received its premiere. The original concert's fiftieth anniversary, a likelier date for a celebration, went unobserved ten years ago; this year's re-creation was sold out, with 600 ticket-seekers turned away. (A different sort of re-creation of the same concert, from early records by Whiteman and others, is available on the two-disc set *Paul Whiteman at Aeolian Hall*, The Smithsonian Collection, R028.)

Perhaps the first clear sign of a change in critical opinion toward Whiteman came in 1968, with the publication of Gunther Schuller's excellent book *Early Jazz*. In the pages he devoted to Beiderbecke, Schuller broke ranks with traditional jazz historians by declaring: "There is in the best Whiteman [recorded] performances a feeling and a personal sound as unique in its way as Ellington's or Basie's. . . . At their best, Whiteman's musicians played with a richness and bounce that has its own validity."

In their superb 1974 biography *Bix: Man and Legend* Richard M. Sudhalter and Philip R. Evans went still further. In their interviews with hundreds of musicians who had known and worked with Beiderbecke, Sudhalter and Evans discovered what should have been obvious all along to anyone who listened to the records with an open mind: far from feeling lost and stifled, Beiderbecke loved the discipline and the challenge of working for Whiteman. His addiction to alcohol was firmly established by the time he joined the band, and he fought

William H. Youngren teaches English literature at Boston College.

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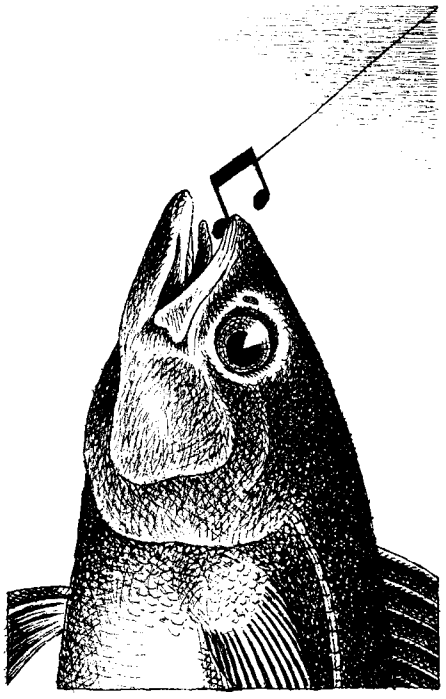
hard against it precisely because he wanted to keep his job.

Conversely, Whiteman fully appreciated Beiderbecke's talents and was very good to him—more of a father, Beiderbecke often said, than his own father had been. Whiteman has sometimes been depicted as the sort of malevolent figure so often portrayed by Fredric March and Louis Calhern in business-intrigue movies of the 1930s and 1940s: a hard-eyed, cynical capitalist who hired young creative talent just to corrupt it. But that account makes only allegorical, not business, sense. When Jean Goldkette's band broke up, in September of 1927, Whiteman leaped at the chance to hire not only Beiderbecke but also the saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer, the trombonist Bill Rank, the bassist Steve Brown, and (most important of all) the arranger Bill Challis. In taking them on, Whiteman's aim was not to bury them in his large organization but rather to set them off to best advantage, theirs and his own.

WHAT IS NOT often recognized, and needs emphasizing, is that Whiteman's hiring of the Goldkette refugees was the climax of a two-year effort to establish a real jazz contingent within his band. Many of the records that enable us to follow this process are included in the imported two-disc set *The Famous Paul Whiteman: "Jazz à la King" (1920-1936)* (French RCA PM 42 413).

Late in the summer of 1925 Whiteman recorded two sides, *Red-Hot Henry Brown* and *Milenberg Joys*, that were closer to real jazz than anything he had done before and that used only a ten-piece group rather than his whole band. The great jazz violinist Joe Venuti was specially hired for the session, and the arrangement of *Milenberg Joys*, specially done by a black musician named Joe Jordan, shows the influence of the writing that Don Redman was doing for the best black band of the time, that of Fletcher Henderson.

A few weeks later Whiteman hired his first full-time jazz musician, the young trumpet player Teddy Bartell. But Ferde Grofé, at that time Whiteman's chief arranger, had little interest in jazz, and he seems to have been reluctant to make use of Bartell. One of the first records on which we can hear his hard-hitting trumpet is "St. Louis Blues," which was not recorded until the following March. The arrangement, not by Grofé but by the reedman Eddie Sharpe, again shows the influence of Redman. In March of 1926 Whiteman also hired Matty Malneck, a violinist and violist who was beginning to write arrangements as well, and in September, after the band returned from an extended European tour, Malneck was joined by the versatile reedman and arranger Max Farley. Both men were far more sympathetic to jazz than Grofé was. Later that fall Bing Crosby and Al Rinker, two thirds of what would soon be known as The Rhythm Boys, signed on, and the Whiteman band was at last ready to produce quite respectable jazz. The first record on which we can hear the new sound that Whiteman had been striving for is "Wistful and Blue," a Farley ar-



rangement recorded on December 22, 1926. It features a scat vocal chorus by Crosby and Rinker, with Malneck's viola providing a third voice, and some loose, easy writing very much like that which Challis was doing for Goldkette.

Progress was rapid during the spring of 1927. Some of the outstanding records of this period are "Muddy Water," with Crosby's first solo vocal; and "I'm Coming Virginia" (with another Crosby vocal), "Side by Side," and "Magnolia," all three of which feature the brilliant trumpet of Red Nichols, who briefly replaced Bartell.

What Whiteman now needed was an arranger who shared Malneck's and Farley's feeling for jazz but who was musically sophisticated enough to use the full resources of the band as they could not do. That arranger was Bill Challis. Right from the beginning his Whiteman scores show a depth and complexity, a variety of texture, and a harmonic innovativeness that could not have been predicted. even from the excellent writing he had been doing for Goldkette. The brilliant records that the band made during the next two years of Challis scores hand-tailored to feature Beiderbecke, Trumbauer, and the other former Goldkette sidemen have now at last begun to receive their critical due, and I need say little about them here. (They are all on the fourteen-disc complete Beiderbecke set on the Italian Joker label, available from Blue Angel, Inc., P.O. Box 137, Charlottesville, Virginia 22902. Many of the best ones, along with Beiderbecke's Goldkette records and a few stray sides recorded just before his death, are also on French RCA 731 036/037, 731.131, 741.093, and FXM1 7092.)

Beiderbecke's alcoholism forced him to leave Whiteman in September of 1929, and the band was never the same again. Soon Challis also left, and the spirit of freshness and experimentation was gone. During the 1930s the trumpeter Bunny Berigan worked briefly for Whiteman, but the only great jazz soloist to stay for any length of time was the trombonist Jack Teagarden, who is not often heard on the records. The arrangements, while still highly professional, became slick and flashy as Whiteman tried unsuccessfully to compete with the younger swing bands, such as Goodman's and Dorsey's.

Increasingly Whiteman turned his attention to radio, becoming in 1943 the Blue Network's director of music programming. It is this later section of his career, until his death, at seventy-seven, in 1967, that is most satisfactorily covered in DeLong's new biography. For DeLong's real interest is radio, not jazz: he is also the author of *The Mighty Music Box*. He has little of importance to say about the exciting period of musical development that I have briefly traced here, and he makes mistakes that no one with a knowledge of jazz could possibly make—for example, confusing King Oliver's great Creole Jazz Band with his later, inferior, Dixie Syncopators. Moreover, since most of the participants have died, DeLong has been forced to rely on earlier published accounts, which he seems to have swallowed whole, with amazing credulity. One hopes that the biography planned since the 1940s by Warren Scholl, who had access to White-

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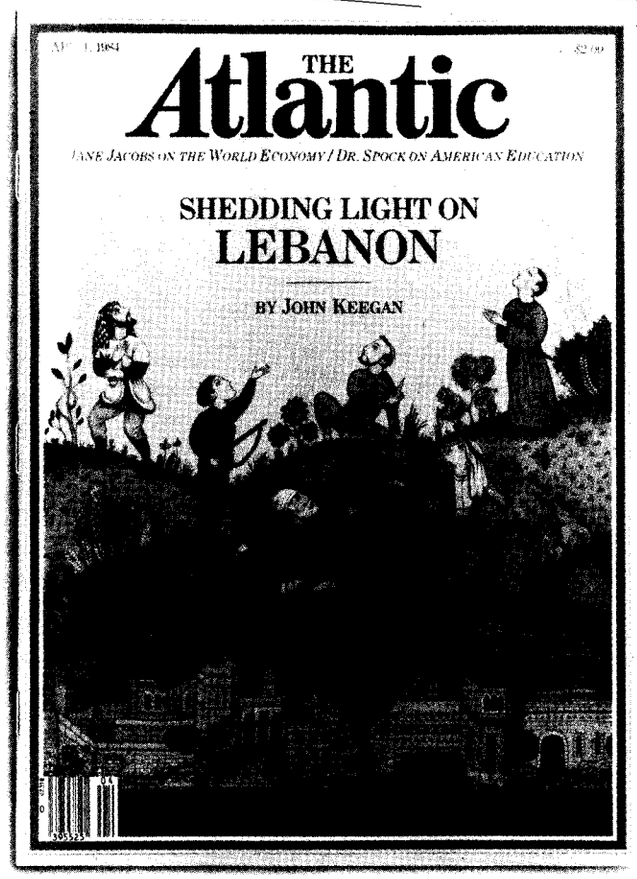

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man and many of his associates, will soon finally see the light of day.

Far too much has been made of Whiteman's many public pronouncements about "making a lady out of jazz," legitimizing it, turning it into something that it was not, in order to make it respectable and marketable. Whiteman was a man who loved publicity and knew how to exploit it—DeLong admiringly quotes his statement that "publicity never hurt anyone who didn't hurt it first"—and the pronouncements should simply be written off as having been made to increase the sales of records and concert tickets. What matters is the music Whiteman actually produced.

Though naturally he expected jazz musicians like Beiderbecke and Trumbauer to pull their oars in the band's ordinary dance and concert repertoire, Whiteman made no attempt to change or suppress what they did best; he merely integrated it into new and varied contexts. To hear Beiderbecke's horn start suddenly out of the elaborately arranged ensemble of a Challis score is not—as so many writers on jazz have fantasized—to hear a lone, creative voice protesting against the crushing power of the monolith. The effect is more like that of a diamond perfectly displayed on a square of black velvet.

Challis has told me that when he first joined the band and asked Whiteman what he should do, Whiteman simply smiled and said, "Anything you want." Challis had been listening carefully, often in Beiderbecke's company, to the music of Debussy, Ravel, and the early Stravinsky. What he wanted was to create a stylish and novel interplay between jazz and modern concert music. It is this mixing of idioms for which generations of jazz critics have so sternly condemned Whiteman. But European composers like Milhaud and Stravinsky had, in their very different way, been making similar attempts in the early 1920s. And the same impulse to assimilate jazz into a larger musical framework was soon to produce those two triumphs Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* and the great Ellington band of 1938–1941. The Whiteman band of the late 1920s should be viewed not as a reactionary (let alone a sinister or corrupting) force but as part of this interesting, though relatively short-lived, experiment. At its best, it produced music of great spirit, exuberance, and wit which still sounds fresh and exciting today. For that, the major share of the credit must go to Whiteman himself. □

TRAVEL

A Stop in Verona

BY CORBY KUMMER

Most visitors to Italy this summer will put Rome and Venice at the top of their lists, and it would certainly be a mistake to miss either one on your first trip there. But there are also in-between cities, places that are ideal for walking, have several outstanding hotels and restaurants, and offer enough interesting monuments, museums, and churches to keep you occupied for a few days without making you feel that you're racing with an itinerary in the Michelin guide. Verona is one of the most pleasant of these cities.

Verona doesn't present itself for inspection, the way Renaissance cities do. It is a medieval city (the good times were the twelfth through the fourteenth centuries), and so the best views are enclosed: the courtyards behind the squares, the small streets around the cathedral. Tourists pretty much stick to the two main piazzas, to the Arena (the third largest colosseum built by the Romans), and to the Casa di Giulietta, shrewdly called Juliet's house because it was built at the time in which Shakespeare set *Romeo and Juliet*, because it has a balcony, and because it's smack in the middle of town. But there are superb churches, an ingeniously planned museum of manageable size, and Italy's biggest lake nearby.

The city is halfway between Milan and Venice (and right off the highway that links the two cities), but the feel of it is Venetian, with lanterns, wrought-iron balconies, windows with pointed arches, narrow streets, and secret alleys. Two days there can either break you in on the way to Venice—which is more Eastern and opulent—or decompress you on the way back. It takes a good day and a half to have a look at the sights, and you'll want to leave time for shopping: Verona is a good place to buy more cheaply what you've admired elsewhere.

Many people come to Verona just to stay at the Due Torri, a converted palazzo furnished with antiques and known for its deluxe service. Rooms are decorated in the styles of fifteen different periods. Some, especially those in the back, can be disconcertingly ordinary. The hotel will tell you which styles are available when you book; rooms in the summer can be hard to come by. Double rooms cost about $110 a night, suites $200. Of the five hotels in the rank below, the Accademia, a simple and modern hotel in the center, is the most reliable, and it's half the price of the Due Torri.

The Due Torri puts you in the Piazza Sant'Anastasia, next door to the largest church in the city. You might think that the main doorway of the Sant' Anastasia church, with its bright polychrome stonework and fourteenth-century bas reliefs, was protected during the war and the rest of the outside damaged, but no—the façade was never decorated, for lack of money. The plain front gives a misleading introduction to the vast and imposing interior.

In the streets around this church, behind it along the river Adige, and on the way to the cathedral, you can think you've entered a wrinkle in time. Houses and small palazzi crowd one another and block nearly all the light. Few are less than three hundred years old, and the life you glimpse inside them seems not to have changed any more than the neighborhood. Best of all is the walk along the river, with a view of the Castel San Pietro, guarded by a row of poplar trees, in the hills just on the other side. The antiques shops are in this district, and not much else. You can usually have it to yourself.

If from Sant'Anastasia you go in the opposite direction, you hit the two central squares, the Piazza dei Signori and the Piazza Erbe. The Piazza dei Signori is persistently called the Salon of Verona: it is indeed small, surrounded by graceful buildings, and presided over by a statue of Dante, who came during his exile from Florence. His willing host was Cangrande I, the greatest of the rulers in the Scaliger family, which reigned from 1260 to 1387. Their castle, with its

Corby Kummer is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

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fairy-tale crenellations along the top, is on one side of the piazza. The Scaligeri are the only people you have to remember as you walk around Verona, because the best part of the city was built during their rule. In 1405 Verona fell to Venice and lost its will (and its ability) to be independent until the unification of Italy, in the late nineteenth century.

The Caffè Dante, in the Piazza dei Signori, is worth a look to see how a nineteenth-century tearoom can stay the same as it was—just the same. The threadbare red banquettes, the mirrors with chipped gilt frames, and the peeling pink walls make the proper old men on fixed incomes and the ladies wearing gloves seem sad. The café does not make the piazza look like the glittering salon it is said to be. Around the corner, however, is a nineteenth-century restaurant, the Nuovo Marconi, that has kept itself plush and is a crowded, cheerful place. The *osso buco* and the crepes filled with marsala custard—a specialty of the region, the Veneto—are especially good. The Arche, a three-minute walk from the Marconi, is an excellent fish restaurant that uses traditional recipes.

Between the Piazza dei Signori and the Piazza Erbe is the most spectacular of the always interesting hidden spaces: the courtyard of the Mercato Vecchio, or Old Market. On all four sides are the horizontally striped walls of dark red brick and light gray stone that typify the Romanesque buildings in Verona. Going up one corner is an exuberant white Gothic staircase, added in the mid-fifteenth century, which is supported by arches that keep getting taller and wider, as if a child had scrawled them until he ran out of paper.

Through an archway is the Piazza Erbe, where a sea of light-gray umbrellas forms a canopy that is punctuated by three stone monuments—the most noticeable is a column surmounted by a winged lion, the symbol of Venice—and surrounded by houses and two medieval towers. At one end is the grandiose baroque Palazzo Maffei, with a parade of pagan gods looking pompous on the balustrade. The kiosks under the umbrellas sell snacks, most of them greasy, and knickknacks. This is the most chaotic piazza in Verona, and you probably won't want to stay and be jostled for long.

Luckily, you are at the beginning of the principal shopping street, the Via Mazzini, which is given over to pedestrians. And there are many, especially in the evening between six and eight and

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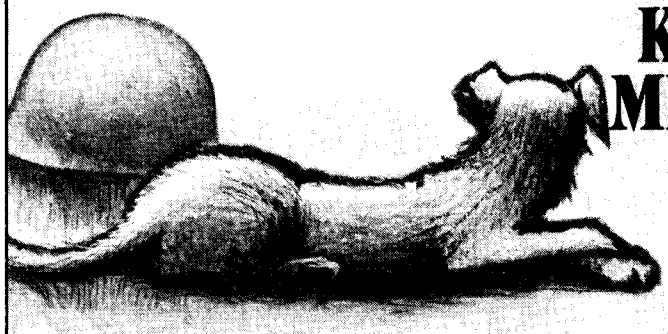

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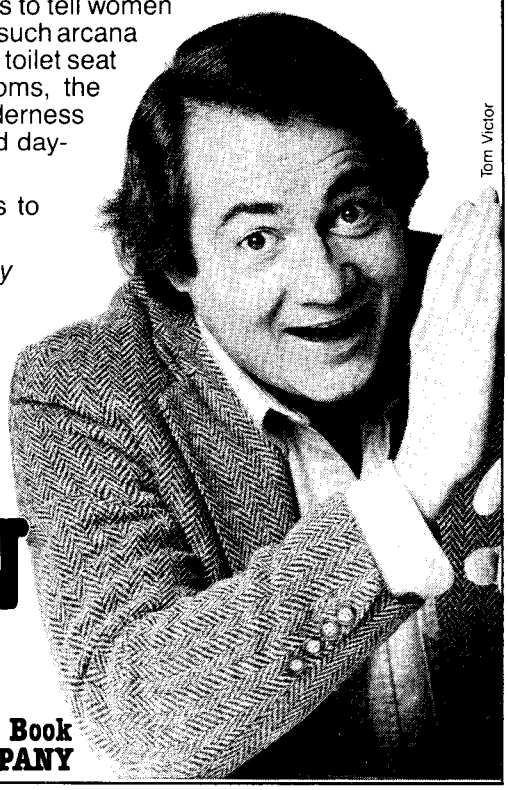

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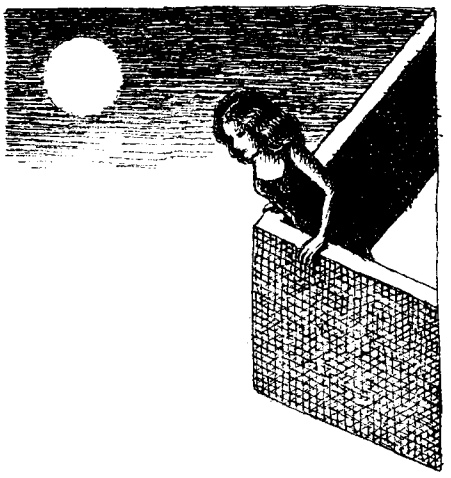
between ten and midnight, when the entire population seems to materialize to look in the windows. The displays are not as sleek or high-fashion as the ones in other Italian cities are, but many perfectly stylish Americans prefer the merchandise in them on the grounds that it is more wearable.

The Via Mazzini leads to the Piazza Bra, the biggest public space in Verona. On one side is the Arena, which was built in the first century A.D. and faced with rose-colored stone from quarries nearby. Only a small section of the original perimeter wall remains, leaving an oval of double arches that are open to the city. A 1913 performance of *Aida* in the Arena was such a hit that an annual opera festival there soon became an established tourist attraction. *Aida* is produced every summer; in this year's season, which runs from July 4 through September 2, there will be *Tosca* and *Carmen* and Verdi's *I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata* as well as the ballet *Excelsior*. Tickets cost from $7 to $50, and the best ones are sold well in advance (you can write ahead for them). Veronese dress up for the opera and buy small candles from vendors outside the arches as they go in at dusk. Just as the overture begins, hundreds of tiny flames appear around the stadium.

IT IS NEVER a bad idea in Italy to stop for a bite of pizza or an ice cream, and the Piazza Bra is ideal for sitting and staring. The gentle curve of the wide sidewalk called the Listone is where the window-shoppers from the Via Mazzini end their promenades. The Cavour is a good choice among the cafés on the Listone. A few awnings down, in an alleyway, is the Nastro Azzurro, the best place for a pizza. Near the end of the Listone, to the right, is the Savoia, the *gelateria* where the crowds carrying little plastic cups have bought their ice cream. Try the grapefruit or the *gianduia*, chocolate hazelnut.

Through the two huge Roman arches of the Portoni della Bra, at the far end of the piazza, is the Corso Porta Nuova. Since the two remaining must-sees are a longish walk away, it might be wise to buy the makings of a picnic at Spega, a *salumeria*, or delicatessen, on the right, before the first cross street. There are oval dishes of roasted green, yellow, and red peppers, baked caramelized purple onions, grilled eggplant with oil and garlic, and many more vegetable, meat, and fish dishes in gleaming aluminum cases; sausages, salamis, and prosciutto hanging from the white-tiled ceiling; cheeses and breads on the shelves. A stop at Spega, in fact, is probably an essential beginning to any journey.

The most logical place to dig in is on a bench at the Castelvecchio, a ten-minute walk from Spega. The castle was built by Cangrande II in 1355, and in one of the courtyards is a miniature fort built by Napoleon. Transplanted windows and doors rescued from houses about to be torn down make the fort look like a pavilion; deciding how it complements the medieval fortress would be a worthwhile picnic activity. Walk off lunch in the museum inside, which has wonderful Romanesque



sculptures, charming early-Renaissance panels, and sumptuous high-Renaissance altarpieces (the baroque, where the collection ends, is of the most overblown variety). The museum is an important stop, no matter what your feelings about Italian art, because of the use it makes of the castle itself and of the city walls along the river. Many of the rooms have white stucco walls and high, beamed ceilings; all are unusually light and spacious. One set of doors leads to a long walkway outside, atop a battlement overlooking the river.

The church you shouldn't miss is San Zeno, farther away from the center than anything else and worth the trip however you get there (it's a twenty-minute walk from the Castelvecchio). Built from 1120 through the fourteenth century, San Zeno is one of the finest Romanesque churches in Italy. The roof and apse were redecorated in the Gothic style; the portal and the rose window are from 1138. But it is the twenty-four bronze panels on the doors, also from the early twelfth century, that are the big show. They illustrate biblical scenes with such directness and simplicity that you might well find them more moving than Ghiberti's *Gates of Paradise*, at the cathedral in Florence. Although derived mostly from Byzantine and Ottonian art, the panels look ahead to the rebirth two hundred years later of figurative art. They wake you up. The simple, grand interior, with its plain walls and Roman arches, has an ideal balance of spaces.

Behind San Zeno are the Giusti Gardens, among the finest examples of Mannerist landscaping in Italy. (They were laid out in 1580.) The elongated statues and the design are worth seeing in any season, but the garden is at its peak in late summer.

The shopping is as good as the sightseeing on the way back into town along the Corso Porta Borsari, named for the portal that is the most elegant and detailed Roman monument in the city. A recent cleaning has restored it to a pure milky white. The stores are bigger (and easier to negotiate) than the boutiques of the Via Mazzini, but of equal quality.

If you have three days in Verona, try to spend the third driving around Lake Garda, the biggest lake in Italy and comparable in beauty to Lake Como. The lake is forty-five minutes from the city, and it takes at least three hours to drive around it. The landscape, hilly, with grape arbors and olive trees, is a mixture of northern- and central-Italian terrain. The west side is the most scenic and has the best restaurant on the lake, the Castel Toblino—a restored sixteenth-century castle that looks as if it should be in southern Germany. The food here is heavier than most in Italy: one of the house specialties is boiled beef with *crauti*, the local version of sauerkraut.

Or you might prefer to spend your last afternoon taking an espresso in the Piazza dei Signori and wondering what would have happened to Romeo and Juliet if their families hadn't been on the outs. Follow the trail to Juliet's supposed balcony, a short walk from the Piazza Erbe. Marvel at how small the courtyard is in comparison with the echoing nave of San Zeno, built at the same time, and think how intimate were the stages on which medieval dramas played. □

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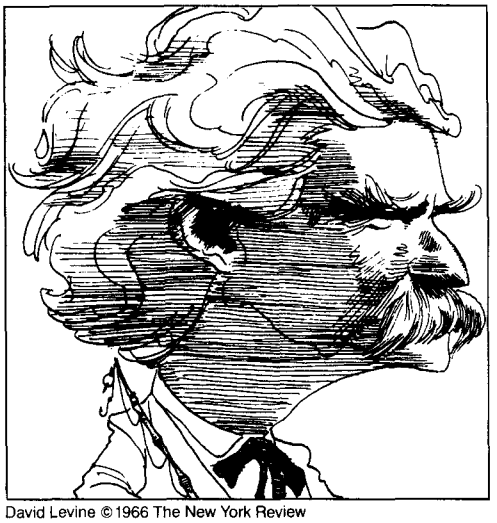

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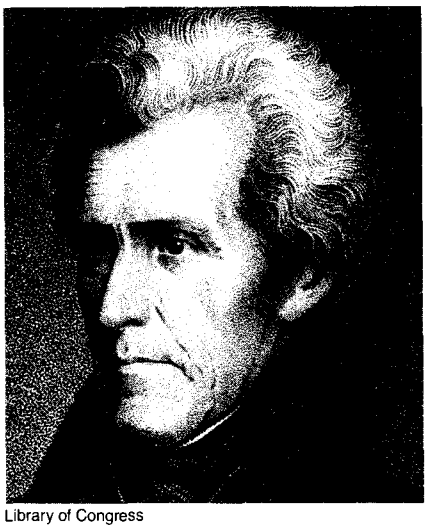

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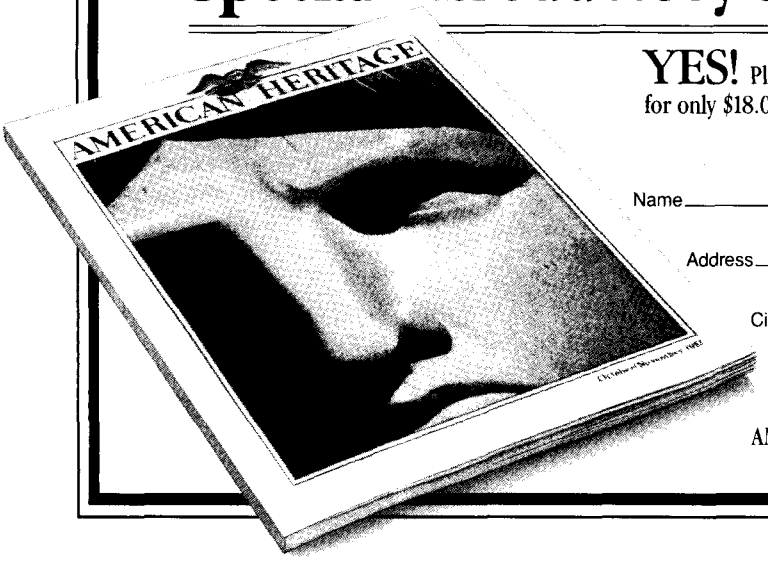

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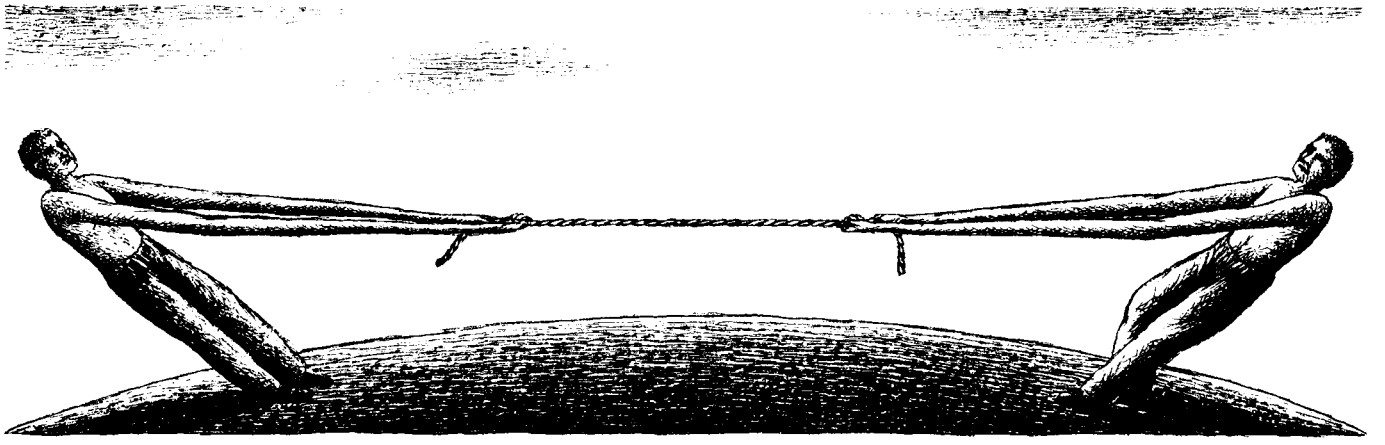

POPULATION AND POLITICS

BY WALTER REICH

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL:
The Origins of the Arab–Jewish Conflict Over Palestine
by Joan Peters.
Harper & Row, $24.95.

THE PLANET IS SO cluttered with zones of passionate conflict, with warring parties demanding our sympathy, with competing cries for justice, and with clashing versions of history and reality, that we do what we can to turn down the noise.

Sometimes we just turn away. But usually we do something that seems more responsible. We adopt a set of assumptions about a conflict, about its origins and facts, and use this as a guide for our judgments and actions; and whenever a new crisis arises we set it against this backdrop in order to understand where the crisis fits, what it means, what we should think about it, and what should be done.

Clearly, it's important that our assumptions about a conflict be true. Yet, according to Joan Peters, with regard to one of the most important conflicts of all—between Arabs and Jews over Palestine—the assumptions many of us have come to accept are *not* true.

Walter Reich's A Stranger in My House: Jews and Arabs in the West Bank, *which appeared in* The Atlantic *last month, will be published in book-length form by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in October.*

This isn't what she thought when she began writing this book, Peters says. Initially she meant to do a study of the plight of the Arabs who became homeless as a result of the creation of Israel, in 1948, and who have remained refugees ever since. But as she investigated the matter—interviewing those refugees and others in the area, studying historical accounts of the region, and examining newly opened or overlooked files of the British Mandatory government from the 1920s to the 1940s—the nature of her own assumptions about the Arab–Jewish conflict, and therefore the focus of her writing, began to change. And in the book that resulted from that process, *From Time Immemorial: The Origins of the Arab–Jewish Conflict Over Palestine*, she tells us what she believes to be the truth about the background of that conflict, how that truth differs from the one many of us have come to accept, and what that difference means for the quest for justice and peace in the area.

The most widely held assumptions about the Arab–Jewish conflict, Peters says, go something like this: A nation of Palestinian Arabs lived in Palestine for thousands of years, until Zionists, backed by colonial powers, destroyed its poor but tranquil existence in 1948 by creating the State of Israel; they thus usurped the Palestinian homeland and forced the exodus of Palestinians from plots that they had inhabited "from time immemorial." In coming to Palestine the Jews seized a land that they had not lived in for 2,000 years. Jews had always lived in peace, dignity, and freedom in Arab countries, and it was only the creation of Israel that disturbed the harmonious relations. The refugee population created in 1948 was made up purely of Arabs, who remain refugees because they have no state and have nowhere to go.

To revise these widely accepted assumptions and corollary assumptions—all of which, Peters says, the Arabs have repeated daily and for decades—she marshals 600 pages of history, argument, and citation.

First of all, she points out, not all of the people who became refugees as a result of the creation of Israel were Arabs. Many were in fact Jews who fled Arab countries in which their ancestors had lived for centuries—in some of those countries, for 2,500 years. In addition to the "exchange of populations" between Israel and the Arab countries—estimated by various historians at between 500,000 and 700,000 Arab refugees and about 450,000 Jewish ones—there was more than balance in the loss of property, with the Jews fleeing to Israel, together with the 350,000 or so other Jews going elsewhere, leaving behind in Arab lands homes and possessions worth at least as much as those that the Arab refugees left behind in Israel. Yet while Israel managed to absorb the Jewish refugees from Iraq, Syria, Egypt, Morocco, Yemen, and other Arab countries, despite its small size and limited resources, most of the Arab countries refused to absorb their people. They preferred to confine them in camps, as international welfare cases, in order to keep alive in those refugees' hearts, and in the hearts of their children and grandchildren, the hatred of Israel and the wish to destroy it. They did this despite their need for additional population, which in Iraq alone amounted to an absorptive capacity, by the estimate of President Truman's International Development Advi-

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sory Board, of 750,000 refugees. The chief exception among the Arab countries was Jordan, which by law granted Palestinians citizenship "unless they are Jews."

As for the Jewish refugees from Arab lands, life for them had not been so good as the Arabs have claimed. In fact, life for Jews under Islam had often been bad; it is not the case, as such Arab leaders as former King Faisal, of Saudi Arabia, and Yasser Arafat, of the PLO, have often said, that Arabs have never had anything against Jews, only against Zionists.

The Jews' troubles with the Arabs started, Peters explains, with Mohammed himself, who had hoped to convert the Jews of the Arabian peninsula, a group with thousand-year-old roots in that region, to his new religion. His efforts having been spurned, he turned against the Jews; whole Jewish tribes were exterminated, and those Jews who survived were forced to wear distinctive clothing and yellow badges, were not allowed to practice their religion in public, were not allowed to own horses, and were required to bury their dead without letting their grief be heard by Moslems. Known as *dhimmis*, or non-Moslems, Jews had to pay special taxes, and the testimony of a Jew against a Moslem was held invalid. Repeatedly during their existence in Moslem lands Jews were humiliated, subjected to special laws designed to abase them, and often killed, in the spirit of the denunciations and curses heaped upon them in the Koran itself. Such practices continued in a number of the Arab countries into modern times, and were in some ways intensified by the creation of Israel. To the Jewish refugees fleeing from Arab lands, the popularly held assumption that Jews had always lived harmoniously with Arabs and would have continued to do so had Zionists not begun their agitation for a Jewish state seems painfully absurd.

BUT PETERS'S MAIN goal is not to document the harsh treatment of Jews by Moslems but to attempt to identify who lived in Palestine during the past two millennia, how they lived there, and where they came from.

The name Palestine, she reminds us, was given to the land of Judea by the Romans after they suppressed the Jewish revolt against them in 135 A.D. In using that name—which referred to the Philistines, who had settled along the southern coast of Canaan in about 1200 B.C. and had disappeared about 600 years later—the Romans apparently hoped to obliterate the memory not only of Judea but also of its Jews.

Nevertheless, Jews continued to live in the land, though their population—which, according to the historian Josephus, numbered between five and seven million in 70 A.D.—became drastically reduced as a result of the wars against the Romans and the subsequent deportations.

In 633 the Arab conquest of Palestine began, and the area, whose population was predominantly Jewish and Christian, was ruled from Damascus by the Omayyad caliphate until 750. Thereafter both the conquerors and the population changed. Islam was the dominant religion until the Crusader conquests, and was again after those conquests, but many of the rulers themselves were non-Arabs or of mixed ethnic stock—especially Turkish after the fifteenth century—and each wave of rulers brought in its own wave of immigrants, including Turks, Berbers, Greeks, Georgians, Circassians, Armenians, Persians, and perhaps a dozen other nationalities.

With the mixing of the populations, however, came a decline in numbers. Many of the Jews, suffering from periodic violence and the imposition of heavy taxes and discriminatory laws, were killed or they emigrated, until only a fraction of their former numbers remained in their holy cities of Jerusalem, Tiberias, Hebron, and Safad, in villages of the Galilee, and in other places, including Gaza, Ramla, Nablus, Acre, and Haifa. Other groups, too, declined in number. By the late sixteenth century, according to the reports of travelers, the land was severely depopulated, a condition that seems to have worsened in succeeding centuries. Three hundred years later Palestine was largely a ruin, with many of its towns abandoned; Jerusalem itself had only 15,000 inhabitants, half of them Jews. A land that had sustained several million Jews two millennia before had a total population of perhaps 300,000 in 1850.

The reasons for this severe reduction in population, Peters argues, were not all related to massacres, famines, epidemics, and Bedouin raids. The corrupt rule of Palestine's conquerors, especially under the Turkish feudal system, made life unbearable for many of the peasants. Taxes were burdensome and interest rates usurious, and eventually the poor *fellah*, unable to meet his payments, migrated elsewhere. Moreover, this migration, Peters says, was in all directions and constant: from Palestine to the surrounding regions, and from those regions to Palestine. As Peters concludes:

> It is clear by now that the claim that a numerous "descended Arab Palestinian people" exists, with "family ties to the land for thousands of years," is historically inaccurate. . . . The land called Palestine was never considered a nation at all, and surely could not have been regarded by the later immigrants as their "ancestral" homeland, any more than a Norwegian immigrant to the United States could consider that his "ancestral" home was the United States when his ancestors were born in Norway.

It is to these "later immigrants" that Peters devotes much of the last half of her book, in which she tries to show that Palestine, having become largely depopulated by the mid-nineteenth century, thereafter experienced a population growth that consisted of Jewish immigrants, who began to develop parts of the land, and Arab immigrants who followed them there.

THE FIRST MODERN Jewish settlement in Palestine, Petach Tikva, was founded by Jews from Jerusalem in 1878. Other settlements, founded largely by Jews escaping the persecutions and impoverishment of Russia and Eastern Europe, and funded by Zionist contributions from abroad, followed. Land was purchased from *effendis*, or Arab notables, and from absentee landlords. Many of the settlements hired Arabs to help in the work. Though the Ottomans severely restricted Jewish immigration, the settlements grew, and so did the Arab populations surrounding them. This pattern continued even after Palestine was granted to Great Britain as a mandate by the League of Nations at the end of the First World War. Indeed, Peters says, it became even more pronounced.

To prove that it did, she offers a complex demographic analysis of the Jewish and Arab populations in various parts of Palestine, which begins soon after the first wave of Jewish immigration in the late nineteenth century and ends with the creation of Israel. On the basis of this analysis she argues that, far from having uprooted a settled Palestinian Arab population that had been in the land "from time immemorial," the arriv-

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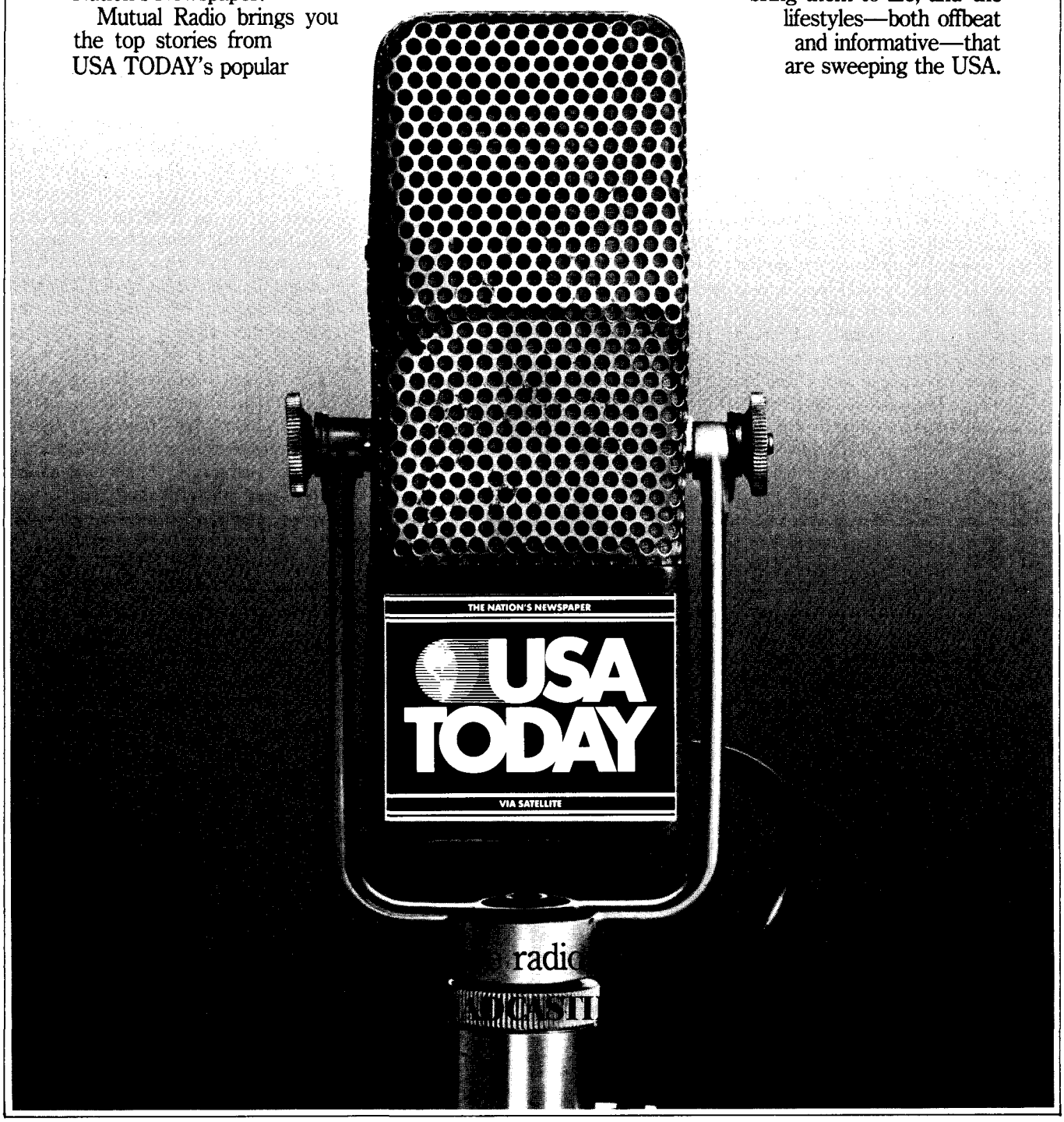

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ing Jewish settlers came into parts of Palestine that had been relatively empty of people. They then attracted Arabs into those areas, by offering them work. The Arabs came from other parts of Palestine, particularly from what is now the West Bank, or from other areas altogether, including the surrounding lands. Those newly arrived Arabs, she adds, were probably in the main the ones who later fled the part of Palestine that became Israel, often returning to the areas from which they had originally come.

This state of affairs, Peters observes, has not been known, in part because the people who kept records of immigrations into Palestine, particularly the British after the start of the Mandate, paid much more attention to the immigration of Jews than of Arabs. They were supposed to pay attention to the immigration of both; but especially after 1929 the bias of British officials toward Arab interests in general, and in favor of Arabs' claims that they were indigenous to the area, made it possible for them to miss, or willfully ignore, the fact of large-scale Arab immigration. For example, in August of 1934 Tewfik Bey El-Hurani, the governor of the Hauran region of Syria, stated that "in the last few months from 30,000 to 36,000 Hauranese had entered Palestine and settled there." Yet whereas British officials noted migrations from the Hauran in their private correspondence, they didn't in any public documents until pressure was put on them to do so by the Permanent Mandates Commission.

However, the main force behind her conclusions, Peters says, is not such occasional evidence of unrecorded mass immigrations but, rather, the logic of the Arab population figures themselves. Those figures rose far too quickly, she says, to be accounted for by natural increase, both during the late Ottoman period, when the modern Jewish settlements began, and especially during the period of the British Mandate.

Using figures from the Turkish census of 1893, Peters argues that in that year in those areas of Palestine settled by Jews there lived only 92,300 non-Jews—a group, that is, that came to be called Arabs but that was actually a mixture of peoples then living in those areas, at least some members of which had probably migrated into them during the previous few years. Of these, about 38,000 were Christian and about 56,000 Moslem. The Jews in those areas, Peters says, numbered 59,000. To be sure, the total non-Jewish population in Palestine in 1893 was between 450,000 and 465,000, Peters tells us, but the great bulk of that population lived in areas—notably the West Bank and Gaza—that were not settled by Jews and that did not become part of the State of Israel in 1948. In the part that did become Israel, the Jews constituted a very large proportion of the population even in 1893—indeed, Peters says, contrary to the assumptions made by most writers on the subject, the proportion exceeded that of the Moslems.

In the years from 1893 to 1947, Peters continues, the Arab population in the Jewish-settled areas of Palestine grew in geometrical proportion to the Jewish presence there. In areas that contained few or no Jews, the Arab population merely doubled; in areas that were near Jewish settlements but did not have high concentrations of Jews, the Arab population nearly tripled; and in the areas that contained the highest concentrations of Jewish settlements—essentially the areas that became the State of Israel—the Arab population quintupled. According to one estimate that Peters offers, Jewish settlements attracted into the areas surrounding them up to ten times as many Arabs as there were Jews in those settlements. It was these Arabs, she suspects, who made up the bulk of the refugees who fled in 1948.

THUS PETERS'S THESIS: Many of the Palestinian refugees from the 1948 war had moved not long before into the areas from which they fled, and certainly cannot be said to have been expelled from plots of land that they had lived on "from time immemorial."

This is, in some ways, an angry book, even a bitter one. Sometimes it screams. Sometimes the repetitions, the added emphases, and the redundant quotes, heaped upon one another to form a phalanx of evidence, become too much, even for a reader who understands the author's frustration with the world that has come to accept as truth what she sees as falsehood. And sometimes that evidence seems too selectively chosen, or too broadly interpreted, or too weighted in favor of the argument that is being so forcefully driven home.

These are unfortunate, even tragic, flaws. They mar a book that is otherwise fresh and powerful, and that offers an original analysis as well as a synoptic view of a little-known but important human story. That analysis, as well as that

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view, deserves our attention, and will surely receive the scrutiny of historians and demographers, who will review Peters's methods and examine the records she so energetically, and sometimes ingeniously, traced. If her arguments, especially the demographic one, are confirmed, they will certainly change the assumptions about the Arab–Israeli conflict that many of us have adopted. Indeed, even now there is enough in what she tells us, particularly about the history of the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine, that makes it necessary for us to take a second look at, and perhaps even redraw, our moral picture of the conflict.

Of course, even if everything Peters says about the Arabs' claims is correct, that doesn't mean that the Arabs have no claims, or that there is no Palestinian people now, or that the refugee problem doesn't exist.

Arabs *did* flee what became Israel, and even if many of them had lived there for only a generation or two—or for only a few years—they suffered as a result of their exodus. To be sure, that suffering was rendered chronic by the Arab countries that insisted that they remain refugees until Israel could be destroyed. But whatever the reasons for this policy, refugees is what they remain, decades after the Jewish refugees from Arab countries were assimilated into Israel and after the tens of millions of other refugees created during and after the Second World War were assimilated into the countries to which they fled.

By now it would be foolish to argue that there is no Palestinian Arab people; such a people, with its own nationalist identity and strivings, began to form in the crucible of its clash with Zionist aspirations earlier in this century, and was tempered into a kind of bitter permanence by the Arab insistence that those of its members who fled Palestine not be assimilated back into the greater Arab fold. Whether anything can be done that would satisfy the Palestinians' national aspirations is hard to say. Satisfying them fully would require the elimination of Israel. But it may be possible to satisfy them partially; and to do that it will be necessary for the peoples in the area, as well as those who sit in judgment of them and pressure them from afar, to review their assumptions about the conflict and find a compromise that will permit both Israelis and Arabs a measure of secure and dignified existence. □

New Notes From Underground

BY NADINE GORDIMER

MOUROIR
by Breyten Breytenbach.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $13.95.

Mouroir is the work of that rarity which Camus despaired of finding, an individual who has lived, as protagonist *and* victim, the central experience produced by his time and place and who possesses a creative ability equal to his experience. A poet and a painter, faced with injustice before which words and pigment seem to fail, Breytenbach put away his pen and brush and became a revolutionary. Whether he was a good one or not is something for those of us safe behind our desks to argue over. He spent seven years in a South African maximum-security prison, the ventricle-and-auricle cell of the struggle against oppression in South Africa. For a white man, to have gone through that is to have come as close as is possible to *the* experience in South Africa—that of black people.

Yet this is not a prisoner's book. It will be a crass injustice of underestimation and simplification if it is presented and received that way. In it the ordinary time-focus of a man's perceptions has been extraordinarily rearranged by a definitive experience that, the writer understands, belongs as much to the time before it happened as to the time after. Prison irradiates this book with dreadful enlightenments; the dark and hidden places of the country from which the book arises are phosphorescent with it.

Breytenbach is polylingual; he wrote his book in English and Afrikaans under a French title. Although *mouroir* is the word for "old people's home," it seems he has reinterpreted it as a dovetailing of *mourir* (to die) and *miroir* (a mirror). What Breytenbach knows, and shows by means of his recurring mirrors, eliding, reversing, breaking up events, emotions, and perceptions, is that the death presence of prison is always there in a country where people oppress and are oppressed. A target on the stoep, set up for the innocent amusement of Afrikaner youths enjoying themselves in a seaside cottage, is not only the black man their parents and mentors are preparing them to kill but also the youths themselves, to be killed in turn. "Tuesday," an endless journey created under that title out of an actual journey and recalled throughout the book with the regularity of a calendar, is the day of release: the day on which Breytenbach himself came out of prison, and also the day of freedom, to which a name must be given if ever it is to come, to jailed and jailer, the day when, as Breytenbach expresses it *totally*, "life must be tempted back to earth." In another facet of the book is a passage that is a perfect metaphor for colonial culture: "With enormous trouble we transported grown trees, for instance, from the coast to the house—along the way the leaves and fruit dragged in the dust; it was the abduction of an exotic princess from a far-off empire; we then dug a deep hole and made the tree to stand upright in it. Occasionally it took several weeks, months even, before the transplanted tree shrivelled up entirely and had to be unearthed—that is, if it hadn't tilted over all by itself in the meantime. . . . But never it took root. Trees or brushwood, anything that could capture the wind and give it sound, is even so always needed round a house. Because otherwise you lose all memory of yourself and are gobbled up by nothingness to become part of the night."

Breytenbach is a writer who carries his whole life with him, all the time. His work takes on the enormous task of assuming full responsibility for what he was and is; the self cannot be disowned, either by the young Afrikaner growing up as one of the chosen *Volk*, speaking the language of the master, or by the artist fled to Paris (two generations of Afrikaner intellectuals did flee, later than but like the Hemingways and Fitzgeralds, looking hopelessly for a way out of being what they were), or by the failed revolutionary. All these personae are present in every single moment of Breytenbach's working consciousness—the consciousness of the writer, which is different from that which serves for shaving or for buying lettuce. This fusion is what makes it impossible for him to write a work that can conveniently be fitted into even the broad concept of "story collection" or "novel."

This is not to say that Breytenbach has written a book of fragments, that

Nadine Gordimer's most recent book is Something Out There, *published this month.*

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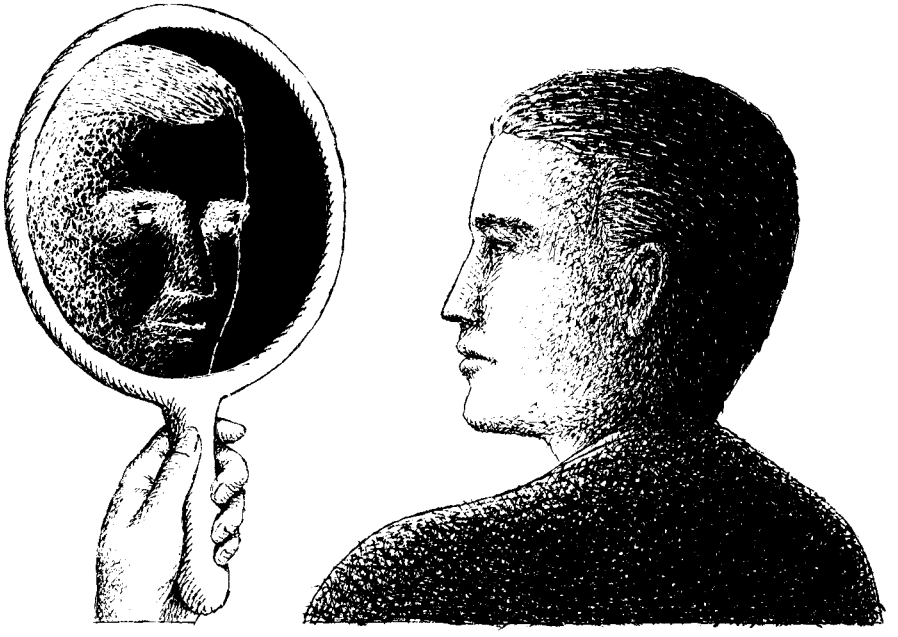
there is no narrative in the work. Narrative is an old railway line on which service has been discontinued. But of course service does continue; other forms of transport perform the railway's function. Inner logic (concepts, dreams, and symbols) also narrates. It has a sequence of its own, and sequence of any kind is narrative. But this sequence—unlike that of time—is highly individual, different in each subconscious and consciousness, and very, very few writers have the ability to use it as the unique shape of their work. Breytenbach is one of these, the greatly gifted. This inner logic, for which there is no recognized literary form (certainly not the long-polluted stream of consciousness, nor surreal surrender of control) is his form. (Even he cannot label it: "Mirrornotes of a Novel"—his subtitle—will hardly do.)

With the overthrowing of time values in Breytenbach's writing comes a concomitant freeing from attachment to individual characters. If you are not going to be told what happens to them next, you don't have any obligation to identify with Minnaar or Levedi Tjeling. As Breytenbach himself airily remarks (one of his mirrors is that of ironic self-regard), these two so-called characters "disappear from the story since they were never of any importance for its development, except perhaps as wraiths to be addressed. . . ." At first, for reasons of habit, one misses characters, word-skeletons to be dressed up in what happens to them "next." But soon an exhilarating liberty like that of a Buñuel film is granted: if someone walks into a room where the characters are being "developed," why not drop them and go off with him into his life? Here is a work in which all choices (as to which way it might go) are present.

Is it, then, an alternative autobiography? (Breytenbach could have been, might be, all these people.) He writes of "liquidating the 'I'," but also of "an 'I,' a departure." He himself is the centrifuge from which all seeds are cast and sown again: the horror, the humor, the love, the knowing and unknowing, he has received from living in his world and era. Yet there is none of the self-obsession of a Henry Miller or a Céline. A world is not defined by self: he defines himself by a world—that world in which "white is posture, a norm of civilization." South Africa has produced in this writer an exacerbated self-consciousness, exactly what Stalin's Russia created in Anna Akhmatova—what the English critic John Bayley has called "the power. . . to generalize and speak for the human predicament in extremity." Akhmatova wrote sublime lines about her husband's death, her son's imprisonment. She had been parted for years from the husband; her son had been brought up by his grandfather. The sorrow and anger of the poem were not for herself but for "somebody else's wound," for others who were suffering tragedies like these. Breytenbach has (has earned) this power to extrapolate suffering beyond what he has suffered himself. And as for responsibility for suffering, a one-and-a-half-page parable/parody entitled "Know Thyself" will leave a share of that lodged within every reader.

"heaven with its grey beard." In an all-existent, rather than a nonexistent, urban complex Breytenbach puts "an artificial cherry orchard vibrating a wind"; of a prisoner sentenced to death (it's done by hanging in South Africa), he says, "His life was to be reeled in with a cord." Aural and visual are combined: murmuring voices behind the walls sound "as if the whole prison were filled with fast-running water." Visual and onomatopoeic: a "flock-a-flap" of birds. Visual and visceral: the tide "withdrawn a long way, like a huge thirst." And again and again Breytenbach strikes a spark by turning a cliché into something new while retaining the original image: "Life unfolds, gets folded, wrinkled."

If Breytenbach's imagery is to be compared with anyone's it is that of Czeslaw Milosz, with whom he shares an intense response to nature and a way of interpreting politically determined events and their human consequences through the subtleties of the physical world. Once more a fusion of the creative imagination makes reality out of mere facts. For the rest, I do not think one need look for comparisons to evaluate Breytenbach's book. It is his own—perhaps the highest compliment any writer can earn.



Writing in the English language, Breytenbach is a phenomenon of the Nabokovian rather than the Conradian order. (No space to take up what I believe is the fine difference here, except to say that Conrad is incomparably at ease in the language, whereas Nabokov's performance is *his* achievement.) A native speaker of a minor language—Afrikaans, derived mainly from Dutch—Breytenbach has a few failures in making new English words out of a collage of old ones. By contrast, his imagery is so exquisite, chilling, aphoristic, witty, that one is reminded how that ancient and most beautiful attribute of writing has fallen into desuetude in prose. Someone "dons his trousers the way one would mount a horse" and has a "thick black moustache tied like a secondary tie under the nose"; a rainy sky is

Exactly what Breytenbach's politics are now is difficult to tell. The matter is not irrelevant; if it were, this beautiful and devastating book would be betrayed, since its chemistry is politics, that chemistry of man opposing man, of good struggling with evil, from which one sees—with a shudder—both mush-

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room clouds and works of art arise. Does Breytenbach, like Régis Debray (quoted by Walter Schwarz in *The Guardian* last March), regard himself as having been "essentially emotional, not noted for his discernment, locked in mythical conceptions of the external world which he recreates as the effigy of his own obsessions"?

Breytenbach's political conviction is no mythical conception of the external world; he had a conviction of the indefensible concrete cruelty and shame of white oppression of blacks, and the necessity to ally oneself with the blacks' struggle to free themselves. His obsession was that to make this alliance it was necessary to jump the barbed fence between artist and revolutionary, what he calls "the contradiction between dreams and action." He fell—how hard and humiliatingly one gets some idea. But when he laughs at or mourns the spectacle of himself, this does not mean he disavows the truth on which the obsession was based: that South Africa is rotting in its racism, as much under a new constitution (which makes blacks foreigners without rights in their own country, and with which Ronald Reagan's America chooses to be "constructively engaged") as it was under the old name of apartheid.

He writes from the underground that is exile. It is impossible, for his countrymen and for all of us, to stop our ears against the excruciating penetration of what he has to say. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

MARY BERENSON *edited by Barbara Strachey and Jayne Samuels. Norton, $18.95.* Hannah Smith, of Philadelphia, a pioneer feminist and a religious radical, wrote of her daughter Mary, aged approximately four, "Hers is a royal nature which man can never tame." It was an understatement. What Mary Smith Costelloe Berenson really had was, barring the bloodshed, a buccaneering nature. She surged through life taking and doing what she chose, in successful defiance of prudence, propriety, and law. When she grew bored with London and the British Costelloe (her first husband was a decent, hard-working Irish Catholic politician who had thought, poor man, that he was marrying an adoring young American beauty) she simply ran off to Italy with Bernard Berenson. She claimed to be studying Renaissance painting under B.B.'s tutelage, and indeed did study it, with such success that she became her lover's working partner. She published critical essays and helped Berenson in the writing of his books. She located fine antique paintings, purchased them with canny bargaining, and gleefully smuggled them out of Italy. Her affections were as extravagant as her energy and intelligence, and although she and Berenson eventually married, Mary's penchant for handsome young men rendered marital fidelity problematic. As Berenson's companion, an art expert in her own right, the sister of Logan Pearsall Smith, and the sister-in-law of Bertrand Russell, she was in a position to meet a horde of literary and artistic dragons. They did not awe her in the least. She had, after all, broken her family to Walt Whitman in the 1880s.

Through all her adventures she maintained an enormous correspondence. Her candid, clever, observant, witty, malicious, gossipy letters, along with her testy and implausibly repentant diaries, have been edited into what Ms. Strachey and Ms. Samuels correctly describe as "a self-portrait." That portrait is fascinating, for Mary Berenson was undoubtedly a great charmer as well as a woman of extraordinary abilities. The charm survives. She may well be the finest letter writer since Byron.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AIDS *by Ann Giudici Fettner and William A. Check, Ph.D. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $15.95.* The authors describe the difficulties that have confronted researchers attempting to identify and combat Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, unsuitably known as AIDS. Wrong guesses and dead ends have been complicated by social embarrassment, political tinkering, and professional rivalry. All these aspects of the campaign against the vicious and mysterious ailment are covered by Ms. Fettner and Dr. Check, and although their report necessarily stops short of the latest discoveries, it is a useful history of what medical detection has, up to a point, accomplished.

BRIDGE OF BIRDS *by Barry Hughart. St. Martin's, $13.95.* Mr. Hughart's novel is set in "an ancient China that never was"; this subtitle gives the reader fair warning that the tale will be fantastic. It is highly fantastic, full of wild coincidences, outrageous monsters, spirits malign or beneficent, bits of folklore and fairy tale, and sly parodies of the world we know. It is also fast-moving, often funny, and always well written. Mr. Hughart is a valuable recruit to the school of fantasy fiction.

LIZZIE *by Evan Hunter. Arbor House, $16.95.* Mr. Hunter, who writes police mysteries under the name Ed McBain, has tackled the historic Borden murders. "Lizzie Borden took an ax," according to the old rhyme, "And gave her mother forty whacks. . . ." but the nonappearance of any actual ax baffled the Fall River police in 1892 and has baffled researchers ever since. Working like the deft novelist that he is, Mr. Hunter has combined genuine trial records with plausible fiction to solve the case of the invisible ax.

LIZZIE *by Frank Spiering. Random House, $17.95.* "And," according to the same old rhyme, "when she saw what she had done/She gave her father forty-one." She got away with it, too, which is probably why the case continues to attract true-crime buffs. Mr. Spiering, quoting at great length from trial records and contemporary reports, offers what he considers a factual re-creation of the Borden murders. It is hopelessly implausible.

D.V. *by Diana Vreeland. Knopf, $15.95.* Diana Vreeland has been editor-in-chief of both *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and, more recently, the curator responsible for exciting fashion-as-art exhibits at the Metropolitan Museum. She has known interesting and important people in the world of art and fashion since the 1920s. She unquestionably has a brain, and why she has chosen in this memoir to pretend that her head contains nothing but sequins and caviar is a real puzzle. Can all this resolute frivolity result from the influence of George Plimpton and Christopher Hemphill, who are inexplicably listed as editors of the book?

CUT STONES AND CROSSROADS *by Ronald Wright. Viking, $20.00.* Mr. Wright has

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done archaeological work in South America, has learned the local Runasimi tongue, and has a great enthusiasm for native Andean music. His description of his travels from Chiclayo south to Lake Titicaca, roughly the length of what was once the Inca empire, shifts from present to past and back again, always contrasting the great works of pre-Conquest Indians with the miseries inflicted on their descendants. It is uncertain which Mr. Wright hates more—dead Spaniards or living tourists, among whom he is honest enough to include himself. "All of us are poaching on a dying civilization. . . ." This is not an amiable travelogue, but it is informative in unusual areas and achieves an acrid distinction.

DOMESTICK BEINGS *by June Sprigg. Knopf, $17.95.* Ms. Sprigg is an illustrator as well as an antiquarian. She has assembled quotations from the letters and diaries of seven eighteenth-century American women and arranged them to present the writers' views and activities by topic—housekeeping, amusements, food and drink, and health are well represented. The "scribblers," as Ms. Sprigg rather too often labels them, range from an alarmingly bright Boston schoolgirl of ten to an elderly and expert midwife in Maine. Between these extremes Ms. Sprigg has found a melancholy spinster, a fiercely discontented housewife, a lovelorn farmer's daughter, a young invalid whose humor and spirit arouse real admiration, and Abigail Adams. Several of the writers are barely literate, but all have distinct personalities. Ms. Sprigg's drawings of tools and equipment are an effective reminder of the conditions in which these people lived. They spent a great deal of time just coping. One would hardly wish to join them among the candles and water buckets, but what amounts to a conversation across the centuries is decidedly pleasant.

ART OF THE INCAS *by Henri Stierlin. Rizzoli, $50.00.* The Incas were Johnny-come-lately conquerors who inherited the arts, roads, and irrigation system created by their predecessors. Mr. Stierlin begins his history of Andean art with pottery made around 3000 B.C. in what is now Ecuador, and traces the development of styles and techniques from one culture to another until the arrival of the Spaniards. Much of his information has only recently emerged from prehistoric murk, and all of it is splendidly illustrated.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the June Puzzler, **"THEME AND VARIATIONS"**

1 H	2 A	3 T	E	R	R	E	6 P	L	E	8 T	9 E
10 A	L	E	X	O	A	11 P	E	O	R	I	A
Z	L	12 R	E	S	I	N	S	13 O	14 V	E	R
15 A	I	M	16 H	A	N	S	O	17 M	E	D	T
18 R	E	19 G	A	L	B	20 D	S	21 A	R	C	H
D	S	A	R	22 F	O	R	E	G	O	N	23 E
24 S	P	I	L	L	W	A	Y	U	N	25 B	N
26 G	A	T	E	27 W	S	G	28 H	E	A	R	T
A	29 F	E	30 M	A	R	S	31 H	Y	32 A	I	R
33 F	I	R	34 E	35 T	O	T	E	M	S	B	O
36 F	L	A	R	E	S	E	I	37 K	E	E	P
38 E	M	P	E	R	O	R	39 R	E	A	D	Y

The Theme Words and their Variations are: EARTH (HEART, HATER), WATER (LOO, GATE), AIR (HEIR, ERE), and FIRE (READY, AIM).

Across. 5. REPLET-E (anag. + *e*) 10. A-LEX 11. PE(O)R-IA 12. RESINS (double def.) 13. (c)OVER 16. HANSOM (homophone) 18. RE-GAL 21. ARCH (double def.) 22. F-OREGON-E 24. SPIL-LWAY (rev.) 30. MARS-HY 35. TOTE-MS 36. F-LARES 37. KEEP (rev.) 38. EM(PER)OR (*Rome* rev.) *Down.* 1. H(A-Z)ARD'S 2. (d)ALLIES 3. T(E)RM (*Mr. T* rev.) 4. ROSA (hidden) 5. RAIN-BOWS (*rein* homophone) 6. PESOS (anag.) 8. TIED (homophone) 14. V(ERO)NA (*ore* rev. in *van* anag.) 16. HAR(L)EM 17. M(AGUE)Y 19. GAIT-ER 20. DRAG(ST)ER (*regard* rev.) 23. ENTR(OP)Y 25. B(RIB)ED 26. GAFFE (homophone) 29. FI-LM (rev.) 32. A-SEA (homophone)

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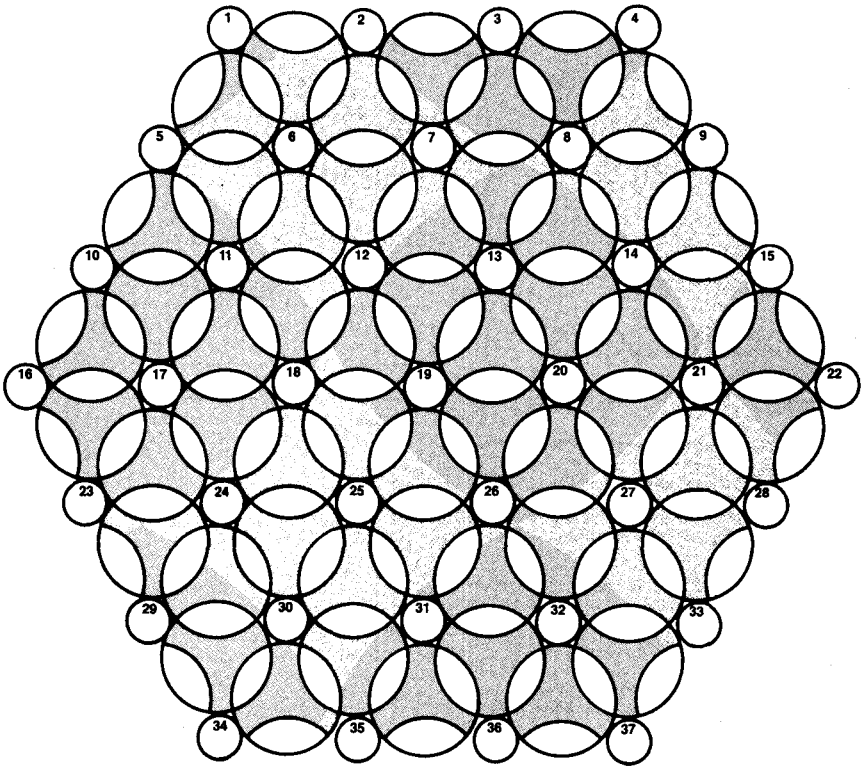
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

GARDEN PLOT

The diagram represents a flower garden with 37 flowers in full or—at the borders—partial bloom. Each clue answer is to be entered in a flower clockwise with one letter per petal and one letter—it may be any in the word—removed to the flower's center. Perimeter words always proceed clockwise from the border; interior words proceed clockwise from a petal to be determined. The numbered central letters, when read left to right, will reveal the type of flower grown in each of the seven horizontal rows of the garden. Answers include an uncommon word at 35 and two proper words.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 117.



CLUES

1. Compost around one row (4)
2. Front missing from shelter in part of a garden (5)
3. Bee bit flora and fauna (5)
4. Hack sticks back (4)
5. Soil turned around a small bunch (5)
6. Leaves in dark red shades (7)
7. Bird freezing at back of garden (7)
8. Someone raising a drink in honor of yellow flower (7)
9. Florist's first lawyer is tubby (5)
10. Garden spot needs oxygen in its current state (5)
11. After plucking Monday, wild persimmons sway (7)
12. Harvests requiring 600 carriers (7)
13. Plant life is base in this spot (7)
14. Sort of cherry hedges are wildly producing fruit (7)
15. Ward off incipient fungus in bonsai (5)
16. Flat piece of balsa cut from the rear (4)
17. Collects flower's last companions (7)
18. One Indian tribe has $\frac{1}{6}$ of agricultural land (7)
19. Garden arranged around circle showed signs of distress (7)
20. Farmer's great passion (7)
21. In garden, I also find contradictions (7)
22. Cut around head of lettuce, and chopped cabbage (4)
23. Cracked vase containing earliest of larkspurs from meadows (5)
24. Cast doubt on one fruit carrying a trace of mildew (7)
25. Some antifreeze wiped out ant hole (7)
26. Muscular man split log, rail (7)
27. Protected better in yard with no opening (7)
28. Poles plant ultimately in bulk (5)
29. Squash pest I treat with ill will (5)
30. Metal tip of trowel I gripped in ill humor (7)
31. Man twisting lilac like a corkscrew (7)
32. Frost invades preserve in a Black Sea region (7)
33. Two thirds of spearmint lacks a seed (5)
34. Peeled berry's flaws (4)
35. $\frac{1}{20}$ of a lira was paid for organdies at first (5)
36. Scandinavians and English originally planted in loose sand (5)
37. Pea seed embodies naturalness (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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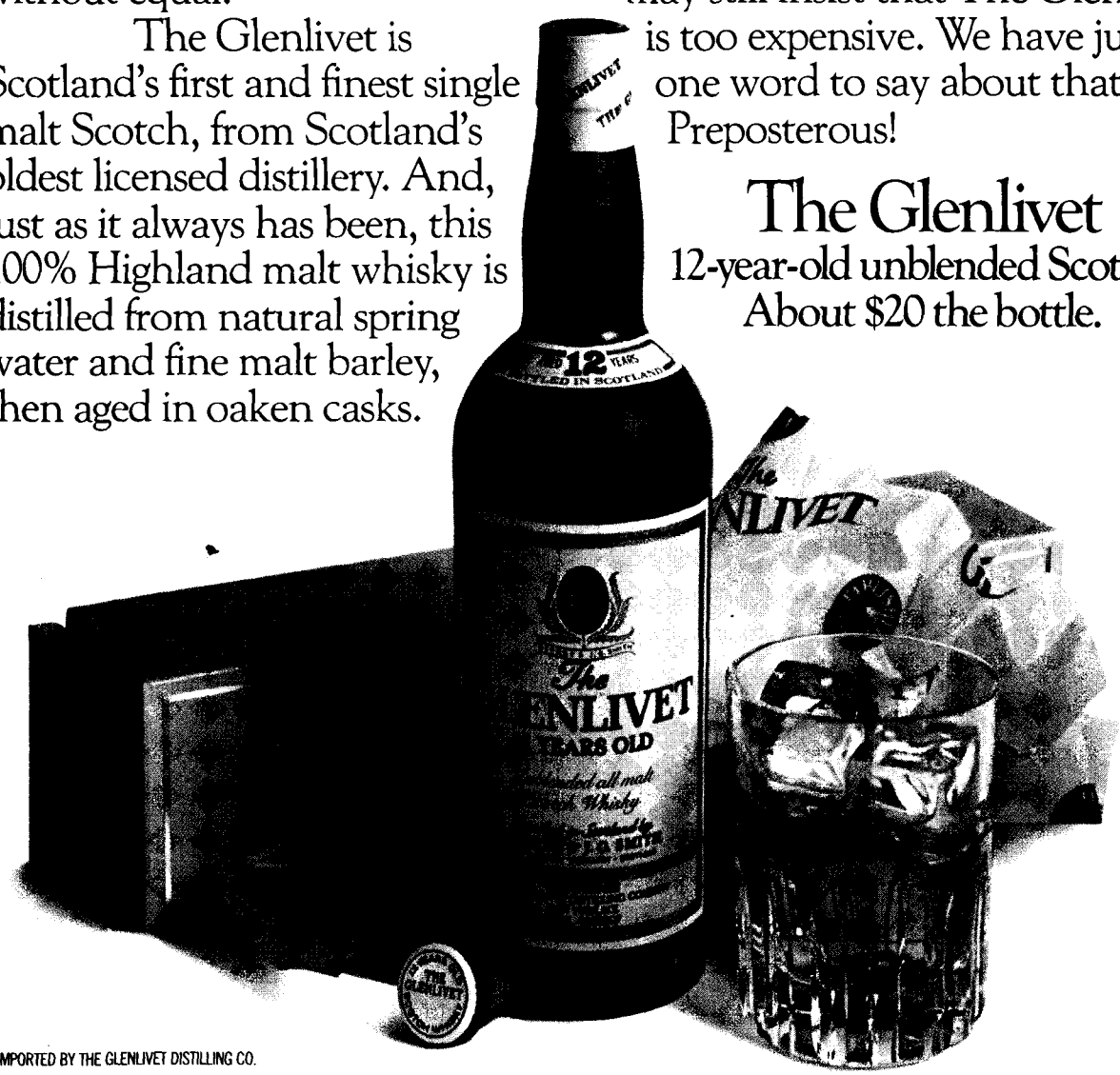

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